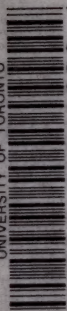


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SIR A. HENRY LAYARD

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS FROM
HIS CHILDHOOD UNTIL HIS APPOINT-
MENT AS H.M. AMBASSADOR AT MADRID
EDITED BY THE HON. WILLIAM N.
BRUCE, WITH A CHAPTER ON HIS PAR-
LIAMENTARY CAREER BY THE RT. HON.
SIR ARTHUR OTWAY

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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SIR A. HENRY LAYARD

CHAPTER I

LETTERS FROM BAGHDAD AND PERSIA 1840-1842

[THE story of the next two years, from his leaving Baghdad in June 1840 to his return to Constantinople in July 1842, embraces the most adventurous and romantic episodes of Layard's career. It has been told by him in his "Early Adventures," and occupies the greater part of that delightful book. It cannot be repeated here; but the following selections from his letters to his mother and to his uncle, Mr Austen, will serve to carry on the present narrative, at any rate in outline, and to give some examples of his manner of telling his story to his own family.

He was travelling, it will be remembered, with Mr Mitford, and their object still was to reach India by land, and to journey through that country to Ceylon.]

To his Mother.

Between BAGHDAD and KERMANSHAH,
22nd June 1840.

We are at last on our way to Isfahan. . . We were detained at Baghdad much longer than we expected. The recent descent of the Persians upon Suleimanje rendered the roads rather unsafe, and the regular intercourse by caravan with Kermanshah was consequently stopped for a period. These casualties are constantly occurring in the East, and thus travelling is rendered

slow and uncertain. As we enjoyed the kind hospitality of Colonel Taylor during our stay, we were put to little expense; and I have only to regret a loss of time, particularly as we are driven into the hot days, and, until we reach the mountains, we shall have to resign ourselves to no moderate degree of heat—the thermometer in the shade standing at 107 to 108! . . . Since our visit to Babylon we have remained stationary at Baghdad in daily expectation of the departure of this abominable caravan, which made several false starts before it finally got off. The heat prevents our travelling by day. As the sun sets we form our order of march; and as the sun rises we reach a village, where, in a garden, under the shade of palm and orange trees, or in the less agreeable shadow of an old wall and such a tent as a turban and a cloak will make, we sleep and pass the day. To-day (24th) I am continuing my letter in a beautiful garden of the small and picturesque village of Kanaki, which, being on the northern side of the river Diyala, is actually in Persia, although I believe it pays tribute to the Porte. The mountains of Kurdistan rise abruptly in the distance, forming a fine background to the prettiest place I have seen since crossing the Euphrates.

Our caravan is composed of a motley set, chiefly pilgrims on their return from Meshed Hussein and Mecca; men, women, and children, mounting horses, mules, and donkeys—in all about seventy persons and fifty-five animals. The procession is generally headed by two old Turks abreast, perched on very small donkeys, whose apparent duty it is to find the way during the early part of the night when there is no moon. These pioneers are followed by five or six men on foot, who keep up a chaunt far from melodious during our progress. Next appears a *koujiava*—a pair of boxes, somewhat resembling the body of a sedan-chair, slung across a strong mule, each containing a young lady. They are the wives of an old Turk, who keeps so good a look-out after them that I haven't yet been able to find out whether any beauties may be concealed by the obstinate veil which is down night and day. After the *koujiava* follows the body of the caravan, each member on his own peculiar animal, striving for precedence; and as the horses and mules are for the most part well-laden, and have only a halter which does not guide them, the confusion and continual concussions are highly amusing.

Our caravan is chiefly composed of poor pilgrims and their wives. One or two, however, boast the title of Mirza, a writer (equivalent to our ancient term "clerk"), and consider themselves considerably above the common herd. They are attended by their hookah-bearer, a man whose sole employment, day and night, is to light the hookah and present it to his master. This he does on horseback with great dexterity, carrying the pipe with all its fragile appendages at arm's length, when at full gallop. As these good priests and pilgrims are returning with a bellyful of religion, and the Persians are notoriously more fanatic than the Turks and Arabs, we are looked at with no little contempt: a sort of Turkish friend and *compagnon de voyage* has been frightened out of eating with us by sure promises of the pleasure of eternal damnation if he dips his hand into the same dish with a Giaour, or touches any vessel that may have been put to his lips. Were it not for a thick stick that I have been compelled to use once or twice, with the chance of having my head broken by a brickbat, we should be continually insulted. Amongst the higher classes in Persia these ridiculous scruples do not prevail, but the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower is perfectly inconceivable. . . .

25th. Last night our caravan was almost doubled by the junction of a second caravan and numerous persons who had been waiting, until they considered a sufficient force was mustered, to attempt the passage of the mountains to Kasri-Shizin, from whence I now write. Although we had promise of robbers and Arabs, the night was only disturbed by continued discharges of fire-arms from our own party, to acquaint any persons that might be lying in wait for us that we possessed at least the means of defence; the moral certainty, however, being that those who held them would throw them away on the first appearance of an enemy, and take to their heels. A caravan of pilgrims to Ureshed was plundered last week, and the unfortunate travellers came off in a very pilgrim-like fashion, their shirts being their only worldly possessions. To-morrow we reach Pul-i-Zohab, a very remarkable place, as it occupies the site of the Persian Holwan, the Calah of Asshur, one of the primeval cities, and the Haleh of the Captivity. Major Rawlinson,¹ one of our best living Eastern scholars and geographers, is inclined to believe

¹ The late Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, G.C.B., the famous Assyriologist.

that the inhabitants of the modern place, and of the mountains in the neighbourhood, are the descendants of the Israelites.

To his Mother.

HAMADAN, 15th July 1840.

I can scarcely depend upon this letter reaching you, as I am compelled to send it rather a roundabout way, and to trust it to a man who is going to Tebreez, where there is, I believe, an English merchant, into whose hands he promises to place it.

We reached Kermanshah on the 1st of July. We had made arrangements for proceeding to Hamadan and Isfahan, when we were suddenly sent for by the Governor, and informed that, as our Government was no longer friendly to that of Persia, we could not be permitted to proceed without the Shah's express permission. We were much surprised at this step, as we had never contemplated that the difference existing between the two Governments would be the cause of difficulties to travellers. We were detained for two or three days under *surveillance*, and were then sent to join the Shah with a guard. We met His Majesty three days from Kermanshah at Kangowar, at the head of an army of 15,000 men. We followed the army to this place, which we reached the day before yesterday. After several interviews with the Shah's ministers, we have at length been permitted to proceed, and are promised a Firman. I believe I mentioned in my last letter that a *moonshee* had accompanied us from Baghdad; this man was the cause of our being stopped at Kermanshah. By his indiscreet loquacity he induced the Governor to believe that we were spies from the English Government. The Shah was then marching secretly on Baghdad, and the Governor, supposing that we had been sent to watch his movements, arrested us. Fortunately we had taken the precaution of having our English passports translated into Persian, and they relieved us from our difficulties. We have, of course, parted with our friend, the *moonshee*, whose length of tongue might get us into other scrapes. I am not, however, sorry that things have turned out as they have, for we are now furnished with letters from the Shah for Yezd and the Seistan, which may

be highly useful to us. I have also obtained permission to proceed to Isfahan through Luristan, instead of taking the high road, the Shah sending a man with us. We shall now visit a most interesting country, and, I hope, reach Susan, the "Shushan the Palace" of the Scriptures, which no European has yet visited. Without a strong recommendation from the Shah it would be impossible to traverse this country, which is inhabited by the Bakhtiyari and Lurs, the most wild and savage races in Persia. Major Rawlinson is, I believe, the only European who has seen much of Luristan. We have also seen a Persian army and the Persian great men to more advantage than we could have expected. . . . The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mirza Ali, speaks French, and has a secretary who speaks English and has been in England. We found several other persons in the camp who speak our language, and had therefore no difficulty in making ourselves understood, and in coming to an explanation as to our character.

From what I have yet seen of the Persians, I am inclined to form a very unfavourable opinion of their character. Indeed, I never met with a more consummate set of rascals. There are few vices to which they do not seem prone, but the most remarkable is an utter disregard for truth—truly wonderful. A Persian will invariably tell a lie, even in a matter which is of no importance whatever to him. He is, moreover, insolent and vain to a degree. Notwithstanding that many Persians of rank have been to England and other parts of Europe, and the Government has adopted many institutions of civilised nations, still its mode of procedure is as barbarous as it was one hundred years ago. In their modes of punishment they exhibit extreme ingenuity. Some prisoners were lately made at Isfahan; one of these had all his teeth drawn and then knocked into his skull; another was shot with his own teeth, and then, having his head forced into a bag of hay, was thus left to die. The Persians look upon us as impure, and will neither eat nor drink out of the same vessels.

To his Mother.

ISFAHAN, 26th August 1840.

I reached Isfahan last Thursday, but suffering under so severe an attack of ague and fever, that until to-day I

have been unable to commence a letter. Mr Mitford and myself were detained at Hamadan for nearly a month without being able to obtain the papers necessary for the prosecution of our journey. Had it not been for the seasonable arrival of the Baron de Bode, the principal Secretary to the Russian Embassy, God knows when we should have escaped from the hands of the Ministers. This gentleman behaved with the greatest kindness, assisted us in every way, and finally succeeded in procuring our Firman. Mr Mitford, disgusted with the want of faith of the Persians, and worried by the delay, determined upon making for Herat and renouncing his journey into Persia. As my funds were still in pretty good condition, I persevered in my original plans, and we separated. . . . I hope to visit the Southern provinces of Persia, which are the least known, and to reach Kabul or Kandahar by the winter.

I trust my health will improve as I get more accustomed to an Eastern climate, but I find my strength much decreased since I left England. The fever I had at Constantinople has never left me, and when suffering from it and ague I find myself incapable of any exertion. Still, however, my spirits are as good as ever they were, and I feel a resolution which would carry me through anything. . . .

I have been very lucky in the period of my arrival. The brother of Mehemet Taki Khan, the great Baktiyari chief, is now here, and has promised to send me to his brother, who will give me such a guard as will enable me to visit any part of the Baktiyari mountains I may think proper. . . .

You would scarcely know me in the Persian dress, with black hair, mustachios and beard, for my disguise would not be perfect without dyeing, and I go into the mosque now like a good Mussulman.

To his Mother.

KARAK, 18th December 1840.

I will now give you an account of my movements since my letter from Isfahan. I quitted that city on the 23rd Sept., having been detained there nearly a month for want of an opportunity to penetrate the Baktiyari mountains: to have ventured alone would have been most imprudent.

At length Shefi'a Khan, a Bakhtiyari chief, accompanied by a strong party of armed men started for the mountains. At our third day's station we were attacked by a tribe at enmity with the tribe of Shefi'a Khan, and during our fourth day's march were compelled to keep a good look-out, as the enemy sought for an opportunity of doing us mischief. We reached Semirun, however, without loss, and, being in a friendly country, had no longer any cause for alarm. On the 5th October we reached Kala Tul, the residence of the great Bakhtiyari chief, Mehemet Taki Khan, having crossed the most precipitous and lofty mountains by roads which appeared scarcely practicable to the mountain goat. I could trace the line of route by the blood from our horses' feet. Such roads—if roads the perpendicular face of a mountain can be called—nowhere else exist. During our journey we have been living and sleeping in the open air, the chiefs everywhere receiving us in the most hospitable manner. The weather was delightful. Mehemet Taki Khan was absent from Kala Tul on our arrival.

I proceeded immediately to the ruins of Manjanik, which are situated about six miles from the Castle of Tul. Major Rawlinson had heard of, but not visited them. There are here the remains of a very considerable town, but I do not count them to be of a very remote date, and can scarcely even refer them so far back as the Sassanian dynasty. Major Rawlinson had been informed that Babylonian mounds existed here, but such is not the case. The remarkable tradition which attaches to this place, however, renders it interesting. You are aware that the Jews and the people of the East believe that Abraham was cast into a fiery furnace by Nimrod, and they translate "Ur of the Chaldees" by "fire of the Chaldees." It was at Manjanik that the Lurs assert that this event took place, and the place is so called from the celebrated Manjanik, or Mangonel, the instrument by which the Patriarch was cast into a fire too intense to be approached by man. The ruins are now occupied by a tribe of Bakhtiyaris during the colder months, and their black tents and reed huts were scattered amongst them at the time of my visit.

On my return to the castle, satisfied with a man given me by the Mehemet Taki Khan's brother as a sure guard, I set out for the ruins of Susan, which had excited considerable interest in consequence of a notice of them in Major Rawlinson's pamphlet. No European had as yet

been able to reach them. On the first day I reached an encampment in the plain of Mal Emir. In a rocky ridge forming the western boundary to the plain I found four tablets sculptured in the rock with several colossal human figures, accompanied by several long inscriptions in the most complicated of the cuneiform character, a great part of which was unfortunately effaced. I believe these sculptures, from their appearance and accompanied as they are by this character, to be of the most remote antiquity. In the plain are mounds which mark the site of a city.

The following day I quitted the encampment for Susan. A high range of mountains separate Susan from Mal Emir. On crossing them I was attacked in a narrow gorge. Unfortunately I had been prevailed upon to leave my arms at the castle, and had only a small dagger. I defended myself, however, as well as I could, but was soon forced to submit, and to deliver up my watch and the little money I had in my possession. Many circumstances made me suspect that my host of the preceding night had some knowledge of the matter; but I was determined to conceal my suspicions until I reached the castle. I proceeded on my journey, and reached the banks of a large river, the Kuran, towards nightfall. There were no means of crossing, and my guide declared it unfordable. I rode to some tents and there put up for the night. In the morning I found that my guide had deserted me, and I was alone. Susan lay on the opposite side of the river. Men were swimming across on skins, but they seemed in no way inclined to assist me. Only one course remained, and I plunged my horse into the water, determined to swim the river at all risks. To my surprise I found the river fordable, the water scarcely reaching to my saddle; but the current was rapid, and my horse had much difficulty in keeping his legs. Having reached the opposite bank, I rode to the tents of Mullah Feraj, the chief of Susan, for whom I had a letter. In the course of a couple of days I visited the ruins and the tomb of Daniel, but these two days were spent in considerable anxiety, as the suspicions which the visit of a Frank excited in the minds of the Baktiyari were far from being of a satisfactory nature. The most ridiculous causes were assigned for my arrival. Some asserted that I had come to spy the country previous to an attack projected by the King of England; whilst others asserted that my object was the acquisition of a treasure which my forefathers, who had once occupied the

land, had deposited there, and the site of which had been written in our books. However absurd these suspicions may appear, they proved sufficient to prevent my examining the place with as much minuteness as I could have wished. I heard the people of the place consulting as to the course to be adopted towards me, and, had not the chief proved decidedly inclined to protect me, I might have received rough treatment. I was not sorry to turn my back on the inhospitable land.

On my return to Kala Tul I acquainted Mehemet Taki Khan with my loss. He immediately sent off a horseman to the chief with orders to bring back all my property, or he himself would proceed thither and cut off his nose and ears. On the following day the horseman returned with my watch and all that had been taken from me.

To his Mother.

BAGHDAD, 9th September 1841.

You will be surprised to find me again writing to you from Baghdad. In explanation I will only say that, after leaving Karak in the winter and returning to the Baktiyari country, I still remained in Persia with the hope of being able to carry out my original plan of reaching Afghanistan through the Seistan. Kirman, however, and the neighbouring country still continued in a most disturbed state; the road through Herat from recent events also got blocked up; and I found it was scarcely possible to leave Persia by a land route. I consequently came down to Busrah, and a few days ago reached Baghdad. My principal object in returning to this place is to write to yourself and my uncle upon my future plans, and to remain here until I receive an answer. There have been so many changes, since I left England, in our family, that I have seriously and after much reflection determined to return to England if my uncle and yourself should approve of my so doing. . . .

I have now been absent from England about two years, and have visited many of the most interesting countries in the world, and during that period I have scarcely spent two hundred pounds. . . . I can live here at a very trifling expense, and I have very pleasant society in the house of Colonel Taylor, the Resident. I shall not, however, remain

in Baghdad, and in fact to-morrow I start for an exploring trip down the Tigris with Captain Selby, commanding one of the Euphrates Expedition Steamboats.

To his Uncle, Mr Austen.

BAGHDAD, 9th September 1841.

Nearly eight months have elapsed since I last wrote to you, and I fear that my long silence will have caused you some anxiety; but the fact is, I have been unable not only to communicate with you, but to leave the Persian territories. On my return to the Bakhtiyari country, the chief engaged in a war with the Persian authorities, which ended in his being taken prisoner. I was compelled to become a sort of actor in the affair, and when Mehemet Taki Khan was treacherously delivered into the hands of his enemies, I accompanied him, and was afterwards detained until nearly the middle of August, when I fortunately succeeded in leaving the Persian camp and reaching Busrah; but in a curious condition—without a farthing in the world and with scarcely a shirt to my back, having been plundered some half a dozen times and exposed to the vicissitudes of war, etc.

I found an English ship at Busrah, the captain of which received me very civilly, and, having remained with him two or three days, I started off for Baghdad. I was now in hopes that all my troubles were at an end, but it turned out otherwise. Between Busrah and Baghdad I was plundered by the Arabs three times! And at length, after various escapes, I astonished our worthy Resident here by introducing myself to him in my shirt. But I am now accustomed to these things, and, as I have excellent health and spirits, they pass off as common occurrences. . . . Thank God I am again among Europeans and countrymen: long absence had rendered me a complete Persian. But I must now explain my reasons for returning to Baghdad. You must have seen from my last letter that I was proceeding but slowly towards India. The receipt of your letter at Karak, informing me of the events which had taken place since my leaving England, induced me to remain here a few months longer, and to await other letters from England. I felt that my mother's position was so different to what it was when I left England, and that

indeed all the circumstances of my family were so much changed, that the reasons which induced me to leave England no longer existed. I was on the point of writing to you from Karak, and asking your sanction to my returning. . . . But I felt a strong desire to remain a short period in the interesting country I had been visiting, and where I had strong hopes of being able to confer some benefit upon mankind by contributing towards the amelioration of a semi-barbarous people. The character of their chief gave me the most sanguine hopes of success; his generosity enabled me to live there without any expense whatsoever, and his friendship secured me a residence in that difficult country unattended with danger. I had introduced vaccination amongst the tribes with success; I had written to India, and probably should have been able to bring Mehemet Taki Khan into correspondence with the Government and merchants of Bombay, and to engage them to enter into economical relations with a country so admirably calculated for commerce as Khuzistan and Susiana.

I had scarcely, however, returned to the country from Karak, when events put an end to all these anticipations. The Persian Government, as usual, fearing that Mehemet Taki Khan was gaining too great an ascendancy over the inhabitants of this part of Persia, and knowing that he had no inconsiderable wealth in flocks and cattle, determined upon his destruction. Under the mask of friendship they at length succeeded in bringing him into their power, and, violating the most sacred oaths, deprived him of his country and threw him into chains. Thus, all the interest I had felt in the country was at an end, and I determined upon proceeding immediately to Baghdad, and writing to you with the proposal I had wished to make at Karak. I can live at Baghdad without expense, and I have here the most intellectual society in the family of our Resident, Colonel Taylor; and I intend remaining here until I hear from you.

To his Mother.

BAGHDAD, 24th January 1842.

[After touching upon family circumstances which had again made his future plans uncertain, he continues]:—

I regret that I have been unable to make drawings; the state of the country would not allow me to do so, and indeed it was very seldom that I was able to make a note, or to take a bearing by the compass. During my last trip I discovered other sculptures and the sites of several ancient cities. I luckily escaped very well, having only been plundered once, although the journey was a very dangerous one, and, succeeded in visiting every spot of any interest that, during my former excursion in Khuzistan, I had left unexamined. I found my poor friend Mehemet Taki Khan still in chains, with his family in a most distressing state. One of his brothers, with whom I had spent many happy hours, had been cruelly murdered, and on entering Shushter one of the first things I saw was the head of an old friend rotting in the Bazaar! The number of persons that have perished in this province is scarcely credible. I visited the great robber Baktiyari chief, who received me very civilly in his celebrated mountain stronghold, and, contrary to my expectations, gave me every opportunity of visiting the country. I had the honour of being introduced to all his wives (he has twelve), and of getting well drunk with him on some Shiraz wine. In fact, we were sworn friends, and I only regretted that time would not allow me to join him in a few plundering expeditions, and other parties of pleasure, which he very kindly offered to bring about for my amusement. I also spent a few days with the Wali of Luristan, the celebrated mountain prince of the Faiti, who received me with much kindness and treated me with great hospitality. The only two Englishmen who had ever ventured into this country, Captain Grant and Mr Fotheringham, had been murdered by the predecessor of the present Wali, and, as Major Rawlinson had strongly warned any European against attempting to enter the country, I was somewhat anxious as to the result of my journey. I am now, however, so well acquainted with this curious people that I had little

difficulty in forming a friendship with him. The only scoundrel that ill-treated me was the Sheikh of the Beni Lam Arabs, in whose tent I had been a guest, and whose bread I had eaten. Whilst among the tribe I was daily in the greatest danger, and had I not luckily been in company with a Seyyid, a descendant of the Prophet, I scarcely know how I should have succeeded in passing through the country. As it was, I was attacked, and robbed of the little money that I possessed. The Matameh, the commander of the Persian troops, had also left orders at Shushter to have me arrested; but I dared the Governor to do so, and remained in the town and travelled about the country without noticing his threats or remonstrances.

I have avoided living with the Colonel or any of the residents here, although I dine with them every day, and have taken a small house to myself, where I sit alone and am busily occupied during the day, writing and putting my notes in something like order. I have every reason to be most grateful to Colonel Taylor, who is a most amiable and worthy man. It would be well for England if every city in the world had such a Resident. During the thirty years he has resided here it is impossible to describe the mode in which he has established the English name and character. A few days back we celebrated the birth of the Prince of Wales with great *éclat*. The steamer on the river was dressed with flags and fired a Royal Salute. In the evening the Resident's house was illuminated, and the street hung with lamps. Who a few years back would have anticipated this?

To his Mother.

BAGHDAD, 26th May 1842.

I am glad to say I was completely successful, and received the highest gratification in being able to carry out a scheme to which I had directed much time and labour. When I told you of our intended trip up the Karun, I mentioned a month as the probable period of our absence. Unfortunately, although we succeeded admirably in our enterprise, the vessel was, through carelessness, run aground in the immediate neighbourhood of Shushter, and, the river being at the time much swollen from recent rains and daily decreasing, we were soon left high and dry. The

steamer was dug off after great labour, and after a detention of thirty days. This incident, however, in no way interfered with the success of the undertaking, and I have completely established the practicability of the navigation of the Karun.

We ascended that river, the Aub Gargar, or celebrated canal, and the Run of Dizful. I had examined all these rivers on several occasions and at a very great personal risk, and it was in consequence of my urgent representations to Colonel Taylor that the vessel was sent up the river. I had assured the Colonel that I had conciliated all the chiefs, and that our reception would be flattering and hospitable. I was not deceived, and I can assert that never were persons received with greater kindness than we were at Shushter in the steamer *Assyria*. The chiefs vied with one another in showing us attention; we had continual presents of sheep, and of the produce of the country, and the house of every one was open to us. . . . I am still in a Persian dress, and have not an article of European apparel; I must get a fit-out at Constantinople.

To his Mother.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 10th July 1842.

I arrived here yesterday, after a very pleasant though somewhat fatiguing journey through Asia Minor. . . . I was not sorry to leave the sultry heats of Mesopotamia and get into a cooler climate of Diarbekir. From Iskah to the sea coast the mountains of Asia Minor are thickly wooded with gigantic oaks, elms, and birch trees. I fancied myself again in Switzerland. As I travelled *tatar*, I had not, of course, much time to examine the country which I traversed. Mosul and Mardin I must have described to you in former letters. At Mardin you leave the great plains of Assyria, and enter the lower undulating uplands of Taurus. From Mardin to Diarbekir is a delightful valley, and the road leads along a small stream, thickly wooded with poplars and willows. It would be difficult to describe the pleasure such a scene as this affords to a traveller who has been traversing the treeless waste between Baghdad and Mardin. I accompanied Dr Floyd as far as Diarbekir; we separated there, the Doctor going to Aleppo. In this city, however, I found three English engineers who had left Baghdad

about twenty days before me. With them I continued my journey, and reached Samsoun in nine days without any very hard riding. . . . We had to remain a day at Samsoun for the arrival of the Trebizond steamer, which calls here on its way to Constantinople. I was not sorry to find myself once more in the atmosphere of a European steamer, after having been devoured for days past by all manner of vermin. There is a great enjoyment in sleeping out in the open air, and I regretted the necessity of sleeping in a dirty room. In the north of Asia Minor the dews are heavy, and one risks a fever sleeping out of doors. I reached Samsoun in a Baktiyari dress, and was compelled to borrow a European suit to make a decent entry into Constantinople.

I have to start afresh in the world. Of all my European property the old cloak alone remains, and a small carpet which I purchased three years ago here. These have remained staunch to me in all my adventures, and have been in the hands of robbers and thieves, but have in some way stuck to me. They have encountered all the dangers of St Paul, and must be preserved as relics.

CHAPTER II

WESTERN TURKEY, AND SIR STRATFORD CANNING

1842

I HAD promised Colonel Taylor to lose no time in delivering the despatches which he had entrusted to my care, and which were of urgent importance. Accordingly, on the morning of my arrival at Constantinople, I engaged a *caïque* with two rowers to take me to Buyukderé, where Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador, was then residing, and proceeded to the Embassy as I had landed, with only such European garments as I had been able to procure at Samsoun, and bronzed and unkempt after my long and arduous journey in constant exposure to heat and cold, rain and sun.

In those days there were no passenger steamers on the Bosphorus, and it took about three hours for two stalwart *caikjees* to row to Buyukderé. On arriving there I presented myself at the Embassy with my despatches. I was told to wait, which I did for a considerable time. At length a fashionably-dressed young gentleman appeared, asked me cavalierly for the despatches of which I was the bearer, informed me that the Ambassador was too much occupied to see any one, and turning on his heel left the room without deigning to listen to what I had to say.

I felt very indignant at this rude and uncourteous treatment, which I thought scarcely justified by my personal appearance, although the attaché might have been warranted in looking with some contempt upon an unknown traveller who had only just emerged from barbarous regions, and who bore but few marks of European civilisation either in his dress or his complexion. Having endeavoured in vain to obtain an audience of some other member of the Embassy, to whom I could explain my position, and the necessity I was under of asking for a passport to enable me to travel over the Continent to England, I left the house and returned at once to Pera.

I determined to apply to the British Consul-General for a passport, without which it would have been impossible for me to pass through any part of Europe, and to leave Constantinople as soon as I had obtained it. Mr Cartwright, who then filled that office, received me with the blunt kindness and good-nature for which he was well known to all English travellers in Turkey. He at once promised to send me the document I required for my journey. I returned to my hotel to prepare for my departure, but, before leaving Constantinople, I was determined to inform the Ambassador of the manner in which I had been received at the Embassy. I accordingly wrote to Sir Stratford Canning, expressing in somewhat intemperate terms the indignation that my treatment had caused me. I had no right to expect any reply to my letter, which was written under a sense of offended dignity and resentment for what, in my anger, I considered a personal affront. I was the more hurt and offended by my reception at the Embassy, as, in order to deliver the despatches with which I was charged to Sir Stratford, and to afford him information which the British Resident at Baghdad considered of importance to the public service, I had put myself to no little inconvenience, and had

suffered considerable fatigue in travelling night and day on horseback from Baghdad. I have no doubt that I exaggerated the matter ; but I was young and impetuous, and the manner in which the members of an Embassy were in those days accustomed to treat British subjects who were not supposed to enjoy an equal position in society with themselves may have justified, to a certain extent, the warmth of my remonstrances. What happened to me on this occasion served as a lesson in after years. In this respect, great changes have since taken place. Diplomacy has become more of a profession, and public opinion has been brought to bear upon it in a manner which renders it necessary for its members to discharge in a becoming way their duties to the public. I afterwards became intimately acquainted with the young men who had treated me, as I considered, so rudely. They were amiable, kind-hearted and gentlemanly, and were unconscious of the offence given by the supercilious and arrogant bearing which they considered it necessary, as belonging to an aristocratic vocation, to assume towards strangers, and especially towards their own countrymen. We often laughed together over the indignant protest which my offended susceptibility had called forth. Amongst them were more than one with whom I afterwards formed a warm and affectionate friendship, which lasted until we were separated by death—for they are now no more. I may have occasion to refer to them hereafter.

I was not a little surprised when I received a kind and courteous answer to my letter from Sir Stratford Canning, expressing his regret that he had not seen me, and that I had cause to complain of my reception at the Embassy, thanking me for having brought the despatches for him from the British Resident at Baghdad, and begging me to call at once, as he was desirous of communicating with me.

I could not do less than comply with his request, and on the following morning I returned to Buyukderé.

Sir Stratford received me immediately. I was greatly struck by his appearance, and thought him one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. His hair was already grey, or rather white. His tall and spare form was not altogether erect, as he had the habit of stooping forward, and he was a little awkward in his gait. There was a somewhat too evident assumption of dignity and reserve in his manner, which was intended to impress people with the utmost respect for the Queen's Ambassador, and, if the occasion required it, with awe. His earnest grey eyes seemed to penetrate into one's inner thoughts. His complexion was so fair and transparent that the least emotion—whether of pleasure or anger—was at once shown by its varying tints. A broad, massive and overhanging brow gave him an air of profound wisdom and sagacity. He was altogether a very formidable-looking personage, and he made upon me the impression which he no doubt intended to produce.

His manner towards me was, however, kindly and considerate. He admitted and lamented that strangers had frequently good cause to complain of their reception at the Embassy, adding that he had reprimanded "the gentlemen of the Chancery" for the manner in which they had treated me. He then began to question me upon the state of the country from which I had recently arrived, and especially as to the events on the Turco-Persian frontier of which I had been a witness. He appeared to be satisfied with the answers that I was able to give him. After a long conversation, and when I was about to retire, he remarked that my knowledge of the territory in dispute between Turkey and Persia might be of considerable use to him, as he had reason to believe that the advance of the Persian troops to Muhammareh and into territory watered by the Euphrates,

which was claimed by Turkey, might lead to war between those two States. It had occurred to him, he said, that the mediation of England might be employed to prevent a rupture between them, and asked my opinion. I did not hesitate to approve of his idea, offering, at the same time, to furnish him with such information as I had acquired by my journeys to Khuzistan.

On parting with me he expressed his hope that I would remain for a short time in Constantinople, as he was desirous of seeing me again, and of obtaining further information from me, as soon as there was a prospect of the mediation of England being accepted by Persia and the Porte.

I returned to Pera, and some days passed without my hearing from Sir Stratford Canning. My means were now nearly exhausted, and I had scarcely more money than was required for my journey to England. I therefore wrote to the Ambassador to inform him that unless he desired to see me again, and to avail himself of my services, I should leave Constantinople in a few days. Not receiving a reply to my letter, I completed the preparations for my departure and took my passage on board a steamer bound for Galatz—whence I intended to make my way by the Danube to Vienna.

I was descending the steep street leading from Pera to the wharf at Tophané where I was to embark, when I was overtaken by a *cawass* from the Embassy. He had followed me from the hotel with a note from Sir Stratford Canning, telling me that he thought he saw his way to make use of my proposed services, adding, "instead of going away, come and dine here to-morrow, and I will try to arrange a plan with you." After a moment's reflection I determined to return to the hotel and to accept Sir Stratford's invitation.

On the following day I went to Buyukderé. Sir

Stratford Canning informed me that negotiations for the joint mediation of England and Russia between Turkey and Persia were in progress, but that some time would probably elapse before the two Powers would finally accept it, and before he might be in a position to make use of the information which I possessed. He proposed to me that in the interval I should visit the Western part of Turkey in Europe, and especially Bosnia and Servia. Much agitation then prevailed in both these provinces, and there were grounds for believing that political events of importance were about to occur in them. He suggested that I should travel through them, and report to him on their condition and the state of affairs. It was, however, to be clearly understood that I was to have no official character or mission.

I readily accepted Sir Stratford's proposal. The few preparations that I had to make for my journey were soon completed, and on the 20th August I left Constantinople by a small steamer, called the *Maria Dorotea*, for Salonica. I was furnished with letters of introduction to the Turkish authorities and to our Consuls and Consular Agents in the districts which I proposed to visit, and arrangements were made for me to correspond directly with the Ambassador.

The rest that I had been able to take at Constantinople had recruited my health, which had suffered from the hardships and privations to which I had been exposed during my wanderings in the Baktiyari Mountains and the desert, and from the fatigue of my *tatar* journey from Baghdad. I was still, however, liable to constant returns of the intermittent fever, which I had contracted three years before in the plains of Philippopoli at the commencement of my travels in the East. I had not been able to shake it off; but I had become almost accustomed to its attacks, from which I soon recovered,

although they produced their effect upon my constitution, and frequently left me in a state of great debility, mental and physical. But I was young, energetic and adventurous, and never allowed these attacks to interfere with my plans. Many and many a day had I ridden for hours, shivering and shaking when the ague fit first came on, dismounting and lying on the bare ground in a semi-delirious state when the hot stage supervened, and returning to the saddle when abundant perspiration brought the attack to an end, leaving me so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely keep my seat.

I left Constantinople in high spirits. My taste for travel and adventure had not been satiated, and I was further excited by the idea that I was engaged in an important though secret mission, which, in the event of my discharging it to the satisfaction of the Ambassador, would in all probability lead to my permanent official employment in the East, the great object of my ambition. On the second day, after a beautiful passage on a waveless sea, coasting along islands and headlands rich in immortal traditions, I landed at Salonica. Forcing my way through a clamorous crowd of porters, Jews and beggars, I proceeded to the British Consulate. Mr Blunt, the British Consul for whom I had letters, received me cordially, and procured a room for me in the house of a native Christian family.

Mr Blunt had been for many years in the British Consular service, and was a man of great knowledge and experience of Eastern affairs, and intimately acquainted with Turkey, its various populations and their languages. As he had married a Greek lady—like many other Englishmen employed officially or engaged in commerce in the Levant—he was classed by his countrymen amongst “Levantine,” a term which is intended to convey mingled contempt and reproach. But he was an English gentleman of good family and education.

During my short stay at Salonica I passed most of my time with him and with the French Consul, M. Gillet, in whose house I had been hospitably received nearly three years before at Tarsus where he held the same office. I had letters for some Levantine merchants of the name of Abbots, who were largely concerned in the export trade, and had extensive financial dealings with the local authorities and the populations of the province, as farmers of the tithes and in other capacities. From them and other gentlemen residing in Salonica I obtained information on commercial and political subjects which I considered of sufficient interest to communicate to Sir Stratford Canning.

Omar Pasha, Governor of the province, was a Turk of the old school, who could neither read nor write. The populations complained of his government as arbitrary and oppressive. He had established monopolies of various articles of primary necessity, such as salt, notwithstanding the treaties between Turkey and England and other European Powers, by which the Porte had engaged to abolish them. These monopolies weighed heavily upon the poor and upon those engaged in trade. Whilst through them he accumulated wealth, they brought ruin upon the country, which was already suffering from secular misgovernment. He was courteous and dignified in his manners, like most Turkish officials of rank, and was consequently favourably spoken of by the Consuls, whose representations and remonstrances were patiently listened to although they may have produced but little effect.

Salonica was already a rising port, and gave promise of becoming the principal one for the trade of the European provinces of the Turkish Empire. But at that time there were no roads, and the produce of the soil was brought down, and European merchandise conveyed into the interior, on the backs of mules and horses, by rugged

and difficult paths which were frequently interrupted altogether. Brigandage prevailed, and the country in general was insecure in consequence of the political agitation which had already commenced amongst the Christian populations of Roumelia, mainly caused by the intrigues of Russian Agents.¹ One of the objects of my mission was to enquire into the movement, which was alleged to be in progress amongst the Bulgarians, and the means by which it was brought about. Secret Societies were known to exist, which had for their object to excite an insurrection against the Turkish Government, and which were directed and supported by secret Committees in Russia and by Russian Agents. There had already been more than one attempt at rebellion, which had been suppressed by the Turkish troops. However, at that time, the Bulgarians formed but a small minority of the Christian population of Macedonia and of Salonica, its capital, and being of the Greek faith were included by the Turkish authorities amongst the Greeks. It was not until many years afterwards that the Christians to the south of the Balkans speaking the Bulgarian language were recognised as a distinct nation, and were no longer classed with the Greeks. At the time of my visit to Salonica, no part of the Christian population was known as Bulgarian. It was said by the Turkish authorities to consist of 15,000 Greeks. The town then contained no less than 25,000 Jews, who exceeded in number even the Mussulmans. They were the descendants of those who had been driven by persecution from Spain, and had taken refuge in the dominions of the Sultan, where they were hospitably received, and allowed the free profession of

¹ The "Bulgarian Question," which was destined in after years to assume such grave proportions, and to lead to a great war, which may prove to be one of the principal causes of the fall of the Ottoman rule in Europe, was already appearing on the horizon.

their faith. They still spoke the Spanish language, and were to be distinguished from the Turks and Christians not only by their peculiar dress and the long locks which the men wore on either side of their foreheads, but by their fair complexions, blue eyes, and light hair and beard.

During the short time that I remained at Salonica I was much impressed by the abuses which were to be attributed to the capitulations, or ancient treaties or conventions between Turkey and the European Powers, which were rapidly undermining the authority of the Turkish Government, and rendering its continued existence under the state of things which they were calculated to produce almost impossible. The principal were the privileges claimed by foreigners exempting them from dues and taxes paid by Ottoman subjects, the monopolies in trade which they were thus able to secure, the interference of the foreign Consuls in all local affairs and in the administration, and the facilities afforded to Turkish subjects of throwing off their Ottoman nationality and obtaining that of some other country. Even the smallest European State had its Consul or Consular Agent at Salonica. These officials were in the habit of selling passports to native Christians. Most of them trafficked in these documents, and lived upon the profits they made out of the sale of their protection. One of the principal offenders in this respect was the Greek Consul, who claimed a large portion of the indigenous Christian population of the town as subjects of the Hellenic Kingdom.

A privilege at that time enjoyed by the foreign Consuls was the cause of no little loss to the Turkish revenue, and of legitimate complaint on the part of the Turkish authorities and population. Each Consul claimed the right to keep one bakehouse, one butcher's shop and one

tavern. This claim was founded upon an ancient custom which allowed the representatives of foreign nations to provide for the supply of the shipping of their respective countries.

Upon these various subjects, and upon the opening for British commerce which Salonica appeared to me to present, I dwelt in my letters to Sir Stratford Canning, sending him such statistics as I was able to procure from the official sources accessible to me.

On the 25th August I left Salonica in a small sailing-boat bound for the village of S. Teodoro on the coast of Thessaly. We set sail in the evening, and crossing the gulf with a light wind arrived at our destination soon after sunrise. After some difficulty I was able to obtain a horse to take me to Platamona. I had fallen in with a Prussian doctor named Auerbach, in the Turkish service, who was going to Larissa to take charge of the quarantine establishment in that place. We rode together along the sea-coast at the foot of Mount Olympus, and through the Vale of Tempe, with the beautiful scenery of which, and the wonderful luxuriance of its vegetation, I was greatly charmed. It reminded me strongly of the pictures of Claude, who in his classic subjects has well divined the peculiar characteristics of the Thessalian landscape. But we found the country almost deserted. The mountain-range of Olympus and Ossa was the refuge of bands of brigands who, descending into the valleys and plains, infested the mule-tracks, robbed travellers and caravans, almost put a stop to trade, and compelled the inhabitants of the villages to abandon their homes and to seek for security in the towns. The soil consequently remained uncultivated, and one of the richest districts in European Turkey was reduced to the condition of a desert. Reports of the presence of the brigands on the road we were taking were rife and we were warned against the danger to which

we were exposing ourselves. But we performed our journey without meeting with any adventure.

We crossed the Peneus by a ferry-boat, and followed its winding course through a thickly-wooded valley, in which the pomegranate, the vine and the fig tree, the remains of former cultivation, mingled with forest trees. We entered a narrow and difficult gorge through which the river forces its way, and arrived at nightfall at Baba, a small village almost deserted, in which we found a dirty, half-ruined coffee-house, where we took up our quarters for the night.

On the following day we passed through the ruined town of Ambelakia, situated on the slope of Mount Ossa about an hour's ride above Baba. This was once a place of considerable importance, and the remains of large, well-built houses, and of spacious buildings used in the manufacture of cotton goods, bore evidence to its former industry and prosperity. I was greatly interested in Ambelakia from the story which I had read of it in Urquhart's "Spirit of the East,"—a book which had made a great impression upon my imagination, and which contains some of the most delightful and truthful pictures of Oriental Turkish life. Ambelakia was inhabited by a Greek community which, high up on the almost inaccessible sides of Ossa, had enjoyed an almost complete independence from Turkish rule. Some enterprising and ingenious inhabitants of the place formed the idea of constituting the population into a kind of joint stock company for the manufacture of cotton prints, such as were used in Turkey. The enterprise was for a long time successful, and Ambelakia became one of the most prosperous communities in the Sultan's dominions. It was unable, however, to compete with foreign manufactures when the markets of Turkey were opened to Europe, and especially to England, by the Treaties of

Commerce. The administration of the affairs of the community fell into incompetent hands. Frauds were alleged to have been committed by its officers. Failure was the result; the manufactories were closed, and, the principal inhabitants having quitted the place, Ambelakia soon fell into ruins.

From Ambelakia I descended the southern slope of Mount Ossa to Larissa, a town of some importance, situated in a rich and extensive plain, and at that time the residence of the Governor of the Province of Thessaly. Namik Pasha, who held that post, had, however, gone to Tchataldja—the ancient Pharsalia—to be present at the annual fair held there. Having letters for him, I determined to follow him. As Tchataldja was situated near the Greek frontier, and the fair would be frequented by people from both sides of the borders, I hoped to be able to obtain information as to the state of the country, which might prove of some importance.

A ride of six hours on post-horses took me to Tchataldja or Pharsalia. Namik Pasha received me cordially, and having quartered me upon the Greek bishop, who here, as elsewhere, was expected to entertain travellers recommended to the Turkish authorities, invited me to dine and spend my time with him as long as I might remain in the town. He was then a young man of prepossessing appearance, and of considerable intelligence. He was one of the foremost among the young Turks who had been brought up in the school of Reshid Pasha, and who had been selected to carry out the great reforms introduced into the administration of the Ottoman Empire by Sultan Mahmoud. He spoke French with fluency. After serving for some time in the army, in which he had rapidly risen to the rank of a *Ferik* or major-general, he had been sent as Turkish Ambassador to London. On his return he had been named Governor of the frontier

province of Thessaly, a post of considerable importance on account of the critical state of the relations between Turkey and Greece, the frequent violations of the territory of both States by brigands, and the endeavours of Greek and other agents to excite the Christian populations to rise against their Mohammedan rulers.

Namik Pasha had rendered himself popular amongst both Mussulmans and Christians by his just and liberal administration. He professed very enlightened views and an earnest desire to improve the condition of the province. As was usual in Turkey, he was not left long enough in his government to carry them out. He made a very favourable impression upon me. I was disposed to look upon him as one of the men who, by their honesty, abilities and enlightenment, might carry out the reforms initiated by Reshid Pasha, and save his country from the fate which even then appeared to menace it. But I was disappointed in him. He was afterwards employed in many high and important missions, but abandoned his early principles, and joined the fanatical and revolutionary party in Turkey. The friendship which I formed with him during my short residence at Tchataldja continued, and I have always experienced great kindness and attention from him.

At the time of my visit to Thessaly, the province was apparently in a state of repose. Outwardly the Christians—constituting by far the largest portion of the populations—seemed satisfied with the Turkish rule, and, with the exception of the usual acts of brigandage on either side of the frontiers, outrages occasionally committed by Greek patriots who crossed into Turkish territory to perpetrate them on Christians as well as on Mohammedans, when they could do so with impunity, public tranquillity and order were not disturbed. But the Pasha was seriously alarmed at the intrigues and conspiracies of foreign Agents, who, he

was convinced, were seeking to incite the Greek subjects of the Sultan to rise against his rule. He was especially suspicious of the designs of France, and anxious about the proceedings of several Frenchmen, who, upon various pretexts, were travelling about the country. He had intercepted a correspondence which, he alleged, proved that the French Government were endeavouring to bring about not only a rising in Thessaly, but a revolution in Greece, with the object of dethroning the king and of placing a son of Louis Philippe on the throne. He communicated his suspicions and fears to me, begging that I would acquaint Sir Stratford Canning with them. As Sir Stratford had given me a letter of introduction to the Pasha, I considered that, without giving him any cause to suspect that my object in visiting this part of Turkey was to furnish information to the Ambassador, I could accede to his request.

On the following day I accompanied an old Albanian Bey, named Abdullah, to whom I had been recommended by the Pasha, to Karditza, a village which, with the surrounding lands, he farmed for the Government. I was struck by the fertility of the plain of Pharsalia and its numerous villages, inhabited almost exclusively by Christians. At Fricala, a town of some importance, which I reached next afternoon, I was, as usual, lodged at the house of the Greek bishop.

Between Fricala and Janina are the remarkable convents of Meteoro, built upon isolated masses of rock. They have been described by several travellers, amongst others by my friend Robert Curzon, who visited them some years after me, and described them in his "Monasteries of the Levant."

Shortly before my arrival at Belgrade a revolution had taken place in the Principality which had led to the expulsion of Prince Milosh and the election by the

Servians of the son of Karageorge, the chief to whom they owed their independence, as his successor. The Principality was still in a very disturbed state. It was expected that Russia or the Porte would interfere to restore the fallen ruler, and the population, determined to resist an attempt to impose him upon them, were under arms. A considerable force was assembled at Belgrade, which was in a state of siege.

The principal leaders in the movement which had ended in the expulsion of Milosh were Petronievitch, Wutchich and Zuban. I had letters for them which I presented on arriving at Belgrade. They had all three been prominent chiefs and patriots in the revolution which, principally under the direction of the popular hero Karageorge, had freed Servia from Ottoman rule. Petronievitch was a man of some culture and knowledge, and had received a European education, and spoke more than one European language. Wutchich was a brave and rude soldier of the pure Servian type, unacquainted with any tongue but his own. Zuban was a lawyer by profession, and had some pretensions to a knowledge of literature. He had indeed, although unacquainted with the English language, attempted a translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" into Servian. My communications with him were carried on in a kind of dog Latin. The three had a high reputation for honesty, capacity, and patriotism amongst their countrymen, and were considered the chiefs of the party which resisted the interference in their affairs of Russia, under whose influence Prince Milosh was accused of being, and which desired for their country a more complete independence than that which it enjoyed under foreign control and dictation. Wutchich wore the Servian dress, which consisted of a jacket, vest, and baggy trousers, with leggings of brown coarse cloth, embroidered with black

braid, and the Turkish fez. In the huge belt of leather encircling his waist he carried a pair of enormous pistols, and a sword dangled by his side. Petronievitch and Zuban were dressed in European costume; but, like all their countrymen who still considered themselves subjects of the Sultan, wore the national head-dress, the fez.

The English Consul-General at Belgrade was, at that time, Mr Fonblanque, the brother of the well-known editor of the *Examiner* newspaper. He had taken a prominent part in opposing the popular movement against Prince Milosh, and when it proved successful he had lowered his consular flag, suspended his relations with the authorities, and had left Serbia for Constantinople to protest against it to the British Ambassador. This conduct, which was considered by the Servians as an unwarrantable interference in their affairs, was deeply resented.

The private letters which had been given me for the three Servian leaders and for the Pasha, who commanded the Turkish garrison which then occupied the fortress of Belgrade, and represented and maintained the suzerainty of the Sultan over the Principality, enabled me to obtain full information as to the object of the recent revolution, the intentions of its promoters, and the condition of public opinion in Serbia. I soon convinced myself that the British Consul-General had acted hastily and injudiciously in taking so decided and hostile a step as to refrain from entering into relations with the popular Government and to lower his flag. It appeared to me that, if England was called upon to take any part in the affairs of Serbia, her true policy was to give her support to those who were struggling to obtain liberal institutions, to uphold the independence of their country, and to resist the undue interference of Russia in its government and administration.

Having formed these views, I felt that even in the capacity of a private traveller—a character which I carefully maintained during the time of my residence in Belgrade—I was committing no act of indiscretion in acceding to the request of the Servian members of the Provisional Government that I would inform Sir Stratford Canning on my return to Constantinople of the true state of affairs, and communicate to him copies of various documents which they believed would justify the expulsion of Milosh, and the election of the son of Karageorge as his successor.

As upon the decision which Sir Stratford Canning might take upon the representations of Mr Fonblanque might depend a war undertaken by Russia, or, upon her demand, by the Porte, to crush the popular party in Servia and to restore Milosh, a war which could not fail to cause infinite bloodshed and misery, I determined to proceed at once to Constantinople. The quickest mode of doing so was by riding post. The Queen's Messengers, who in those days carried despatches between Downing Street and the Turkish capital, and the Cabinet couriers of other Powers, as well as the *tatars* employed by the Porte, performed their journeys in this fashion. Consequently there was then a good supply of post-horses on the road which formed the main line of communication through the European provinces of Turkey.

The Pasha of Belgrade offered to send a Government *tatar* with me as far as Nissa, and to give me a letter to the Governor of that place, who would provide me with another *tatar* to Constantinople. The Servian authorities were instructed to afford me any assistance of which I might be in need, and peremptory orders to all the post-masters on my route insured me an immediate supply of horses at all the post-stations. It was the middle of October, and the weather, especially at night, was already

cold in the mountains and bleak plains of Servia and Bulgaria. I prepared myself for it by having my old cloak, which had served me through my wanderings in the East, lined with sheepskins. I bought a pair of huge boots also lined with fur, a pair of ample, baggy *shalwars*, such as were worn by the *tatars*, and which for long rides I thought more comfortable than light European trousers, and an ample shawl wound in many folds round my waist, and, equipped with a *tatar* saddle and heavy shovel stirrups which served for spurs, I started from Belgrade on my *tatar* journey to Constantinople.

The gates were being closed in consequence of the state of siege when I left the city at sunset. A *surejee*, leading a horse on which were placed my saddle-bags and those of the *tatar*, led the way. The *tatar* himself followed with his long whip, which he used incessantly to keep the animals in front of him to their full speed. I brought up the rear. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the state of the tracks, which were deep in mud, and were frequently lost altogether, we galloped as fast as the horses could carry us over rocky hills and through dense forests. I was more than once nearly swept off my saddle by the overhanging boughs and branches. Frequently my horse stumbled on the stony ground, and my neck was in imminent peril. But the horses were strong and active, and the post-stages short. We lost no time in changing our animals, and we neither stopped to eat nor sleep until we had crossed the Servian frontier. We had been frequently challenged during the night by the guards which were posted along the road in consequence of the anticipated invasion of the Principality and the disorganised state of the country owing to the recent revolution. But the *tatar* was furnished with the necessary password, and we passed on without interruption.

I have still a very lively recollection of that ride

through the forests of Servia in the night—one of the most breakneck and fatiguing enterprises in which I was ever engaged. In the afternoon of the following day we reached the considerable town of Nissa, passing, as we entered, a pyramid of human skulls, a trophy of a Turkish victory over the Servians which was then still preserved. We rode through the narrow streets and bazaar still at full gallop, and scattering the thick black mud over the passengers and the shopkeepers and their stalls, the *surejee*, as was the custom when preceding a *tatar*, warning the crowd of his approach by loud discordant cries and by cracking his whip.

My letters to the Pasha secured me a welcome and, what I even more required, a dinner. He sent at once for a fresh *tatar* to accompany me to Constantinople, and ordered horses to be prepared without delay to enable me to continue my journey. As an attempt had been made to construct a road from Nissa to Sophia, he offered me the use of his carriage for the first two or three stages. As I thought that I could thus obtain a few hours' sleep after my fatiguing journey through the night, I accepted his offer.

After a substantial meal, I took leave of the friendly Pasha, and left Nissa in his carriage, followed by the *tatar* and the *surejee* leading a horse for me to mount if necessary. I soon found that this had been a wise precaution. The Pasha's carriage was drawn by four small active horses driven by a Bulgarian coachman who urged them with his long whip and his cries to their full speed, utterly regardless of the state of the so-called road and the stones and the rocks which encumbered it. The carriage itself was a rickety, nondescript vehicle, with rude primitive springs, constructed in Hungary. To sleep was utterly impossible. I was soon so much shaken and jolted that I could bear my sufferings no

longer. So, dismissing the coachman with a present and complimentary message to his master, I mounted the spare horse which had fortunately been provided for me, and resumed my journey on my spacious and comfortable *tatar* saddle.

I remember little of my journey. The only incident that I recollect was that, when following the yelling *surejee* and *tatar* at full gallop through a narrow and crowded bazaar in one of the towns through which we passed, my horse stumbled on the slippery stone pavement, and that I flew over his head and found myself in the midst of a circle of tailors, seated cross-legged at their work in an open shop. They were not a little alarmed at this sudden intrusion, and I was no less surprised at finding myself in such company—fortunately without hurt or injury.

We reached Adrianople in the morning, having galloped without stopping day and night, except to change horses at the post-stations, which were then about eighteen miles, or six Turkish hours apart. My *tatar*, who had been accustomed to travel, as was the habit of his profession, at a jog-trot pace, exceedingly fatiguing to one not accustomed to it, and which was only increased into a gallop when a town or a post-house was approached, declared that he could go no further. He accordingly took me to the *Konak*, or residence of the Governor, to whom I had a letter. Whilst a fresh *tatar* was being found and horses made ready, I adjourned to a neighbouring Turkish bath. After a short but sound sleep on the soft cushions and white linen of the outer hall, surrounded by couches on which the bathers repose after their ablutions, I felt thoroughly refreshed, and ready to continue my journey, and in a few minutes was in the saddle again.

The vast undulating plains of Rumelia, smooth as a

race-course, were soon crossed. The balmy, bracing October air, with a cloudless sky overhead, and the rapid motion, produced an exhilarating effect which soon made me forget my fatigues and privations. In these long *tatar* journeys I usually found that I suffered most on the second night. The difficulty of keeping awake was intense, and the efforts to do so most distressing and painful. It was impossible to sleep when going at a gallop. When the pace was slackened, as in descending a hill, I could doze; but I generally found it better to dismount, and to snatch a few minutes' slumber lying on the bare ground. It is almost hopeless to struggle against a drowsiness which overpowers one in spite of every effort to throw it off. After the second night, I generally suffered less from the effects of want of sleep—and the excitement of passing through a new country, and the various incidents which occurred during the ride, and when changing horses at the stations, sufficed to occupy the attention almost without interruption, and to drive away the desire of sleep.

I reached Constantinople before dawn on the sixth day after leaving Belgrade. I had performed this journey of some six hundred miles in less time by some hours than Colonel Townley, a Queen's Messenger, whose *tatar* ride over the same ground had been mentioned by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons as the fastest on record. I was consequently very proud of my feat. As some time had yet to elapse before the Adrianople Gate, at which I had arrived, would be opened—the gates of Stamboul were then closed until sunrise—I dismounted, and, lying on the ground, slept soundly until I could enter the city. It was a ride of full an hour through the narrow and ill-paved streets of the Turkish quarters, and afterwards of Galata and Pera, before I could reach Roboli's hotel.

Having breakfasted and made myself as presentable as my limited wardrobe permitted, I hired a horse and galloped to Buyukderé where Sir Stratford Canning was still residing. He would scarcely believe that I had only left Belgrade six days before. The dates of letters which I had brought to him convinced him, however, of the fact. I found that he had already, from the reports he had received from trustworthy sources, and from the statements of the Consul-General himself, come to the same conclusion as I had as to the revolution in Servia, and as to the policy which it behoved the English Government to pursue with regard to it. He had condemned the hasty step taken by the British Consul-General in lowering his flag, and in thus making almost a declaration of war against the popular party in Servia, and had directed him to return to his post without delay. Mr Fonblanque had already left Constantinople for Belgrade before my arrival.

Sir Stratford Canning was highly satisfied with the accounts which I was able to give him of the state of affairs in Servia, as they confirmed him in the opinion which he had formed, and which he had expressed in his despatches to Lord Aberdeen, H.M. Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was desirous of entering into direct communications with the leaders of the recent movement in the Principality, in order to obtain full and trustworthy information as to their views and as to the events which were occurring there. The personal acquaintance which I had formed at Belgrade with the principal persons concerned in the revolution enabled him to make use of me to this end. Shortly after my return to Constantinople, Zuban, whom I have mentioned as being Minister of Justice in the Servian provisional Government, was sent to represent the newly-elected Prince, the son of Karageorge, at the Porte. I established intimate relations with him, and through him I was able to obtain all the information that Sir Stratford

Canning required, and to be the means of communicating his views to those who had been entrusted with the direction of affairs in Servia, and to influence to a certain extent their conduct.

One of the charges made against the revolutionary leaders in Servia was their cruel treatment of persons belonging to the opposite political party. Mr Fonblanque had accused them of placing their prisoners in deep open pits dug in the soil. There was unfortunately a sufficient foundation for these charges. I had seen, when at Belgrade, and in company with Wutchich, who had the command of the revolutionary army, a large square excavation in which several prisoners were kept, without protection from the inclemencies of the weather. I had ventured to remonstrate against their treatment, and in consequence they were removed to other quarters—the provisional Government stating that they had only been thus temporarily placed, as there was no other means of keeping them in safe custody in Belgrade, and they were dangerous men whom it was necessary to retain in confinement. But the Servians were at that time but little less barbarous and uncivilised than their recent rulers the Turks. One of the objects which Sir Stratford Canning had in view was to induce the new Servian Government to act with justice and humanity towards the followers and partizans of the fallen family, and so to conduct the movement which had hitherto proved successful, that it might be justified in European public opinion by affording proofs of its having the support of the great majority of the Servian population.

In these views we were warmly and ably seconded by Zuban. Although of a somewhat rough exterior, and having received the very limited education at that time accessible to a Servian, he was a humane and in-

telligent man, and a good and honest patriot. I was accustomed to see a good deal of him, and spent many an evening in his company. In the dog Latin which we were compelled to use in our oral and written communications, he would relate to me stories of Servian history, and especially of the wars with the Turks, and of the struggles for his country's independence, in which he had been personally engaged. He would usually end by singing, in a monotonous and plaintive tone, the popular ballads in which Servia and the other Slav provinces watered by the Danube are rich, accompanying himself on a rude fiddle with one string, and afterwards translating them to me from the Servian dialect. In these songs, now that he was far from his native land, he took great delight. They stirred his inner soul, and as he sang them, with their dreary accompaniment, the tears would roll down his cheeks, and he would interrupt his performance to give way to sobs. Upon me, too, his primitive music produced an indescribable feeling of melancholy.

Russia had determined to crush the popular movement which had taken place in Servia. It was, in fact, mainly directed against her interference in the affairs of the Principality, and against Prince Milosh, who was accused of being her tool and of endeavouring to destroy its popular and free institutions, and to replace them by an arbitrary and despotic rule. She resented the encouragement which, she alleged, Sir Stratford Canning was giving to the revolutionary party. The remonstrances and representations of the Russian Government induced Lord Aberdeen, who was known to be very favourable to Russia, to adopt the opposite view to that of the British Ambassador. Sir Stratford Canning was deeply mortified and angered by being thus "thrown over" by his own Government; but with his usual independence and energy, and, no doubt, to some extent influenced by his animosity to

Russia and his deep suspicions of her designs, he held to the policy which he had adopted upon what he considered just grounds, and continued to give all the support in his power to the popular party in Servia, which was seeking to uphold and develop free institutions in the Principality.

CHAPTER III

POLITICS AND SOCIETY IN CONSTANTINOPLE

1842-1845

IT was, of course, soon known to the English Foreign Office that it was partly in consequence of my reports that Sir Stratford Canning had been induced to give his support to the popular party in Servia, and that he was employing me unofficially and privately as the medium of communication with its leaders. I was accused, too, of having announced myself to the Servian Ministers as an official agent of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and of having allowed myself to be paraded by them about the Servian capital in that capacity in a state-carriage. These charges, and others to the same effect, were sent both to Lord Aberdeen and to Sir Stratford Canning. I had no difficulty in proving to the latter that they were unfounded, and in exposing the motives which led to their being put forward. He expressed himself fully satisfied by the explanations that I was able to give him. But upon Lord Aberdeen they produced an unfavourable impression. The prejudice which, in consequence, he formed against me was not for a very long time removed, and stood very much in the way of my official employment by Sir Stratford Canning, who was anxious to make use of my services as a member

of his Embassy, and had suggested that I should be appointed to an unpaid attachéship.

Circumstances which occurred soon after my return to Constantinople added to my anxieties and to the difficulties of my position. When I left England in the summer of 1839, on my projected journey to India through Central Asia, I had deposited in the Bank of Messrs Coutts & Co. half of the small sum of money which my mother had advanced to me out of my share in certain funds under her marriage settlement, amounting to £300. For this sum I received from these bankers a letter of credit, which was directed by them to Colonel Taylor, the British Resident at Baghdad. Colonel Taylor had endorsed it to a correspondent or agent at Isfahan, but had omitted to give notice to Messrs Coutts that he had done so. When I was in want of money in Persia, the Baron de Bode, the Secretary of the Russian Mission at Teheran, was good enough to advance me a small sum, when I met him in the Shah's camp near Hamadan, upon a bill of exchange which I drew upon Messrs Coutts. A further sum, of equally small amount, had been given to me upon a similar bill by Colonel Hennell when I was at Karak, of which island he was then the Governor. I received a few pounds upon the same letter of credit, which had not been exhausted, from the Queen's Messenger whom I had seen at Semlin. The three bills which I had thus drawn were dishonoured by Messrs Coutts, on the plea that they had not been advised that their letter of credit had been endorsed to the persons to whom I had given my bills. I was in entire ignorance of what had occurred until I learnt it by letters from home, and by a communication from Sir Stratford Canning, to whom I had been denounced as a swindler. Unfortunately, when I lodged my money at Coutts, I had done so without apprising my uncle, Mr Benjamin Austen. He was conse-

quently not a little surprised and concerned when he learnt, by mere accident, that I had drawn bills upon bankers in whose hands he was not aware that I possessed any funds. He could naturally only draw one conclusion ; but he at once took measures to have their holders paid the amount that had been advanced, together with the expenses of protest, etc.

When I first learnt through Sir Stratford Canning that I was thus exposed to the suspicion of having fraudulently obtained money, I was overwhelmed with grief, and made up my mind that this unfortunate affair would have the effect of destroying his good opinion of me, and of putting an end to the career in the East to which I had looked forward with so much hope. I begged him to wait before forming a judgment, until I could receive explanations from England in answer to letters to my friends. Those explanations were unfortunately some time in reaching me, as the post then took many days between Constantinople and England. Consequently, I had to remain for some time under a cloud. When they came, they were such as to completely satisfy Sir Stratford Canning. Messrs Coutts, although alleging that they had acted strictly according to custom and rule, admitted that, considering the places from which my bills were drawn, and the impossibility of communicating with me, and that I had ample funds in their hands to meet them, the bills ought to have been honoured. They expressed much regret at what had happened, and tendered me an ample apology.

My letter of credit was now almost exhausted, notwithstanding the extreme economy which I practised. Considering the extent of my travels and all that I had done and gone through, it was indeed somewhat surprising that in two years and a half I had not expended £300. Sir S. Canning had paid the expenses of my recent journey in the Turkish European provinces to

which he had sent me. I found myself now in severe straits. Sir Stratford, who had been instructed by Lord Aberdeen to propose, in conjunction with the Russian Ambassador at the Porte, the mediation of England and Russia to prevent a war between Turkey and Persia, and to suggest a scheme for the settlement of the differences which had arisen between those two Powers, relating to their southern frontiers, was desirous of availing himself of the information which I possessed in preparing it. He requested me, therefore, to remain at Constantinople, promising that the services which I might render to the Government would enable him to press upon Lord Aberdeen, with every prospect of success, my official appointment as an attaché to his Embassy. He was not, however, in the position to offer me any salary or remuneration for my work. Nor should I have received any, had I been named one of his attachés, as the place would have been an unpaid one.

I was at a loss to know how to maintain myself in the position which it would be necessary for me to occupy. But I determined to trust to fortune, and to face the difficulties which were before me in the best way I could. I accordingly agreed to Sir Stratford Canning's proposal to remain at Constantinople. He had now moved with his family from his summer residence at Buyukderé to Pera for the winter. The palace belonging to the British Government had been burnt down, and had not yet been rebuilt. Two houses in the principal street of Pera had been united for the accommodation of the Embassy. In one of them I was assigned a room to which I came daily to carry on the work I had undertaken for Sir Stratford.

On my first visit to Constantinople, in 1839, I had formed the acquaintance of Mr Longworth, who had then recently returned from Circassia, to which country he had

been induced to go by Mr Urquhart, to encourage the mountain tribes in their resistance to Russia, and to advise and assist their chiefs in the heroic defence of their country in which they were engaged. He had published in England an account of his adventures, with a description of the then almost unknown country which he had visited. He had remained at Constantinople as the correspondent of *The Morning Post*. He was a man of considerable literary acquirements, a good Turkish scholar, of a childlike simplicity, and one of the most upright, honest, single-minded creatures I have ever known. He lodged in a house kept by an Armenian widow, who had three daughters, Katinka, Louise and Marinaka—all three remarkably handsome, but the youngest, Marinaka, a girl of about sixteen, of exceptional beauty. They were of the pure type of their race, with large lustrous eyes, regular, well-formed, but rather strongly marked features, thick eyebrows almost meeting over the nose, and an abundance of raven black hair. The pleasure of Longworth's society and the attraction of three pretty faces induced me to engage a small vacant room in the widow's house. I was to board with my friend, the cooking being done by the family. It was of a very primitive but wholesome kind, consisting almost entirely of Turco-Armenian dishes, such as *pilaf*, *kababs*, various stews of meat and vegetables, and fish.

Our mess was joined by Colonel White, also a newspaper correspondent, a most amusing and genial companion, possessing much wit and humour, and an excellent mimic. He was a man of good family, was at Eton with Sir Stratford Canning, had been an officer in the Guards, and aide-de-camp to a Royal Duke, from whose service he was said to have been summarily dismissed on being detected by his patron in mimicking his movements behind his back for the amusement of his colleagues in the Ducal household.

He had unfortunately failed to observe that H.R.H. was walking up and down the room in front of a large mirror in which all his antics were faithfully reflected. He had written one or two fashionable novels, which had obtained some success—one of them was, I believe, called "Almack's Revisited." In addition to writing letters for his newspaper, he was occupied in preparing a book upon Constantinople, which he afterwards published. It contains the best and most complete account of the manners and customs of the various inhabitants of the Turkish capital, and of their occupations, trades, etc., which has ever appeared. It is now the more interesting as it describes much which has passed away.

In compiling his work Colonel White had received the help of Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, who was able to supply him with trustworthy and accurate information upon domestic subjects connected with Turkish and Mussulman life, which was otherwise inaccessible to a European. This remarkable man, who rose to be Grand Vizir, and of whom I shall have hereafter frequently to speak, was then a youth of sixteen or seventeen years of age. His father, Ruh-ed-din Effendi, had been for some time Ottoman *Chargé d'Affaires* at Paris. His son had been with him, and had learned the French language, which he spoke and wrote like a Frenchman. On returning to Constantinople he had continued the studies which he had commenced at Paris, and had induced his father to form a library, including the English and French classics, which subsequently became the most valuable and extensive in the Turkish capital. His acquaintance with English and French authors would even have been remarkable in one who had received the best European education. He was, moreover, a good Turkish, Persian and Greek scholar, and was well versed in Oriental literature.

Ahmed Vefyk Effendi was at that time employed in

the Foreign Department at the Porte, where his father held a high official position. They resided together in a large, old-fashioned, wooden house near the great Byzantine Aqueduct which traverses Constantinople, and still supplies the city with water. The Effendi and Mr Longworth were in the habit of dining and spending two nights a week in each other's houses. No one was allowed to cross the Golden Horn from Galata after sunset, the gates of Stamboul and the bridge of boats being closed. In those days Europeans were not allowed to be in the Mussulman quarters after dark, and the very fact that an Englishman was allowed to pass the night in Ruh-ed-din's *konak*, afforded a convincing proof of the enlightened and liberal character of its owner, as he ran the risk of seriously offending the religious prejudices of his neighbours, and, had he not been a man of rank and authority, would have been exposed to the interference of the *Mukhtars*, or chiefs of the quarter, who were charged with its superintendence and its police.¹

The evenings which the two friends thus spent together were devoted to reading and study. I soon formed an intimate friendship with Ahmed Vefyk, and was invited to join the party at his house. During the time that I spent at Constantinople, I went there as regularly as I was able, twice a week, to his *konak* in Stamboul when he was in the city, and to his *yali* or country house, on the Bosphorus during the summer months.

We read together the best English classics—amongst them the works of Gibbon, Robertson, and Hume—and studied political economy in those of Adam Smith and Ricardo. My friend Longworth had strong Protectionist

¹ The Mussulman quarters of Stamboul offered a striking contrast to those occupied by the Christians and Europeans—in their immunity from crime and vice. The Turks had no wish that the civilisation of Galata and Pera should be extended to that part of the capital which was inhabited by themselves and their families.

views: I was an ardent Freetrader. We spent many an hour in fierce argument, in which the Effendi joined with great vigour and spirit, lighting up the dry matter in discussion with an infinity of jokes and quaint illustrations. We also made him read, and read to him, the plays of Shakespeare, which he understood and appreciated, and the novels of Dickens, into the spirit of which he thoroughly entered—roaring with laughter over the comic scenes. There was something catching in his merry and boisterous laugh, and even the solemn Turks who were present when he indulged in it, and did not comprehend the reason of it, could not resist joining in it. He took so much delight in "Pickwick" and the other works of Dickens which had then appeared, and was so well acquainted with them, that he was constantly in the habit of quoting from them in after days. He had a singularly retentive memory, and rarely forgot what he had read. He was a perfect store of information on all manner of subjects, Western and Oriental, and had even then acquired a smattering of scientific knowledge, which he afterwards considerably extended. His remarkable capacity, his great acquirements, and his upright and honourable character, led his friends to believe that he would rise to the highest offices in the State, and he himself would talk as if he were persuaded that he would one day become Grand Vizir.¹ He was the most cheerful, the most merry, and the most entertaining of companions. As he was always ready to impart information, and had none of those scruples and prejudices which prevented Turks from speaking to strangers, and especially to Europeans, of their domestic affairs, I learnt from him many

¹ The prediction was fulfilled many years after, and when I, who had been the companion of his youth, was the Queen's Ambassador at Constantinople.

interesting details of Turkish life and habits which subsequently proved of much use to me. His father was equally communicative and free from prejudice. He spoke French indifferently, but sufficiently well to make himself understood. He was a perfect Turkish gentleman, of the most refined manners, and of very dignified appearance, with his snow-white beard and his turban and robes, which the chief civil functionaries at the Porte still wore, the *nizam*, or European uniform and dress, not having then been generally adopted by them.

The life led by a Turkish gentleman in Stamboul was, at that time, a very simple one. Ruh-ed-din Effendi's *konak*, or mansion, was provided with no European luxuries. It was divided, like all houses in the East inhabited by Mussulman families, into the apartments in which the owner sat during the day, and in which he received his visitors, and those occupied by the ladies and their female attendants, or the harem. Chairs and tables, and other European articles of furniture were not then in general use, as they subsequently became in Turkish houses. The floors of the rooms were covered with a simple but finely made matting, upon which were laid Kurdish or Persian carpets of beautiful texture, and exquisite in colour and design. Around, against the walls, were placed very low divans, covered with Brousa or Damascus silk, and provided with large and comfortable cushions and bolsters to lean against. To sit upon them it was necessary to sit Oriental fashion, cross-legged, or to stretch one's legs on the floor very awkwardly and ungracefully. Every one on entering a room, and before treading on the carpets, took off his boots or shoes. I always adhered to this custom when visiting Turkish gentlemen, wearing, as they did, inside my boots and over my stock-

ings, the thin, black, leather *mests*, a kind of slipper or covering for the foot. Everything was kept scrupulously clean, and the interior of the house was a model of neatness.

The Effendi and his son had, as was then the custom, numerous servants or hangers-on. Neither of them could go to the Porte, or elsewhere, without being followed by at least two attendants, one carrying the long *chibouk*, or pipe of cherry or jasmine wood, in a bag, the other, papers, books, and other things which his master might require during the day. The other servants remained to look after the house, in a room provided for them on the ground floor, where they spent the day in smoking pipes and drinking coffee. They wore no livery, but were dressed like their masters, and went about slipshod, as they had to leave their shoes at the door whenever they entered a room. When the Effendi was at home, they were principally occupied in serving visitors with coffee and pipes. There was no bell in the house, and when they were required their master summoned them by clapping his hands.

In the harem, to which the male servants had not access, the work was done by female attendants. They cooked the dinner and other meals, being superintended in these occupations by the ladies of the family, who themselves were in the habit of making any special dish, and especially sweetmeats. Neither Ahmed Vefyk nor his father would tolerate the presence of a eunuch in their households, and their harems, unlike those of most Turkish gentlemen of their station and rank, were not guarded by these wretched beings. Nor had they any slaves, male or female, such as were then almost invariably found in Turkish families.

Ruh-ed-din Effendi had but one wife. His son, when

he married, followed his example. Most of the leading Turkish statesmen of the liberal and reforming party, to which both of them belonged, such as Reshid, Ali and Fuad Pashas, Cabouli Effendi, and other enlightened men, did as Ruh-ed-din, although they still maintained very strictly the harem system—their wives, with their female attendants, living in a part of the house, generally the largest and best, especially set apart for them, to which no male, except a very near relation, such as a father or brother, was admitted.

Longworth and I usually went over to Stamboul, when we spent the night at Ruh-ed-din Effendi's, early in the afternoon. We read with Ahmed Vefyk until sunset, when he retired into the harem to say the prayers obligatory upon all Mussulmans at that time. An hour after, he and his father and generally several guests—for, like all Turkish gentlemen, they kept open house and were very hospitable—assembled for dinner, which was served in the old Turkish fashion. A low stool was first brought in and placed in the centre of the room. A servant then appeared bearing an immense metal tray, which he placed upon this stool. He was followed by a number of other attendants, each carrying a metal bowl or dish, of various sizes, each with its cover.

A servant then went round with a kind of ewer, called an *ibryk*, from which he poured water over the hands of those present into a basin held beneath, in which was a piece of soap. After they had thus washed, the master of the house and his guests squatted on the carpeted floor round the capacious tray. A richly embroidered napkin was then thrown over their right shoulder, for them to wipe their hands and mouth during the repast. One of the attendants then placed in the centre of the tray a metal bowl containing soup. Each person took a few spoonfuls,

and the bowl was speedily removed. A number of dishes then succeeded each other, each being rapidly removed after the guests had helped themselves to a few morsels with their fingers, for knives and forks had not yet come into common use in Turkey, and even Turkish gentlemen of the rank of Ruh-ed-din Effendi still ate in this primitive and barbarous fashion, only metal spoons for the soup being provided. Sometimes a knife and a fork were given to a European guest, who was supposed not to be able to use his fingers, or to be reluctant to do so. It was certainly difficult for one not accustomed to eat in this manner to gather up rice from a *pilaf* without scattering the greater part of it over the tray, or to convey to his mouth with decency and cleanliness made dishes, in which rich sauces and melted butter were the principal ingredients.

At a formal Turkish dinner to which guests were invited, the regulation number of dishes served was, I believe, no less than forty-two. But at Ruh-ed-din Effendi's house on ordinary occasions they rarely exceeded thirty. They came in succession, but each dish was so rapidly removed—the guest only having time given to him to dip his fingers once or twice in it, and, if he were not very alert, not being able to do so at all—that the repast did not last as long as might have been expected.

After the soup, came stewed meats, fish dressed in various ways, pastry, sweet and savoury, made dishes of eggs, and vegetables of different kinds, *kaimak*, a thick cream from buffalo's milk, prepared with sugar and honey, and a variety of other Turkish messes, served apparently without order—fish, meat, vegetables and sweets alternating. Some of these dishes were exceedingly good and well cooked, especially those con-

sisting of fish, and the pastry. They were all prepared in the harem, and, when ready, were placed in a revolving cupboard or box which enabled the women to pass them to the men-servants without being themselves seen. The appearance of a huge *pilaf* was the sign that the dinner had come to an end, with the exception of a great china bowl filled with sherbet, or sugar and water flavoured with prunes, from which the guests helped themselves with wooden spoons of pear-wood tastefully carved by Persian craftsmen.

When the last dish had been removed an attendant again appeared with the ewer and basin. When we had washed our hands we returned to the divans round the room, and pipes, *narguilés*, and coffee were served. Only water had been drunk during dinner, and no wine was served. In many Turkish houses it was the custom to hand small glasses of *raki*, a strong, warm, native brandy, and dried fruits and nuts to the guests to whet the appetite—and frequently something more—before dinner. But in Ruh-ed-din Effendi's house spirits were not drunk.

Amongst the guests at Ruh-ed-din Effendi's tray were generally some functionaries at the Porte—mostly from the Department of Foreign Affairs—and very frequently some influential personage from the provinces, who had come, or had been summoned, to Constantinople on business with the Government, sometimes too, a Circassian Chief, or a Turcoman Beg from central Asia on his way, as a pilgrim, to Mecca. Ahmed Vefyk sought to see and entertain such strangers, as he obtained from them useful and frequently important information on the state of far distant Mussulman countries and upon political matters of consequence.

I was also often able to obtain political and other information, which proved of much use to Sir Stratford

Canning, from the persons I thus met in the Effendi's house, as well as materials and news for the letters which I was then writing to the *Morning Chronicle* and other journals.

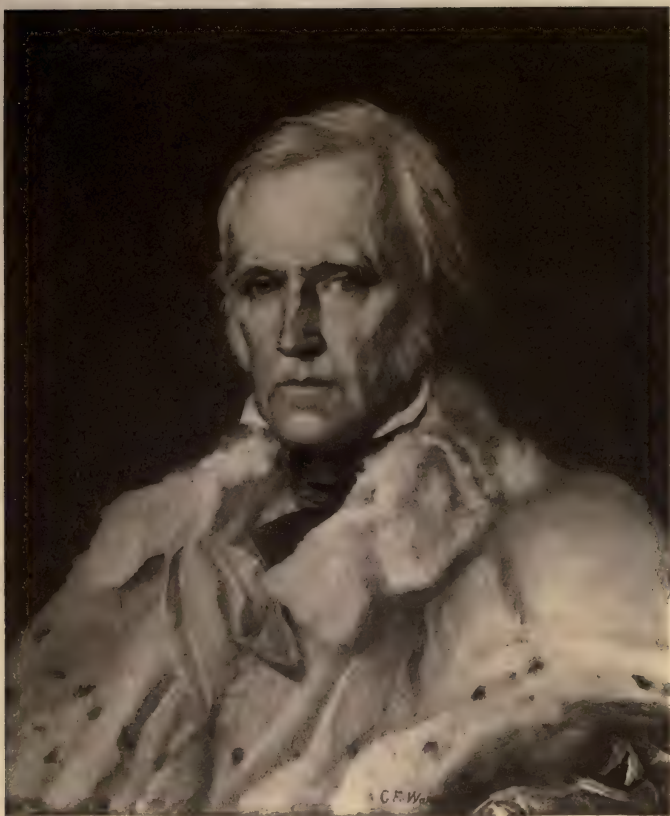
The guests who had been invited to dinner, or who had availed themselves of Ruh-ed-din Effendi's hospitality without invitation, usually sat for an hour after the tray had been removed, talking, smoking, and drinking coffee. They then left the house. Longworth and I then resumed our readings, our studies, or our discussions with Ahmed Vefyk. They usually lasted until a late hour, as he rarely went to bed before one or two o'clock in the morning, although he was a very early riser, like most Turks. When he retired to the harem for the night, the servants took mattresses, pillows, sheets, and coverlets from a spacious cupboard in the room in which we had been sitting. Two beds were made on the floor for my companion and myself. Everything was scrupulously clean and exceedingly comfortable, and we slept soundly. The household were usually astir by the Mohammedan hour of prayer, at sunrise. We rose also. The ewer and basin were brought to us to perform our ablutions. The mattresses and the remainder of the bedding were rolled up and replaced in the cupboard. We drank our coffee and smoked our morning pipes, and then returned on foot, generally leaving the house before our hosts had emerged from the harem.

I frequently passed a night in the same fashion, except as to the reading and study, in other Turkish houses, for I had a good many friends amongst the leading Turks. Armenian families, many of them of great wealth and of considerable influence at Constantinople, and even some of the leading Greeks who had not lived or travelled in Europe, or had not adopted European customs and

manners, then lived in the same way as the Turks; their beds were kept in a cupboard, rolled up during the day and spread on the floor at night. They ate with their fingers, and sat upon low divans with their legs curled up under them.

A struggle for power was at this time taking place at Constantinople between the reform party, of which Reshid Pasha the author of the celebrated *Hat-i-Sheraf* of Gulhané, or new constitution for the Turkish Empire, was the head, and those Turkish statesmen who were opposed to the European institutions, which Sultan Mahmoud had attempted to introduce into the government and administration of his Empire. The most active and powerful amongst the latter was Riza Pasha, an able, unscrupulous and corrupt man, who, at times, exercised great influence over the Sultan, Abdul-Mejid, which he used to thwart the policy of his rival Reshid Pasha.

Sir Stratford Canning supported the reform party with characteristic energy and vigour. He was in constant and intimate communication with Reshid Pasha and his principal followers—such as Ali and Fuad Effendis, men of remarkable abilities, who afterwards rose to the highest offices in the Ottoman Empire. These communications were frequently of a very secret and confidential nature. Sir Stratford, availing himself of my knowledge of the Turkish character, and of my slight acquaintance with the Turkish language, was in the habit of employing me in them. The task he imposed upon me was a very delicate and difficult one, and, even in those days, not unaccompanied with danger. But it suited my adventurous and somewhat romantic disposition. The visits I had to pay to these statesmen on Sir Stratford's behalf, whether they were in office, or living in retirement and apparent



W. Walker & Co. London, ph. sc.

*Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford De Redcliffe, K.G.
From a portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.
in the National Portrait Gallery.*

disgrace when out of it, were usually made at night and always in the greatest secrecy, as it was of great importance that it should not be known that they were in communication with the English Ambassador, and that they were acting upon his advice and encouragement. Sir Stratford himself was fond of mystery, and nothing pleased him better than this kind of underground correspondence—not to call it intrigue—which he would carry on with the Ministers, or with their opponents, through a person not officially connected with the Embassy, but in whom he had complete confidence. Many a night I have spent at Constantinople, or on the Bosphorus, engaged on these secret missions, sometimes meeting the person to whom I had been sent in out-of-the-way places—sometimes introduced surreptitiously into their harems, where I could see them without risk of interruption or discovery.

I thus became well acquainted with the leading men of the reform party and the enlightened and able statesmen who were then at its head, and who were earnestly endeavouring to regenerate their country, and to bring its institutions into conformity with those of the most civilised and liberal of the European States. I obtained, moreover, a knowledge of Turkish politics which subsequently proved of great use to me. My opinions with respect to the Ottoman Empire entirely agreed with those of Sir Stratford Canning. I was convinced, as he was, that, unless its government was thoroughly reformed by the introduction of European institutions, by a fundamental improvement in the administration, which was deplorably corrupt in all its branches, and by the better treatment of the Christians, and by placing them on an equal footing with the Mussulmans, its fall would not be far distant. To induce the Sultan and his Ministers to adopt those reforms was the object of Sir Stratford

Canning. As far as my humble ability and position permitted me, I seconded him with all my heart and soul.

Every effort was made by Russia through her Embassy at Constantinople, and through her agents, secret and avowed, to frustrate these attempts. At every turn he had to encounter and baffle her intrigues. Count Boutanieff, a crafty, vigilant, far-seeing and unscrupulous diplomatist, ever active in intrigue, but carefully abstaining from bringing himself into too much notice, or from interfering too openly in the affairs of the Porte, was then the Russian Minister at Constantinople. Between him and Sir Stratford Canning there was an incessant struggle—carried on, however, by each of them in a different way: the one, impetuous, and dictatorial; the other, cautious and restrained. The English Ambassador imposing himself upon the Turks, seeking to inspire them with awe, and to drive them into doing his bidding; the Russian endeavouring to obtain his ends by cajolery, and by leading his victims by gentle and persuasive means to their destruction.

Whilst the Turks respected Sir Stratford Canning for his honesty, sincerity and truthfulness, and were persuaded that he was their friend, they resented his haughty interference in their affairs, and the incessant trouble and humiliation to which they were exposed by his line of action. On the other hand, they knew well enough that the Russian representative was working for their ruin, and that his soft and persuasive words were but the means by which he sought to effect it. But they preferred being led to being driven. In the end the more cautious and subtle policy of the Russian triumphed. It is reasonable to suppose that the treatment to which the Turkish Ministers were exposed from Sir Stratford was the cause of subsequent mischief by de-

stroying their self-respect and self-confidence, and impelling them to oppose or frustrate—if not openly, at least indirectly and not the less effectively—the reforms which, in the true interests of their country, he desired them to adopt. By using more conciliatory means he might have succeeded in his object.

The French Ambassador was, at that time, the Baron de Bourqueney—a conciliatory diplomatist of polished and very courteous manners. He did not enjoy the reputation of being a man of very commanding abilities. There was then, as there has been ever since, on the part of France, a great jealousy of England in the East, and a deep suspicion of her presumed designs. This led to constant misunderstandings between them, and was the cause of much mischief; for the Turkish authorities were not slow to take advantage of these jealousies, rivalries and disagreements of the representatives of the two Powers who ought to have acted cordially together. They played them off, with their usual cleverness and cunning, one against the other, and were thus able to persevere in their evil courses. Baron de Bourqueney was of so mild and amiable a disposition that it was difficult even for Sir Stratford Canning to come to an open quarrel with him. But the choleric English Ambassador did manage to do so—especially on one occasion, when he so lost his temper and used such violent language to his colleague that he exposed himself to a personal challenge.

The circumstances to which I now allude happened some time after I became first acquainted with Sir Stratford Canning. In consequence of a demand from M. de Bourqueney for an apology for certain expressions which Canning had used in the heat of discussion, the latter asked my advice as to the course he should take. I felt bound to tell him that in my opinion he was in

the wrong, and that it became him to withdraw the words to which exception had been taken, and to offer a full and ample apology. After a long discussion, he ended by accepting my advice, and agreed to write a letter of explanation to his French colleague as I had suggested. But the terms of this letter gave rise to serious questions. He wrote several drafts, none of which was satisfactory. Each succeeding objection that arose increased his anger, and the tone of his voice became so loud and menacing that Lady Canning rushed into the room fearing that some catastrophe had occurred. The letter, as finally amended, was sent, and the explanations given in it were accepted. A question which might have led to very disagreeable and serious results was thus satisfactorily settled, and friendly relations were resumed between the two Ambassadors.

The Austrian Empire was then represented at the Porte by the Baron de Sturmer, who had the title of "Inter-nuncio," with the rank of Ambassador. The Baron was a veteran diplomatist of much experience. He had been Austrian Commissioner at St Helena to watch, with others sent by the allied European Powers, over the security of Napoleon. He had there married a French woman, who held, I believe, a subordinate position in the household of one of the French Generals who had accompanied the Emperor in his captivity. She was a good-natured, kindly lady, much liked and esteemed in the small society of Pera for her generosity and hospitality. The Baron was a man of a quiet, unassuming disposition, who took no very prominent or active part in politics, and who had acquired a good deal of influence at the Porte by the dispassionate and friendly advice he was always ready to give when required of him, and by his habit of carefully refraining from

any interference in the affairs of Turkey except when the interests of his country were immediately concerned. The position that he thus held at Constantinople enabled him to obtain much exact and valuable information as to the policy and proceedings of the Turkish Government, which was of no little value to a foreign representative at the Porte, and especially to Sir Stratford Canning. He consequently maintained very friendly relations with the Inter-nuncio, which were, however, occasionally interrupted by some outburst on his part. It was, indeed, sometimes very difficult for even the most enduring and forbearing of men entirely to avoid misunderstandings with the quick-tempered English Ambassador.

The colleague of whom Sir Stratford made the most use was the Spanish Minister, Señor de Cordova. Spain had but few interests in Turkey—those which she had being almost exclusively connected with Roman Catholic convents and churches in the Levant which she claimed to be under her protection ; and, as she abstained from any interference in Turkish affairs, her representative was trusted and treated with confidence by the Porte, was often consulted by it on international questions, and had ready access to the Ministers and leading members of the Ottoman Government. Señor de Cordova was sincerely attached to the English Ambassador, whose remarkable qualities and loyal and sincere character he fully appreciated. He was ready to place his influence and services at Sir Stratford's disposal, and became on many important occasions the secret and indirect channel of communication between Sir Stratford and the Turkish statesmen, and even the Sultan himself. Many weighty and urgent matters were treated through him, and brought to a satisfactory conclusion, which could not have been dealt with by the usual diplomatic means.

Señor de Cordova was a man of good sense and excellent judgment, qualities which commended him to Sir Stratford Canning. He had been for many years representing his country at the Porte, and was intimately acquainted with its traditions and mode of conducting business, and with the intrigues in which its leading functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, Mussulmans and Christians, were incessantly engaged, and upon which, far more than upon the merits, the direction and settlement of almost every political question in Turkey depends. He was a man of an ancient and noble family, small in stature, and somewhat insignificant in appearance, and, like all Spaniards, very proud and susceptible and easily taking offence. It showed the value that Sir Stratford Canning placed upon his services, and the esteem that they felt for each other, that a quarrel should not have taken place between them.

On one occasion, when at a dinner-party at the British Embassy the place inadvertently assigned at the table to M. de Cordova was not that to which he considered himself entitled from his rank and diplomatic precedence, he left the dining-room, took his hat, and quitted the house. It was some time before his absence was observed, and the cause of it ascertained. I was sent to make proper excuses and to beg him to return. He was already half-way down the street before I overtook him, and I had to use all my powers of persuasion to induce him to turn back.

On another occasion, Dr Wolff, the well-known Missionary, was maintaining at Sir Stratford Canning's table that the best families in Spain had Jewish blood in their veins, and, addressing himself to the Spanish Minister who was present, declared that even the Cordovas were not exempt from it. The little man bounded from his

seat as if he had been shot, and drawing himself up, denied with the greatest indignation, and in the most pompous terms, a statement so offensive to his dignity and to his faith. The Doctor, turning to me, who was sitting next to him, observed in a stage whisper loud enough to be heard by the company: "That's all very fine, but what I have said is nevertheless perfectly true." The Don did not fortunately understand English, or the consequences might have been serious.

Pera was at this time, as it has always been, and as it will always be, the centre of every manner of intrigue. Europeans, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and all the outcasts of various nationalities who form the population of that polyglot and cosmopolitan suburb of Constantinople, were engaged in little else, whether political or personal. The representatives of the Great Powers, contending for influence, or seeking by every means at their command to promote the interests or policy of their respective governments, had their secret agents in every quarter. What little society existed was not exempt from them. The most numerous and most active of these agents and spies were those in the pay of the Russian Embassy. They literally swarmed in the Turkish capital, and amongst them were known to be men in high position in the Sultan's palace and at the Porte. They were equally to be found amongst the best native Christian families, and even, it was suspected, amongst the Europeans who formed what might be termed the upper class in the social strata of the Frank quarters of the Turkish capital. The Greeks, principally those who were employed by the Turkish Government or those who had held high office under it, were the agents chiefly engaged in these intrigues. The Armenians did not then take the same active part in political affairs, nor occupy the same important offices as

they have since done. They were far less active than the Greeks, and had not the same relations with the Foreign representatives as their ambitious and more restless fellow-Christians. The Turks, consequently, trusted them more. The great functionaries of the Porte employed them chiefly as their bankers and agents, and but few of them held high offices. They were, however, cunning and skilful in money matters, and managed to make large fortunes out of those whom they served by advancing them money at usurious rates of interest. Every Pasha and high Turkish functionary had in those days his Armenian banker, who supplied him with funds when he received an appointment, and sometimes accompanied him when he was named to the Governorship of a town or province. As it may easily be imagined, these crafty financiers knew how to take advantage of the ignorance and reckless carelessness of their Turkish patrons, and soon availed themselves of these opportunities to enrich themselves at their expense. But they were not infrequently made to disgorge their wealth by the summary, and frequently cruel, measures to which, before they could appeal, as now,¹ to European protection and interference, they were exposed.

When I was first at Constantinople the manner of living of the Armenians was nearly similar to that of the Turks, except in the case of those families which had been converted to Roman Catholicism, and in which European habits and customs to a certain extent prevailed. Their women went abroad veiled, and were almost as carefully watched and guarded as the inmates of a Mohammedan harem. Their houses were built and furnished after the Turkish fashion. This similarity of manners was an additional recommendation to their Mussulman fellow-subjects, with whose language, moreover, they were far

¹ This was written between the years 1883 and 1885.—Ed.

better acquainted than the Greeks, speaking it with greater correctness and fluency.

The principal private political agent of Sir Stratford Canning—he could scarcely be called his “secret” agent, as his connection with the British Embassy was generally known—was Vogorides Bey, a Greek gentleman of a distinguished Fanariote family, who had held high offices under the Turkish Government, and who had been the first Prince of Samos, after that island had obtained its autonomous constitution. This rank and title were consequently always given to him. He was a man of considerable shrewdness and intelligence, unscrupulous, and an accomplished intriguer, intimately acquainted with the Turkish character, and thoroughly familiar with the way of transacting business with them. He was on very intimate relations with most of the leading Ottoman statesmen, and had means of access to the members of the Sultan’s household who enjoyed His Majesty’s confidence and exercised the most influence over him. Sir Stratford had no great respect for the Prince of Samos’ character, and was well aware of the danger of placing too much trust in him; but he found him a most useful agent, and employed him in delicate and difficult negotiations. He had never, I believe, reason to suspect that the Prince did not serve him honestly, or to regret that he had trusted him.

Whilst the Prince of Samos was thus employed by the British Ambassador, the Grand Logothete, or official head, of the Greek community, was the principal secret agent of the Russian Embassy. He was a man of considerable capacity, very active and utterly unscrupulous. There was a constant rivalry between him and the Prince of Samos, and a struggle for influence in the palace and at the Porte. Their success varied, and it was not easy to say to which of the two public opinion gave the superiority. It was,

however, generally believed that the Prince of Samos exercised the more solid influence over the Turks, and was the more esteemed of the two, and especially by the Sultan.

The state of things that I have described was not calculated to render Pera a pleasant residence for those who were not required by their occupation or business to remain there. I loathed the place and its intrigues, and went very little into society, except at the British Embassy, where I passed much of my time, and where I was received with the utmost kindness by Sir Stratford and Lady Canning—a kindness for which I have ever been the more sensible, the more grateful, as it was shown to one who was a stranger to them, and who had at that time no claims whatever to it.

Soon after my return to Constantinople from my mission to the Western provinces of European Turkey, the joint mediation offered by the English and Russian Governments to Turkey and Persia to prevent a war, which was then on the point of breaking out between them, was accepted by the two Powers. Sir Stratford Canning was thus able to carry out his intention of availing himself of the knowledge I had acquired during my travels in Mesopotamia and Khuzistan, and to employ me in the correspondence and negotiations which were to take place. The principal matters in dispute were certain parts of the frontiers between the two States—Persia claiming the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab, or united waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, from about sixty miles of their junction with the Persian Gulf, and certain districts in the mountains of Kurdistan which had been occupied by the Turks. Since the Matamet ed Dowleh's expedition against the sheikh of the Chaab Arabs, who had given an asylum to Mehemet Taki Khan, the Persians had occupied Muhammerah and some territory to the north of that

town. This territory was claimed by the Porte, and, as Persia refused to withdraw from it, the Turks were about to have recourse to war to enforce their claims. They were already fitting out an expedition against Muhammerah.

It was necessary for the Representatives of the mediating Powers at Constantinople to make a careful investigation into the claims of the contending parties, and to propose to them for their acceptance a fair and equitable arrangement, founded upon their respective rights and interests. Sir Stratford Canning entrusted me with this duty on his part. I had to examine the evidence furnished by the Porte and the Persian Government in proof of their pretensions, consisting of a large number of documents, maps and surveys, many of them of ancient date, and to prepare a scheme for the settlement of the matters in dispute to be submitted to the British and Russian Governments for their approval before being presented to the two Powers.

I took great interest in the work, which was very congenial to my tastes. The knowledge which I had acquired of the territory in dispute, and of the history and traditions of the tribes which inhabited it, proved of much use to me. I was able to prepare a project of settlement which appeared to me just to both parties, and warranted by the proofs which they had produced in support of their respective claims. It was entirely approved by Sir Stratford Canning, and sent by him to Lord Aberdeen to be communicated to the Russian Government. He fully expected that he would speedily receive authority to submit it to the Porte for its acceptance.

The result of my examination of the evidence and maps furnished to me was that the claims of Turkey to the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab and to Muhammerah

were well founded. Persia had never exercised more than a nominal jurisdiction over the territory in dispute, the right to which had always been asserted by the Porte. The Arab tribes which inhabited it were semi-independent, acknowledging at one time the supremacy of the Sultan, at other times that of the Shah. The question was much complicated by a change which had taken place in the lower part of the course of the Karun. In the early part of this century, as may be seen by maps of the time, this river discharged itself into the Persian Gulf by more than one outlet, the principal of which was known as the Bahmehshire. As it rose in the mountains of Luristan, and the whole of its course was through Persian territory, it was unquestionably a Persian river, and Persia had undoubted claims to the lands on both its banks.

But a canal had been cut to unite this river and the Shat-el-Arab, known as the "Hafar" (a name which denotes its artificial origin), and upon its banks Muhammerah had been built by the Sheikh of the Chaab Arabs. In the course of time the waters of the Karun, which frequently descend from the mountains in a rapid stream, had enlarged this canal, and the main body of the river came to discharge itself into the Shat-el-Arab through it. Consequently, Persia now claimed the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab below the Hafar, with the town and district of Muhammerah as Persian territory. The original mouth of the Karun, the Bahmehshire, was still open and navigable—at least to vessels of moderate draught—as I had proved by descending it to the Persian Gulf in the East India Company's steamer *Nitocris* with her commander, Lieutenant Selby. The earlier mouths of this river, to the east of the Bahmehshire, had been gradually deserted by it, and were silted up and dry. In fact, the Karun had for centuries been forcing its

way westwards, until it found a convenient outlet for the principal portion of its waters through the Hafar Canal, or the Shat-el-Arab, or Euphrates.

The Porte contended, not without reason, that as the Euphrates was a Turkish river, running through the dominions of the Sultan from its source, it was unjust, and against universally recognised principles, to give to Persia one of its banks, and consequently the control of its outlet into the sea, merely because a Persian river had changed its course, and had invaded a territory which did not appertain to the Shah. A command of the trade and navigation of a great river which had flowed for more than 1000 miles through the Turkish dominions would thus be given to a Power which might, if hostile to Turkey, close it at its mouth. The Bahmehshire, the Porte maintained, was the true outlet of the Karun, and might, without much trouble or expense, be rendered navigable to any vessel engaged in the trade of that river, and that consequently the possession of the entrance to the Shat-el-Arab was in no way necessary to Persia for her water communication between the sea and the province of Khuzistan. It was further able to show by ancient maps and documents that the frontiers of Persia had never reached the Shat-el-Arab, and that the whole of the delta between the mouth of that river and the Bahmehshire had originally belonged to Turkey.

I considered the contention of the Porte just and well-founded. I consequently proposed in my scheme, as a fair compromise, that the new frontier line should be drawn through the desert country to the west of Hawizah, at some distance from the Shat-el-Arab, and, crossing the Hafar in the centre of its course, should be carried midway down the delta to the sea. Turkey would thus have remained in possession of the two banks of the Euphrates throughout the whole of its course.

My suggestion, approved and adopted by Sir Stratford Canning, was submitted by Lord Aberdeen to the Russian Government, which declined to accede to it. It not only upheld the claims of Persia to Muhammerah and the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab from the Hafar to the sea, but actually insisted upon the cession to her of territory on the east bank of the river, which she had not even claimed, to almost the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris at Kurna—thus giving her the control of the navigation of both those rivers, which were destined to form the means of communication with the very heart of the south-eastern provinces of Asiatic Turkey.

Lord Aberdeen, who was desirous of deferring to Russia, adopted her views, and instead of authorising Sir Stratford Canning, as he had expected, to submit the project which I had drawn up, and which he had approved, to the Porte, and to the Persian Government through its representative at Constantinople, instructed him to recommend to them the adoption of the scheme advocated by Russia. Canning sent for me after the arrival of Lord Aberdeen's despatch to this effect. I found him walking up and down his study like a lion in his cage—his brows knit, his lips compressed, and his delicate complexion flushed and indicative of great anger. Without saying a word he handed me the despatch. I read it, and remarked that I was deeply grieved to find that Lord Aberdeen had come to a decision which was not consistent, in my opinion, with justice and right—was not in the interests of England, and might at some future period have serious consequences.

This aroused his righteous indignation. He broke into a violent tirade against Lord Aberdeen, whom he accused of being subservient to Russia, and of considering her interests more than those of his own country, and of being hostile to him personally, because he had considered it his

duty to oppose her ambitious designs in the East. He denounced in vehement language the Emperor Nicholas, who, he declared, had a personal enmity to him, and was determined to thwart his policy on every occasion, to which determination he attributed the rejection of his suggestion for the settlement of the Turco-Persian difficulty. It was long before he recovered his temper and became somewhat calmer. He directed me to draw up an answer to Lord Aberdeen's despatch, pointing out the objections to the arrangement proposed by Russia, and the injustice that would be done to the Porte, and the discredit that would fall upon England as an arbitrator and mediator, if she showed so flagrant a spirit of partiality to Persia.

I wrote the draft of a despatch in this sense, which was adopted by Sir Stratford Canning. But it failed to produce the desired effect, and nothing remained to him but to carry out the instructions he had received from his chief. The Porte protested against the decision of the mediating Powers, and against the sacrifice of territory It was called upon to make. But It was in the end compelled to yield in the face of the threatening insistence of two such Powers as England and Russia.

I was deeply impressed with the importance of the position of Muhammerah, of which, I was firmly convinced, any Power having great commercial and political interests in the East would at some future time endeavour to take advantage. It commanded the entrance to the Euphrates and Tigris, which are navigable to the very heart of the Turkish dominions in Asia, and that of the Karun, which flowed through one of the richest, though one of the most neglected, provinces of Persia, and which I had proved to be also navigable as far as Shuster and Dizful. These rivers were consequently destined, in my belief, to become great military and trading highways. It was to the interest of England that their mouths should not be in the posses-

sion of a Power which might be hostile to her. In those days Turkey was her old and faithful ally, and the influence she possessed at the Porte was predominant, and far greater than that of any other European nation—for the Turks believed that she was their friend, and was really desirous of maintaining the independence and promoting the prosperity of the Ottoman Empire. All classes of the Turkish populations, whatever their race or creed, had then this conviction, and England was in a privileged position which might have enabled her to establish communications and trade by those great rivers, which would have been as advantageous to her interests as to those of Turkey herself, and would have contributed to the order and civilisation of a great tract of country, which was reduced to a desert in consequence of the depredations and lawlessness of wild Arab tribes. The only way to induce them to form permanent settlements, to cultivate the soil, and to become peaceful and revenue-paying subjects of the Sultan, was by creating a market for their produce. This could only be done by the introduction of foreign enterprise and capital in the navigation of these rivers. It was of no less importance to the political interests of England that, in the event of need, she should be able to send troops by water almost to the foot of the great chain of mountains which separates the high lands of Asia Minor and of Persia from Syria and the vast Mesopotamian plains.

The Porte having been compelled to accept the Russian project for the settlement of the differences with Persia, the next step was to appoint a Commission to delineate the new frontier between that country and Turkey. It was to consist of Commissioners appointed by those two Powers, and by the mediating Governments of England and Russia. It had been Sir Stratford Canning's intention to employ me as one of them, in recognition of the services which I had been able to

render him, and he accordingly proposed my appointment to Lord Aberdeen. But my views on the Turco-Persian and Servian questions had not been such as to induce the Foreign Office to look upon me with favour. Colonel Williams, afterwards known as Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars,¹ was selected for that office: Mr Robert Curzon, the author of a popular and pleasantly written book on the convents of the Levant, who had accompanied Sir Stratford to Constantinople in the capacity of private secretary, was appointed to be his colleague.²

Colonel Williams, with Lieutenant Collingwood Dickson,³ had been sent to Constantinople by the British Government at the request of the Porte, to instruct the Turks in the manufacture of explosives. They were both officers in the Royal Artillery, and in after years distinguished themselves greatly by their military achievements. They were gentlemanly and amiable men, with whom I contracted a close and lasting friendship. Williams had already reached middle age. He did not possess remarkable abilities, but was honest, straightforward, trustworthy, and thoroughly loyal to his friends. Dickson, who was of my own age, was a brave, cool, and daring soldier, much cleverer than his colleague, full of life, spirits, and fun, and with the simplicity of a child. He was well acquainted with the details of his profession, possessed an excellent memory, and had all the qualities required to render him successful in his career, in which he acquired distinction and eminence.

The two brother officers resided together in a house belonging to an Armenian family, in the village of Ortakiui, on the Bosphorus. I spent many happy hours with them

¹ General Sir William Fenwick Williams, Bart., G.C.B. (1800-83).

² I was afterwards named by Lord Palmerston joint Commissioner for the delimitation of the Turco-Persian frontier with Sir Fenwick Williams, but I resigned the appointment to undertake my second expedition to Nineveh for the Trustees of the British Museum.

³ General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C., K.C.B.

there. They were both excellent companions, and their society enabled me to wile away many weary hours that I was destined to pass in the Turkish capital. A merry and, it must be confessed, a somewhat reckless and riotous party used to meet in their apartments, and very frequently turned "night into day." Amongst those who used to join it were several young Turks, and foremost amongst them—for fun and frolic—was my gifted friend, Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, who was always ready for any wild prank, and who, in European society, laid aside the grave and dignified demeanour which he knew so well how to assume when in company of his grave and sedate Mussulman fellow-countrymen. His contagious laugh was the loudest in the company, and his enjoyment of some silly practical joke was unbounded. I remember an occasion when he was himself the victim of one. He had joined our merry party on the eve of the Bairam, the great annual feast-day, when the Ministers and the great functionaries have to appear before the Sultan to offer him their respects. The ceremony takes place early in the morning. As Ahmed Vefyk already held a high office at the Porte it was necessary for him to join in it. Intending to pass the night at Ortakiui, he had dressed himself in readiness to present himself with his colleagues, and wore the large diamond plaque or star, which denoted his rank.

It was our habit, when we remained for the night with our military friends, to do as the Armenians usually did—to divest ourselves of our coats and to sleep on the divans which surrounded the spacious rooms. When we had all retired to rest after a merry and riotous evening, one of the party bethought himself to remove and conceal the Effendi's diamond star. When it was morning, and he had made his simple ablutions preparatory to leaving the house for the Imperial Palace, where the ceremony was held, and which was not far distant from Ortakiui, he

missed his plaque. Search was everywhere made for it, but in vain. The person who had taken it had completely forgotten where he had concealed it. As the hour for the ceremony approached, the Effendi was compelled to leave in haste to borrow a similar "decoration" from an ex-Minister who lived hard by—for without it he could not present himself before the Sultan, and his absence would have been noted against him.

It was not until many days after that the missing plaque was found by a servant when cleaning the room, beneath the mattress of a divan, and restored to its anxious owner.

I remember, too, when the marriage of a daughter of the owner of the house was celebrated. The festivities lasted for three days and three nights, and Williams and Dickson had very good-naturedly allowed the revels to take place in the apartments which they occupied. The dancing and singing and drinking of *raki* were carried on incessantly. There were relays of musicians who kept up their discordant noise of fiddles and hautboys. When the dancers could dance no longer, they stretched themselves on the divans and went to sleep, and were succeeded by others. *Raki* and sweetmeats were constantly handed about, and occasionally the guests adjourned to the great hall, where abundant *pilaf*, *kibabs* (bits of meat roasted on a skewer) and *dolmas* or vegetables stuffed with minced meat, were served to them. Such orgies were then the fashion amongst the Armenians on the occasion of the celebration of a marriage.

Soon after my arrival at Constantinople I became very intimate with Mr Charles Alison, who was then attached as Chief Interpreter, and afterwards became Oriental Secretary, to the British Embassy. The friendship which we then contracted lasted until his death, and was never clouded. He had real genius, and was singularly gifted.

He was perhaps the man most highly endowed by nature that I have ever known. His qualities of head and heart were equally remarkable. He was generous, affectionate, unselfish, of the most amiable disposition and the most equal temper, and modest and retiring. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking and writing Turkish, Persian, Greek, and several European languages, with perfect facility, and having a sufficient knowledge of Arabic. He was a skilful musician, playing on several instruments, and would have been an accomplished artist had he given himself seriously to art. His memory was singularly tenacious, and, although he had not read much, he had retained all that he had read.

All these great gifts were unfortunately marred to a certain extent by an eccentricity of conduct and an unconventionality in what he said and did—an attempt to conceal them and an apparent desire to appear the very opposite to what he really was—which rendered him unpopular and almost offensive to those who only judged him by his somewhat rough and forbidding manners and appearance. His features were singularly refined and expressive, but his fine brow and highly intellectual countenance were disfigured by a bushy, dishevelled head of hair and a capacious beard, which he had the habit of pushing upwards so as to conceal his face.

His various talents and his really splendid intelligence had never been cultivated. He had received no education whatever, and was entirely self-taught. He had acquired by himself, and almost by intuition, his numerous and varied accomplishments. He seemed able to do, without effort and instinctively, anything that he desired to do. I have seen him take up a musical instrument which was new to him and obtain a mastery over it in a few hours. He was very reticent concerning himself and his family. Although we were intimate friends and companions for

many years, and I enjoyed, I believe, his entire confidence, he never spoke to me on the subject. Nor did he, as far as I know, to any one else. I have heard that he was the son of a paymaster in an English regiment stationed at Malta, where, it was said, he had been born. As a mere boy he showed that independence and originality of character which distinguished him in after life by running away from his home. He embarked with a lad of his own age in a small open boat, and, hoisting sail, put off to sea. They were driven by the wind to the coast of Sicily, which they reached without accident. The authorities of the district where they landed arrested the two youthful adventurers, who were unprovided with passports and other necessary documents, and they were confined in prison until their story was confirmed by explanations from their parents, who had given them up for lost. They were then sent back to their friends.

Shortly after this adventure young Alison was sent to a Mr Mayor, a distant relation, who held the post of British Consul-General in Albania, and resided at Janina. He remained in the office of this gentleman for some years, and there acquired that intimate knowledge of the language, manners, and character of Turks and Greeks which afterwards distinguished him, and led to his appointment as Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople.

His remarkable talents were at once recognised by Sir Stratford Canning, who soon took him into his entire confidence, and made use of him in his most secret and delicate negotiations with the Turkish Ministers and the Porte. But he never put himself forward, and it was only those in the secret who knew how important his services were, and to how large a share he was entitled in the triumphs of Sir Stratford.

Whilst thus keeping himself in the background from a strong sense of duty, and leaving all the credit of what he might accomplish to his chief, his independent character led him to "stand up" to the impetuous Ambassador. He always met his outbreaks of temper with imperturbable calm, boldly told him truths which it was frequently very disagreeable to him to hear, and allowed his wrath to work itself out. Although Sir Stratford was little accustomed to tolerate opposition, which usually only further excited his quick temper, he could not but respect and admire Alison's perfect truthfulness, loyalty, and independence. He consulted him upon every question, usually acted upon his advice, and in his presence became as gentle as a lamb, although a few minutes before he was as a roaring lion.

Alison exercised the same influence over the members of Sir Stratford's family. His inexhaustible good-nature made him ever ready to promote their amusements, to execute their various commissions, and to accompany them in their picnics and expeditions. He would play the harmonium in the chapel for Lady Canning, or the piano—upon which he was a most skilful and delightful performer—to amuse herself or her guests. He would play with the children, and devise new entertainments for them. They were all consequently devoted to him.

In his intercourse with Turkish officials he maintained the same calm and equal demeanour as he showed in his intercourse with the Ambassador, was perfectly straightforward and truthful, and scorned the petty intrigues upon which the agents employed by the foreign representatives at the Porte have generally relied to carry out the policy and instructions of their chiefs. This mode of dealing with the Turkish statesmen and officials pleased and gratified them, and enabled him to obtain far greater

influence over them than any of his rivals. At the same time, he always showed a spirit of independence in his dealing with them, and made them feel that he was capable of resenting any attempt to deceive him.

Many amusing anecdotes were current in Constantinople of his way of treating those, Mussulmans or Christians, who gave him cause of offence, and did not treat him with the respect which he considered his due. Amongst them I remember the following. Sir Stratford Canning had sent him to transact some business of moment with the Grand Vizir, who was a Turk of the old school, notorious for his bigotry and intolerance. In the middle of a discussion the Prime Minister rose from his seat and proceeded to say his customary prayers on a carpet which an attendant had spread for him on the floor. He concluded them with the usual curse, very audibly and significantly uttered, upon all *giaour*, or infidels—the name then given to all Christians indiscriminately—and went through the motion of spitting over his right and left shoulders to show his horror of them; he then resumed his seat, and renewed the conversation as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it.

After a short interval Alison left the divan, and going into a corner of the room, began to repeat in Turkish an extemporary prayer in which he invoked similar curses upon the followers of Islam. The Pasha jumped up in a violent passion, and reminded him of the fate which, according to the Mussulman law, was reserved for those who dared to blaspheme the religion of Islam and its Prophet. Alison very quietly replied that, like the Pasha himself, he had only performed a duty by saying his prayers at that particular hour, and that he had no doubt that the denunciations they contained against Mohammedans were as much a matter of form, and of as little

significance, as the curses which His Highness had a short time before launched against those who professed the Christian faith.¹

¹ A man of Alison's character and original and somewhat eccentric habits was not likely to be a favourite at the Foreign Office. Although for many years, and under successive Ambassadors, he had had the almost exclusive conduct of the affairs of the Embassy at Constantinople, and had carried to a successful issue, by his extraordinary diplomatic skill, many questions of the utmost delicacy and moment, and had acquired the esteem and confidence of his chiefs, who had strongly recommended him for promotion and for employment in an independent position worthy of his abilities, and at the head of an important mission, it was not until 1860 that he was named H.M. Minister at Teheran, where he died in 1872.

CHAPTER IV

POLITICS AND SOCIETY IN CONSTANTINOPLE—*continued.*

1843-1845

As Sir Stratford Canning had failed to obtain for me the appointment on the Turco-Persian Commission, I thought of returning to England; but he advised me to remain at Constantinople, holding out hopes that he would be able to overcome the prejudice which Lord Aberdeen evidently entertained against me, and that he would in the end get me permanently employed at the Embassy as one of his attachés. The prospect of entering the diplomatic service, which was then the great object of my ambition, induced me to act upon his advice. Sir Stratford was the more anxious to avail himself of my services, as Reshid Pasha, the author of the celebrated Hat-i-Sheraf of Gulhané, which was intended to endow the Turkish Empire with liberal institutions similar to those of the Constitutional States of Europe, had become Grand Vizir. This eminent statesman was eager to carry out the reforms of which this imperial "Hat," or Decree, was to form the basis. He relied upon the support of the English Ambassador, who had contributed in no small degree, through his influence with the Sultan and at the Porte, to obtain Reshid's appointment as Prime Minister, and who warmly approved of his policy, as the only one

which, if acted upon with vigour and sincerity, could save the Ottoman Empire from the fate which he could not but perceive was impending over it.

He was ready to give Reshid Pasha his aid and advice in all that related to the introduction of reforms in the administration and government of the Empire. It was necessary with this object to be in constant communication with the Grand Vizir. But it was of equal importance to both, in consequence of the jealousy and susceptibilities of the Representatives of the other great Powers, and of rival Turkish statesmen, that these communications should be carried on as secretly as possible. Sir Stratford would not, therefore, employ in them any member of the Embassy, whose comings and goings would be speedily known in a place so full of intrigue and spies as Constantinople, and especially its European suburb of Pera. He determined to avail himself of my services in his intercourse with Reshid, with whom I had become acquainted through Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, and for whose political views I had an ardent admiration, being convinced that the only way of "regenerating" (the term then employed) the Ottoman Empire was to put into execution the contemplated reforms.

I was constantly passing backwards and forwards between the Embassy and Reshid's house in Stamboul, or his *konak* on the Bosphorus. I frequently passed the night under his roof, and sometimes in the middle of it had to go in a *caïque* to Buyukderé, when Sir Stratford with his family was in the country, at the great risk of being arrested and carried off to a Turkish guard-house by the water-police. This kind of semi-diplomatic, semi-political work was of great interest and of great use to me. It gave me the opportunity of seeing much of two remarkable and eminent men; and it enabled me to obtain

much valuable information with respect to Turkish politics and the condition and prospects of the Turkish Empire, which subsequently proved of much service to me. It was eminently congenial to my opinions and feelings, as I entered, heart and soul, into Sir Stratford Canning's views and policy for the reform of the administration of the Turkish Empire, and especially for the better government and improvement of the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, to whom the Hat-i-Sheraf of Gulhané had promised equal liberties and rights with the Mussulmans—a promise which had unfortunately been evaded, and of which it was one of the main objects of Sir Stratford's policy to obtain the accomplishment.

I have a lively recollection of the many hours spent in discussions on these matters with Reshid Pasha—discussions which frequently lasted far into the night. It was not easy to satisfy Sir Stratford Canning, to carry out his instructions, and to obtain all that he required from the Grand Vizir. Reshid had, I believe, a sincere respect, even admiration, for the English Ambassador, and a perfect trust in his loyalty and good faith, and was desirous of acting as much as possible upon his advice. But he had great and serious difficulties to contend with, both in the Palace and the Porte, and he was wont to complain that Sir Stratford did not make sufficient allowance for these difficulties, and treated him in too overbearing and imperious a fashion. This complaint was not, I thought, without foundation. I was always of opinion that the manner in which Sir Stratford was in the habit of treating Turkish statesmen—even men so anxious to satisfy and please him as Reshid—did more harm than good. I did not hesitate on more than one occasion to brave his anger by telling him so. His demeanour towards them was of such a kind that the Turkish Ministers were in

the utmost dread of him, and availed themselves of every possible excuse to avoid a personal interview with him if matters of an irritating nature were to be discussed. I was more than once present at painful scenes between him and Reshid and other members of the Government. If some demand which he had made was not acceded to, he would rise to his feet, knit his brows, and pour upon the unfortunate Pasha, who, frightened out of his wits, would cower in the corner of the divan, a torrent of invective, accompanied by menacing gestures.

Alison, who knew his chief better than any one, used to say that these ebullitions of temper were assumed in order to produce an effect, and that they were completely under his control, and could be put aside at once when his object had been gained. But I have always doubted if this was so, and am convinced that when he was excited by what he believed to be an act of wrong, injustice, or bad faith, or when his moral sense or dignity was in any way offended, he lost command over himself, and allowed his excitable nature to get the better of him. His secretaries and attachés were so much in fear of these scenes that when they were called into his room, especially on "messenger days," when they were more than usually liable to occur, they would keep hold of the handle of the door so as to be ready to beat a retreat at the first signs of a storm.

The habit of Sir Stratford Canning of browbeating and domineering over the Turkish Ministers and the Porte was, in my opinion, productive of very evil consequences. It compelled even the most honest and straightforward of them to have recourse to every manner of subterfuge in order to deceive him, and to avoid scenes to which their sense of dignity forbade them to submit; whereas they were really ready to meet his views and to act upon

his advice, if he would only make some allowance for the difficulties of their position, and permit them to do as he required in their own fashion.

Moreover, the success which was supposed to have attended Sir Stratford's method of treating the Turkish Ministers, and the credit for energy and spirit that he was believed to have acquired by it, induced other foreign Representatives to have recourse to the same means to obtain their ends. But these ends were not always as honest, and as advantageous to the interests of the Ottoman Empire and of its various populations, as those of the English Ambassador, who had the good of Turkey and the improvement of her administration sincerely at heart. Thus he set that fashion of using threatening language in order to obtain concessions from the Turkish Government, which was too readily followed by his colleagues, although with less justification. The natural consequence was that the Turkish Ministers, who found themselves under the necessity of submitting to this kind of treatment, in course of time lost all sense of dignity and self-respect, and, if they had retained any spirit of independence, it soon disappeared. I am convinced that, had Sir Stratford Canning shown a more conciliatory and appreciative disposition in his dealings with Turkish statesmen, he would have accomplished more, and might have saved the Empire from some of the disasters which subsequently befell it. The system he adopted was calculated to destroy the little prestige and authority which remained to the Porte, and it gradually undermined its independence, till each foreign Representative was endeavouring to outdo his colleagues in worrying the unfortunate Turks who were charged with the administration of public affairs.

The terror which Sir Stratford Canning inspired in the

Turkish Ministers and Pashas was amusing to witness. The only one amongst them who ventured to stand up against him, and to brave his frown, was Ahmed Vefyk Effendi. He consequently soon fell under the Ambassadorial displeasure. I remember on one occasion, when he dined at the Embassy, a discussion arising between him and the Ambassador as to the imprisonment by the Turkish police at Galata of some British subject, a rascally Ionian or Maltese, who had, no doubt, been seized *flagrante delicto*, when committing some crime richly deserving punishment. The Effendi attempted to justify the conduct of the Turkish authorities. Sir Stratford maintained that they had violated the capitulations by apprehending a British subject without going through the required formalities, which, it may be observed, usually enabled the criminal to effect his escape. The dispute waxed warm, and the expression on the countenance of the Ambassador announced an approaching storm. Suddenly striking the table with his fist, he exclaimed: "And supposing I went down myself to Galata with a *cawass* to effect the release of the prisoner, what would your authorities venture to do?" "Why," replied the Effendi with his imperturbable calm, "they would probably put you and your *cawass* in the prison to join him—and they would only be doing their duty!" It would be difficult to describe the burst of anger to which this somewhat audacious answer gave rise. Although Sir Stratford could not but admire the singular abilities of this remarkable man, he looked upon him as much too independent in his opinions, and as unmanageable, and consequently as a dangerous Minister should he attain to high rank and to power.

If I have ventured to express doubts as to the wisdom and prudence of the mode in which Sir Stratford Canning

dealt with the Turkish Government, I am bound to say that he was always actuated by the highest and purest motives, and that in all he did, and attempted to do, he had but the interests of his own country and the welfare of the Turkish Empire in view. The Turks themselves were convinced of this, and whilst they personally feared and even perhaps disliked him, they respected his honesty, and believed him to be their true friend. And such is the reputation which he left amongst men of all classes.

My constant intercourse with Reshid Pasha, in consequence of my employment by Sir Stratford Canning as a means of communicating confidentially and secretly with him, enabled me to form a judgment upon the character and qualities of this remarkable man. He was morally courageous and resolute, but physically timid and weak. He had convinced himself by the study of European history, and by a practical acquaintance with the principal countries of Europe which he had visited, that it was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the Turkish Empire that it should be endowed with the political institutions which had given power and strength and wealth to civilised nations. He had acquired the French language, and through it had studied much of the political literature of Europe. He had thrown off most of the prejudices and traditionary superstitions of his creed and race. He sought the society and conversation of well-informed and instructed Europeans, and was amongst the first Turkish statesmen who adopted, to a certain extent, European manners and habits. When I first made his acquaintance, he was building his fine *Yali* at Balta Liman on the Bosphorus, which he fitted up in the European fashion with every comfort and luxury, and adorned with beautiful gardens laid out in the European style.

He had warmly entered into the schemes of Sultan Mahmoud for the introduction of various reforms, upon the European model, into the Turkish army and civil administration of the Empire. He was soon recognised as the head of the liberal party, of which he was the most enlightened and able, and at the same time the most earnest and conscientious, member. He had the welfare and regeneration of his country sincerely at heart, and he was as patriotic and honest as a Turkish statesman could be who lived in the midst of so much intrigue, treachery and vice. Few men in Turkey who have attained any power or authority have been insensible to a bribe, or have obtained the property they might possess by strictly legitimate means. Although Reshid Pasha may have acquired his considerable fortune in a manner not altogether consonant with our ideas of integrity and public duty, he was never, I believe, accused of having betrayed the interests of his country, or of promoting those of her enemy from unworthy and corrupt motives.

The position of Reshid Pasha was one of very great difficulty, like that of all really honest Turkish statesmen who have sought to reform the corrupt and demoralising administration which has gradually brought the Empire to decay and ruin. He had against him all those who from bigotry, ignorance and self-interest were opposed to the introduction of all reforms, and especially of those derived from a European and Christian source. They formed a very great and powerful party. Supported by so energetic and determined a sovereign as Sultan Mahmoud, Reshid Pasha might have held his ground successfully against his enemies. But Mahmoud's successor, Abdul Mejid, who was on the throne at the time of which I am writing, although a well-meaning and honest man and really desirous of protecting the rights and promoting the happiness and welfare of all classes of his subjects, was

of a more weak and yielding nature than his father and predecessor, and more ready to yield to the remonstrances and intrigues of those who were opposed to the policy of Reshid Pasha and to the reforms which he was endeavouring to introduce.

At the head of this retrograde party was Riza Pasha, a man of considerable ability, but without education, having risen from a very low origin, ignorant of European languages, and opposed to all progress except that which might improve the condition and increase the strength of the army, of which it was his object, for his own purposes, to place himself at the head. He was well-versed in every kind of Oriental intrigue, thoroughly unscrupulous, and of great activity and energy. As the leader of the opponents of Reshid Pasha's liberal policy, he had the support of the Ulema, the professors of Mussulman religion and law, and of all those—and they were many and powerful—who looked upon the reforms which that statesman was seeking to introduce as at variance with the creed of Islam, and as an insult to their faith. In addition to those who acted from conscientious motives, and who really believed that their religion was in danger, was that always vast crowd of public functionaries and others, who found in the existing abuses and maladministration the means of acquiring power and wealth, and who were determined to resist to the utmost any attempt to abolish or reform them.

To the opponents of Reshid Pasha may be added a small body of able, enlightened, thoughtful and honest men, of which Ahmed Vefyk Effendi became the type, who, whilst anxious that the corrupt and incapable administration of public affairs should be reformed and purified, were of opinion that the necessary reforms could only be safely and effectually accomplished upon Turkish and Mussulman lines, and that great prudence and caution were required in putting them into execution. They were of opinion

that an attempt to introduce, wholesale, European institutions into Turkey, and to engraft European civilisation upon the ancient traditionary Turkish political system, before it was prepared for so great an innovation, could not possibly prove successful, and must inevitably so weaken the Ottoman Empire that it would lose the little strength and independence that it still possessed. They maintained, at the same time, that the ancient Turkish political system and institutions, and the Mussulman religion, contained the elements of progress, civilisation, and good and just government, if they were only honestly and justly developed. These men have been proved by the result of the attempt to reform the Ottoman Empire on European lines to have been to a great degree in the right. Although they thought that Reshid Pasha was going too fast, and that his endeavours to Europeanise the Turks were unwise and dangerous, they did not join the corrupt, ignorant and fanatical men who were banded together against him, under Riza Pasha and other Turkish statesmen of the old retrograde school. They held as much as possible aloof from public affairs, although for the most part functionaries of the Porte, or employed in other public departments of the State. I was acquainted with, and saw a good deal of several of them, and learnt much from their conversation and the arguments and statements with which they supported their views. I must confess that I was disposed to agree to a great extent in them. I shared their doubts as to the possibility of engrafting a European and Christian upon an Oriental and Mohammedan civilisation, and as to the consequences to the Ottoman Empire of forcing upon its varied populations, of different races and creeds, the institutions of European constitutional States.

But, although I might have agreed in many of their views, I could not but express my earnest conviction

that unless greater liberty was accorded to the Christian populations in the Ottoman Empire ; unless they were accorded equal political rights to those enjoyed by their Mussulman fellow-subjects ; and unless they received that protection for their honour, lives, and property, to which they were entitled, but of which, unhappily, they were too often deprived, the sympathies of European nations and peoples in their behalf, and the feeling of indignation to which their wrongs and sufferings must of necessity give rise, would inevitably unite the European Powers against Turkey, would deprive her of the friendship and support of England, and of her other allies, and bring upon her in the end the most fatal calamities.

The only argument used by those who disputed my views was that it would be impossible to grant to the Christian populations—and especially to those inhabiting the European provinces of the Turkish Empire—complete liberty, and all the political rights enjoyed by their Mussulman fellow-subjects, without placing in their hands the means of rising against the Turkish rule, and of overthrowing it. They admitted that the condition of the Christians was very far from satisfactory, that they had good cause to complain in too many instances of ill-treatment. But they maintained that this was not the fault of either the Turkish laws or institutions, which, if justly and properly administered, were amply sufficient to secure to all the Sultan's subjects alike all the justice, protection, and good government which were necessary to secure their happiness and prosperity, to remove all valid grounds of complaint on their part which could justify foreign interference, and to render them content with their lot. The real cause of the suffering and discontent of the Christians they attributed to the corruption and incapacity of public functionaries, in the capital and the provinces ; and they maintained that the remedy for

this state of things did not consist in the introduction of political and social institutions opposed to the feelings and habits of the people, but in the thorough reform and purifying of the administration, and in the employment of honest and capable men in the conduct of public affairs at Constantinople and in the provinces.

Reshid Pasha had also his ardent followers and disciples, who were imbued with his political ideas, and who were sincere and earnest advocates for the introduction of European constitutional institutions in the administration of the Ottoman Empire. He founded a school of Turkish statesmen, who were destined after his death to take the leading part in the government of the country. They were for the most part enlightened and able men, who were acquainted with at least one European language, generally French, who had been employed in a diplomatic or some other official capacity by more than one European nation, and who had made the political history and institutions of other countries their study. Amongst the most remarkable of these rising men were Ali, Fuad, and Cabouli Effendis, who each in turn rose to the rank of Pasha, two becoming Grand Vizir (Ali and Fuad), and the third filling important diplomatic posts abroad, in which he rendered important services to the Porte.

I was well acquainted with these three statesmen, and especially with Fuad, of whom I saw at one time a great deal, frequently dining with him, and spending the night at his *Yali* at Candili. We used to have long discussions upon political questions, chiefly concerning the reforms to be introduced into the administration, and the better treatment of the Christian populations. Our relations were of the most friendly and intimate kind. He professed great friendship for me, and gave me many proofs of it. He was, with the exception of Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, the most informed and most enlightened Turk that I ever knew.

But he had qualities fitting him for practical statesman-craft, in which Ahmed Vefyk was deficient. He was less brusque, self-opinioned, overbearing, and dictatorial. He was ready to listen to arguments and reason, and to abandon his views when persuaded that they were erroneous. He had a fine presence, his countenance was handsome and intelligent, and his disposition and bearing were singularly conciliatory and dignified, uniting the refined courtesy of a European gentleman with the simple but high-bred manners of a Turkish statesman of the old school. He possessed much wit and humour, and his conversation was as entertaining and delightful as instructive. His library was extensive and well-selected, comprising a large collection of MSS. in the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages, and the best editions of the French classics. He was well-read, and intimately acquainted with the history of his own country, as well as with that of Europe. His father, whom I frequently met at his house, but whose name I now forget, had been, I believe, the official historiographer of the Divan. He was an amiable and well-learned old man of simple manners, living the quiet, retired life befitting an honest Mulla, and wearing the dress then peculiar to his order. Fuad Pasha—unlike Ahmed Vefyk, who had Greek blood in his veins—was a pure Turk by descent.

Ali Effendi, subsequently holding with Fuad high offices in the Turkish Ministry, and alternately with him Grand Vizir, offered a striking contrast in many respects to his colleague. Like him, his opinions were liberal and enlightened, he was well acquainted with the French language, well-read and well-informed, and his abilities were of a high order. But he was of so meek, retiring, and sensitive a disposition, that it is not a little wonderful that he should have risen to the high rank and distinction to which he ultimately attained. He was very small in

stature, and his countenance was commonplace and without expression. He always spoke in a low voice—almost in a whisper—and even when Grand Vizir, would sit, when he gave audience, crouched in the corner of his Divan in the humblest of attitudes. But there was a charm in his conversation, and an apparent honesty and straightforwardness in his manner, which made the most favourable impression upon those who were brought into contact with him.

Cabouli Effendi, the third rising Turkish statesman with whom I was intimate, was perhaps the most truly liberal in his convictions, and the most thoroughly honest of the three. Both Ali and Fuad, and especially the latter, were suspected of having received, on more than one occasion, when in public employment, considerable sums of money after the Turkish fashion. But I never heard the integrity of Cabouli impugned. He was, like Ali and Fuad, well acquainted with the French language, and with the literature of Europe. He gave a proof of his liberal opinions, and of his desire to introduce social as well as political reforms amongst his Mussulman fellow-countrymen, by having his wife taught French and the piano. She was a very beautiful and very intelligent woman—a Circassian by birth. I was allowed the privilege of seeing her more than once; but her husband could not venture to violate the precepts of his religion, and to offend the deep-rooted prejudices and the customs of Mussulmans, by permitting her to mix freely in the society of men.

The three Turkish statesmen whom I have mentioned had each but one wife, and such was the case with most of the young men of character and respectability who, like them, had joined the liberal and reforming party of which Reshid Pasha was the head. It was a great mistake to believe—as it was the fashion in European countries

to believe—that every Turk had a harem containing a multitude of wives, concubines, and female slaves who served as such. It was indeed an exception to find a Turkish gentleman, except one belonging to the old school, who possessed more than one wife. One of the many reasons against it was the great cost of the several establishments which a plurality of wives required. But the harem system was still strictly enforced, and the women were still kept in careful seclusion. There were then very few even amongst the most liberal-minded and independent Turks who, like Cabouli Effendi, would permit a European—much less a brother Mussulman not a very near relative—to see his wife. When Fuad Pasha was employed on a diplomatic mission at Paris, his wife would frequently send for me when I was living in the same village on the Bosphorus, to interpret and explain letters and newspaper articles in French which she used to receive from him. On these occasions the interview usually commenced with a screen being placed between the lady and myself in a room in the harem. But, as the conversation became more animated, the protection of the screen was gradually abandoned, and I found myself face to face with her. She was a handsome, kindly woman of middle age—the mother of several children—very dignified in her manners, and very intelligent, but without any European accomplishments.

An incident occurred, about the time of which I am writing, that the more indisposed the Turks to allow European ladies to have access to their harems. A certain Mumtaz Effendi, who was then *Mushteshar*, a kind of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had a very beautiful wife. I had accompanied Lady Canning to the "Sweet Waters of Asia" one Friday—the day on which Turkish ladies assembled there to pass the afternoon, seated on

their carpets spread on the grass, and indulging in sweetmeats and gossip. As they then lower their veils, the groups which they form are not intruded upon by the men, who are kept at a distance by guards stationed on the spot. The English Ambassadors was, however, a privileged person—attended as she was by the *cawasses* of the Embassy—and the gentlemen who accompanied her sometimes ventured to walk with her through the assembled Turkish women. On the occasion to which I am referring, we were both struck by the extraordinary beauty of one of the ladies, who had lowered her veil and was enjoying with her companions the usual *Kef*, her attendants bringing them coffee, *narguilés* and sweetmeats.

Lady Canning went up to her and addressed her, whilst I remained at a respectful distance lost in admiration at her great loveliness. She proved to be the wife of Mumtaz Effendi, with whom Sir Stratford Canning was in official relations. I was invited to approach to serve as interpreter, which my little knowledge of Turkish enabled me to do. The conversation ended by an invitation to Lady Canning to visit her—an invitation which was at once accepted—and the English Ambassadors became a frequent guest in the harem.

One morning Turkish Society was greatly surprised and scandalised by the report that Mumtaz Effendi's beautiful wife had thrown herself from the window of her husband's *Yali* into the Bosphorus, which it overhung at a point where the stream sweeps rapidly round a projecting part of the Asiatic shore. She had been with difficulty rescued alive by a fisherman. It then became known that she had been detected in an intrigue with a Greek Doctor bearing the historic name of Paleologus. The old Turks shook their heads, saying, "This is what comes of allowing Frank ladies to visit our harems"—a reflection which caused

infinite amusement to those who knew Lady Canning—the best and most estimable of women.

The hero of this adventure was not put to death, as he would have been in olden times, but was banished to an island in the Archipelago. The lady, too, escaped the fate, which in less enlightened times would have awaited her. She was, I believe, placed somewhere in confinement; what ultimately became of her I never knew.

Another Turkish gentleman of the liberal and reforming school of Reshid Pasha with whom I became intimately acquainted, and with whom I passed many pleasant hours, was a certain Kiamil Bey, the brother-in-law of Fuad. He carried his liberal opinions to a somewhat extreme extent—professing to be above all religious scruples and prejudices, indulging more than freely in wine and *raki* and in delicacies such as were forbidden to true believers, and leading a somewhat riotous life.

Kiamil Bey at that time held some subordinate position in the Palace. Although possessed of a good deal of humour, and not wanting in intelligence, he was not *un homme serieux*, but was looked upon as a *farceur*. He spoke an atrociously bad French, and was constantly making the most ludicrous mistakes in it which caused no little amusement. He was a general favourite on account of his good-natured and jovial character. Many years after I had first known him, and when I was the British Minister at Madrid, the Sultan sent a special Ambassador to congratulate King Alfonso on his accession to the Spanish throne. The person selected to represent His Imperial Majesty was Kiamil Bey. On his arrival in the Spanish capital, and before taking any official steps to carry out his mission, he was anxious to take the advice of some one acquainted with the etiquette and customs of the Court, and who might be able to direct and counsel him. He bethought himself of turning for advice and help to the

British Minister—for were not the English then the true friends and ancient allies of the Turks? He accordingly called upon me before making any other visit, official or private. He was not aware that his old Constantinople friend and companion was then the Representative of England at the Spanish Court. Shown into my room, his delight and emotion when he recognised me were amusing to witness. He embraced me over and over again in the Turkish fashion, pressing me in his arms. He knew that he had found a friend, and that the difficulties he had anticipated were surmounted. I am afraid that now few Turks would have this feeling. We saw much of him whilst he remained at Madrid. He dined with us every day, except when obliged to be present at official entertainments. He was the same amusing companion that he had been in years gone by, spoke the same broken French, and retained his same love for a glass of champagne.

When I went to Constantinople as the Queen's Ambassador, I found Kiamil Bey installed in the palace as Grand Master of the Ceremonies and in high favour with Sultan Abdul Hamid, who, whilst he laughed at his eccentricities and looked upon him somewhat in the light of a buffoon, admired his honesty and boldness in telling the truth, although it might prove distasteful, and in giving information which others feared to give, or from interested and personal motives sought to conceal from their Imperial master. He was almost the only Turk that I met at the Imperial dinner-table who ventured to converse freely with the Sultan—the Ministers and other high functionaries who were present on these occasions maintaining a solemn silence and keeping their eyes fixed on their plates, only answering the Sultan's questions when spoken to, and then with outward signs of the greatest humility.

The Sultan, who greatly enjoyed a good story and a joke, would draw out Kiamil Bey, laughing heartily at his

anecdotes and ridiculous remarks. His Majesty was more tolerant with him than with his other guests, and allowed him to indulge in his favourite beverage of champagne, whilst wine was only served to the Europeans who sat at the Imperial table, and was forbidden to the rest. The Sultan also tolerated the violation on the part of the Bey of the precepts and observances of the Mussulman faith, although in such matters he was himself, outwardly at least, very strict, and expected others to be so. I remember on one occasion the Sultan looking at the *menu* of the dinner which was prepared under the direction of the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and being greatly amused by finding that a mistake had been made in the date of the day according to the Mohammedan month. "Kiamil Bey," he said laughing, "has brought us into Ramazan (the great Mussulman fast); but what does he know of Ramazan or any other Mussulman fast; he is a *shabkuu* (a scamp) and a *framasan* (freemason), and has no religion." He was probably the only man about the Court of whom the Sultan would have said this, and have retained him in his service.

In consequence of the favour which he enjoyed with the Sultan, the access he had at all times to His Majesty, and his courage in speaking openly to him, he proved of great use to me during the time that I held the Embassy at Constantinople. I frequently employed him in conveying messages and information to the Sultan which I could not confide to others, or which I knew that others would not venture to repeat to him. I found him honest and trustworthy, and he was a warm and sincere advocate of the "English policy," and anxious that the advice of England should be followed on all occasions; for he was one of those Turks who looked upon England as a true friend of Turkey, and who were convinced that, if her counsels were sometimes unpalatable, they were intended for the good of his country.

Kiamil Bey died suddenly from apoplexy, to my great regret, during my short absence from Constantinople on leave in the spring of 1879. He had brought up his children in the same political and religious principles that he had himself professed. One of his daughters, who had married Hilmi Pasha, a general in the Turkish Army, was the first Turkish lady of rank who ventured to brave Mussulman prejudices and openly to violate one of the fundamental precepts of the faith of Islam by assuming a Frank dress and accompanying her husband to Europe, passing some months with him at Paris, and mixing freely in French society. Availing herself of the pretext that her European physician had recommended a course of waters at one of the European baths, she went with her husband to Smyrna, where she threw off the veil and *yashmak*, adopted the Frank costume, and embarked with him on a French steamer for Marseilles.

Thus to violate Mohammedan laws and prejudices was an act, at that time, showing no little courage. She returned to Constantinople after some months' absence, and resumed Turkish attire. The Sultan, when informed of her "escapade," showed his high disapproval of it by dismissing her husband from the high military office which he held, and it was long before he was restored to favour. Her sister, who had married an Egyptian functionary of rank, professed the same indifference to Mohammedan scruples and Turkish opinion. They were both young and handsome women, of engaging and ladylike manners, and were often visitors at the Embassy, where they did not hesitate to discard their veils and dine or breakfast with us. I was also admitted with my wife to her apartments in her father's house, where she was educating her daughters in the European fashion and with European ideas under a French governess. These ladies were amongst the first to endeavour to break through those rules which, by separa-

ting the two sexes, and by maintaining the rigid seclusion of women from the society of all men except their husbands and their nearest relatives, have been the great obstacle to the progress of Mussulman peoples. Until a radical reform is effected in the social relations between men and women, true civilisation cannot be said to exist in any Mohammedan nation. Unfortunately, of all the necessary reforms, it is the one most difficult to carry out amongst Eastern peoples.

But to return from this long digression. At the time in which I was brought into relation with Sir Stratford Canning a desperate struggle for power was taking place between the liberal and reforming Turkish party, of which Reshid Pasha was the head, and the Turks of the old school, who, violently opposed to the introduction of European institutions, and desirous to maintain the ancient Turkish system of Government and ancient traditionary Turkish institutions, had Riza Pasha for their most capable and active leader. Sir Stratford Canning used all his great influence in favour of the former, and supported Reshid with all his well-known energy and ability. He was convinced that the policy which he advocated was the one best calculated to promote at the same time the interests of Turkey and of England: the interests of Turkey, by ensuring the prosperity and contentment of its varied populations; the interests of England by maintaining and strengthening a Power which had proved to her, and might still prove, a most valuable and important ally. Upon these two convictions his policy was founded. I heartily concurred in them. It was, therefore, a labour of love in me to second, as far as my humble position would allow, his efforts to carry out this policy, and I became a willing and zealous intermediary between himself and Reshid Pasha, and the followers of that distinguished statesman.

Although this occupation was very congenial to me and I took the liveliest interest in it, my position was a very difficult and delicate one. I was not a recognised member of the Embassy, my services were given entirely gratuitously, and I only acted as a friend of the Ambassador. My means were very restricted—indeed I may say that I had little or nothing of my own—and I could not expect my mother, who had numerous calls upon her, or my friends in England, to assist me. Sir Stratford Canning had in vain endeavoured to obtain for me a paid attachéship, or some other remunerated post connected with the Embassy.

Lord Aberdeen, who was then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, evidently entertained a strong prejudice against me, and resolutely declined to listen to any recommendation of Sir Stratford Canning in my favour.

My position in consequence became so embarrassing, and caused me so much anxiety, that I had decided in despair upon abandoning the career that I had chosen for myself in the East, and on returning to England and the profession of the law. I was in communication with my uncle on the subject, with a view to learning whether he would receive me again into his office in Gray's Inn, when my friend Colonel White informed me that he was about to return to England and to give up the correspondence of the *Morning Chronicle*, which he proposed to hand over to me, the proprietors of that journal having authorised him to do so if I would undertake it. But at the same time they intended to reduce the salary of their Constantinople correspondent from £300, which had been that of Colonel White, to the half of that sum. After consulting Sir Stratford Canning I accepted the offer. It was of much importance to Sir Stratford that he should have the

support of the English and European press. My friendship with Mr Longworth, who was then the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and my acquaintance with many other newspaper correspondents enabled me to hold out good hopes to him that I should be able to obtain from them that support, and induce them to write favourably of his policy, and to put forward any views with regard to it which he might desire should be generally known. I was as good as my word, and for some time I had under my control the Constantinople correspondence of the most influential journals in England and on the Continent. I succeeded at the same time in obtaining a small subsidy for the *Malta Times*—a newspaper published in that island and conducted with some ability, and which was then widely circulated in the Levant.

The unanimity of so large a portion of the public press in approving the policy of Sir Stratford Canning greatly strengthened his position and influence in Constantinople, and secured for him the support of public opinion in England. He was thus enabled to carry out many of his own views—which were not always in accordance with those of Lord Aberdeen and the English Government—and to compel the Porte to adopt measures and to introduce reforms which he conscientiously believed would tend to promote the well-being of the Ottoman Empire, and especially of its Christian populations, and, at the same time, the interests of England.

There was thus a chorus of praise of the English Ambassador in the European Press, and I learnt by experience how much the success and reputation of a diplomatist may depend upon his skill in obtaining the support of newspaper correspondents and their incessant and exaggerated approval of all that he says and does. The public can only be guided by reports coming from such quarters, and is only too ready to believe everything

that is written concerning a man who is so universally commended.

Although I had early obtained this experience, I did not in after life profit by it. I have always had a dislike to newspaper publicity, and have never taken the slightest pains to conciliate newspaper writers and correspondents with a view to obtaining their praise and to influence public opinion in my favour. I had no great reason to think highly of the correspondents of the English Press from what I had seen of them abroad. The race may improve in the course of time, and I have known some highly cultivated, upright and independent men amongst them; but I could never bring myself to take them into my confidence, and to make them believe that they have influenced my views and directed my policy in public matters.

Although the remuneration offered to me by the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* was small, I believed that it would be sufficient, with strict economy, for my wants, which were very few and simple. I agreed with my friend Mr Longworth to take lodgings in the village of Candili, situated in perhaps the most beautiful spot on the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus. We could live there more cheaply than in Pera. There was an additional advantage in our residing there. Fuad Pasha (then Fuad Effendi) occupied a *Yali* in Candili, and Ahmed Vefyk Effendi a house on the same side of the Bosphorus easily accessible. It was important that we should be in constant communication with them, in order to obtain political and other information for our respective newspapers. Most of our other Turkish friends passed the summer months in their *Yalis* immediately opposite to Candili. Our chief expense would consist in boat hire in calling upon them; but it would be much less than if we had remained in Pera, or moved to Therapia or

Buyukderé, the places of resort for the members of the diplomatic body, and for the principal European families during the hot season. The hire of a one-oared *caïque*, which we usually employed in our excursions on the water, was, in those days, a mere trifle—very different to what it subsequently became with the great increase of prices in the Turkish capital.

An additional reason for my selecting Candili was that Count Pourtales, then Prussian Minister at the Porte, had taken a house there for the summer. He was a delightful companion, abounding in fun and wit, and at the same time in the learning and accomplishments which are usually found in a highly educated German gentleman, and especially one destined for a diplomatic career. I had seen a good deal of him, and our relations were of the most friendly character.¹

I found an Armenian and his wife who were willing to receive Mr Longworth and myself as lodgers. They possessed a small house, built, like all the rest in the village at that time, of wood. It was situated high up in a kind of ravine, and overlooked the Bosphorus, with a beautiful view of the opposite coast—the Bay of Bebek, the castles of Europe, and the richly-wooded hills above them. The house itself, within and without, had a cleanly appearance, and the owners seemed decent and respectable people. They only spoke Armenian and Turkish, which, like the Armenians in general, they usually employed. This was an advantage, as it enabled us to improve our knowledge of this language.

They offered us two rooms—one for Longworth and

¹ Count Pourtales died suddenly from apoplexy many years afterwards when Prussian Ambassador at Paris—a very great loss to his country and to his profession, of which he was a most distinguished ornament. I was at Paris at the time, and had been with him only a few hours before his death.

one for myself. The house was furnished in the usual Turkish style, which was then that also of the non-Catholic Armenians. In each room was a low divan and a table, with one or two rush-bottomed chairs, and the floor was covered with a clean matting. There were no beds. We slept upon the divans, upon which a mattress and sheets, kept in a cupboard during the day, were spread when the time for rest came.

We were to board in the house, and for our food and lodging, everything included, we agreed to pay £12 each for three months. Our fare, as might be supposed, was not luxurious or over-abundant. We had coffee and milk in the morning, a breakfast at eleven o'clock, consisting usually of boiled rice with sour curds (or *yaout*) and *kibabs*, or bits of boiled and roasted meat. We dined at sunset upon soup, fish, meat and vegetables cooked after the Turkish fashion.

The few months that I spent at Candili were amongst the pleasantest that I spent in Constantinople. Mr Longworth was a delightful companion, of imperturbable good humour, cheerful, well-informed, taking a lively interest in Turkish politics and devoting himself to the study of the language and literature of the people amongst whom he lived. Candili occupies one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, position on the Bosphorus. The heights above the village command the most enchanting views, extending from the Sea of Marmora almost to the Euxine—with the blue waters covered with shipping sweeping beneath between the two seas, and the European and Asiatic coasts lined with palaces, kiosks, villages and gardens. There were innumerable delightful walks in the neighbourhood, and after the day's work was over, my companion and I were in the habit of strolling over the hills, engaged in talk, and enjoying the varied and lovely prospect. On

a Friday afternoon, we usually went to the "Sweet Waters of Asia," which were within a short walk from Candili, and where Turkish ladies, still wearing their gay national costume, were in the habit of congregating, seated in picturesque groups on the grass, eating sweetmeats, drinking sherbet, and smoking their *narguils*, surrounded by their children and slaves. The brilliancy and variety of the colours of their garments gave the place the appearance, from a distance, of a vast parterre of flowers.

The beauty of our village and of the surrounding scenery attracted many visitors. Friends came frequently to see us—Alison and others from the Embassy, Collingwood Dickson, and an occasional traveller. They were willing to put up with our humble fare, and to pass the night on a divan like ourselves. We spent many happy hours, seated after sunset on cushions on a wooden terrace or platform which overlooked the winding Bosphorus, smoking our *narguils* and pipes, and sipping coffee, not infrequently until morning dawned.

My life was not, however, an idle one. My friend M. Botta had continued his excavations amongst the Assyrian ruins, and had commenced those great discoveries at Khorsabad with which his name will be ever connected, and which have given him lasting fame. With a generosity and liberality rare amongst discoverers, he had allowed me to see his letters to his official superiors in France, describing the remains that he had uncovered, and accompanied by copies of cuneiform inscriptions and by drawings of the bas-reliefs found in the buried Palace of Sargon. These letters were sent to the care of M. de Cadalvène, a highly accomplished French gentleman who was then at the head of the French Post-Office at Constantinople, and who, after allowing me to see them, forwarded them to their destination in France. I was, at the same time, in constant correspondence with

M. Botta, who kept me fully informed of his discoveries. I was thus enabled to be amongst the first to announce them to the public and to give a full account of them. This I did in a series of letters to the *Malta Times*, which were republished in *Galignani's Journal* and in many European newspapers. I endeavoured in these letters to fix the period of the wonderful monuments which my friend had unearthed, and to connect it with the great Empire which, before the fall of Nineveh, had flourished in the vast plains of Mesopotamia.

The success of M. Botta encouraged me to persevere in the design that I had formed of returning some day to Mosul, and of exploring the great mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, supposed to occupy the site of Nineveh, which I had only hastily visited on the two occasions when travelling in that part of the Turkish dominions. I determined, therefore, to prepare myself, as well as I was able, to undertake the work, and to turn such discoveries as I might make, if the plans I had formed were eventually carried out, to the best account in my power. I accordingly set myself to the study of the Semitic languages—one of which, I was convinced, was represented in the cuneiform inscriptions existing in the Assyrian ruins. I obtained from England such dictionaries and elementary works as my limited means allowed me to purchase, to enable me to acquire some knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. I worked industriously many hours a day at the study of these languages which, I hoped, might assist me in the decipherment of the inscriptions that I might hereafter discover in Assyria. I wrote at the same time an essay on the Nestorian Christians, their history, their religion and their language, which I sent to England with the intention of publishing it—an intention which I did not carry out.

I also endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the

history and language of the Sassanian dynasty, which ruled over the greater part of western Asia until it fell before the conquering Arabs and the flood of Islam. I was assisted by my friend M. de Cadalvène,¹ who had collected a large number of Sassanian coins, which he allowed me to arrange and catalogue for him, lending me several valuable works, published in France, relating to the Pehlevi language and to the history of the Sassanian kings.

These studies and my correspondence with the English newspapers, with frequent visits to Sir Stratford Canning and his family at Buyukderé, fully occupied my time, which passed swiftly and pleasantly—the only drawback upon my enjoyment being the uncertainty of my position, and the delay which, notwithstanding all Sir Stratford's efforts in my favour, was taking place at the Foreign Office in finding the promised official employment for me.

Sir Stratford did the best he could to reconcile me to this continued disappointment, preaching patience and confidence, both which virtues it was, under the circumstances, very needful to possess. To give me a proof of his desire to serve me, he offered to present me to the Sultan, and having succeeded in borrowing an attaché's uniform from a member of the Embassy, I accompanied the Ambassador to an audience of His Majesty in one of the Imperial palaces on the Bosphorus. Sultan Abdul Mejid was then on the throne. He differed in every respect from his bold and resolute father, Mahmoud. He was a kind-hearted, well-intentioned man, desirous of promoting the prosperity and welfare of his subjects, but weak and constitutionally feeble. His appearance agreed with his character. He was small in stature, thin and pale, and sat with downcast eyes; but the expression of his counten-

¹ M. de Cadalvène—who was a man of general accomplishments, and a distinguished numismat—soon after my acquaintance with him lost his reason, and died insane after lingering for some years.

ance, although melancholy, was kindly and benevolent, and when lighted up with a smile, which it frequently was when the conversation took a turn which pleased him, was very attractive and sympathetic. Like several of his predecessors, and like his successors, he had the taint of madness which has existed in the family since Sultan Ibrahim, who was known as "the madman." It showed itself particularly in him in a kind of exaggerated horror of anything which he imagined to be unclean. If a plate or glass were brought him which appeared to his excited imagination not to have been scrupulously cleansed, he would order it to be thrown out of the window at once; and an attendant upon whose garments he could detect a speck of dirt was at once banished from his presence. He was constantly haunted by the dread of impurity.

Sir Stratford Canning thought very highly of Abdul Mejid, of whose character, he told me many years after, he had written a sketch, describing it in very favourable terms.

It was, at the time of which I am writing, the etiquette for the Sultan, when receiving an Ambassador or any other distinguished personage in public audience, to speak in a very low voice, almost indeed in a whisper, and to address himself solely to the Chief Interpreter of the Palace, who in a very humble and deferential manner stood near him and translated what he had said into French. That office, which was one of much importance and dignity, was then held by Safvet Pasha, a rising statesman of great promise, known for the honesty and simplicity of his character, and generally respected and esteemed. He was one of those functionaries at the Porte who belonged to the school of Reshid Pasha, and had made himself acquainted with the literature, institutions and languages of European nations. He subsequently rose to the rank of Grand Vizir, an office which he worthily filled at a very critical period when I was Ambassador at Constantinople.

The head Dragoman of the Embassy was also present on those occasions. It was his duty to translate what fell from the Ambassador, always speaking in a low and almost inaudible whisper. The post was then held by the aged Frederick Pisani, an old, honest and faithful servant of the British Government, and a member of a family which has long been connected in this and other capacities with the British Embassy at Constantinople. Sir Stratford, whom he had served on many occasions and during the troublous and dangerous times of the massacre of the Janissaries and of the Greek War, had the highest esteem for him, and the most complete reliance upon his fidelity and his tact and ability in managing the Turks, of whose character, language and modes of thought he had the most thorough knowledge. He was gifted with the most imperturbable patience and long-suffering, and was never moved by the violent outbursts of anger to which he was constantly exposed, and which broke harmlessly upon him—an additional recommendation to his fiery and impetuous chief.

Nothing of special importance occurred at this my first appearance at an Imperial audience. I was presented to the Sultan as an English traveller who had visited a large part of his Empire, and who desired to express personally to His Majesty the gratitude he felt for the protection and hospitality he had enjoyed whilst residing in his dominions.¹

¹ On my return to Constantinople, after my first expedition to Nineveh, I was again presented to Sultan Abdul Mejid by Sir Stratford Canning, who made some eloquent remarks upon the illustrations of history furnished by my discoveries, and upon the advantages of civilisation. They were pithily summed up by old Frederick Pisani when he simply informed His Majesty that I was "the man who had found the old stones."

CHAPTER V

CONSTANTINOPLE—MISSION TO ALBANIA

1843-1845

IN the summer of 1843 I made a trip to Brusa, with Count Albert Pourtales, then Prussian Minister at the Porte, his brother the Count William, and his mother, an old lady who held a very high position in the Prussian Court, and who still retained more than traces of the great beauty for which in her youth she was famous. We spent some pleasant days in the ancient capital of the Ottomans, visited its principal monuments—in which my companions took an intelligent interest—ascended Mount Olympus, and made excursions in the beautiful districts at the foot of the mountain. But our visit to Brusa is principally remembered by a somewhat ludicrous incident. In those days there was no carriage road between the city and Mundania, a village on the gulf of that name, where travellers usually disembarked. The journey was performed on horseback, and took between six and eight hours.

The road was dusty, the heat intense. Our horses, hired at Mundania, were sorry beasts, which we had great difficulty in urging onwards. We arrived at Brusa weary and parched with thirst, and were taken to the house of a native Armenian, which had been prepared for us. The owner immediately brought in some wine, which he called "Vin d' Olympe," by way of refreshment. Being

overcome with thirst, and the wine being of a very light colour, and consequently, as we supposed, of no great strength, we drank freely of it.

The "Vin d'Olympe," however, proved to be some horrible compound which, combined with the intense heat from which we had suffered during our ride, had the effect of stupefying those who had drunk of it. The English Consul, a staid solemn Scotchman, impervious to fun or a joke, had in the meanwhile been informed of the arrival of the distinguished visitors, and thought it necessary to wait upon them in full uniform. He found them, to his surprise and horror, stretched upon the divan apparently in a hopeless state of drunkenness. I remembered afterwards a dim vision of something resplendent with silver and gold passing before my eyes. It was the only knowledge I had of the honour paid us by the Consul.

The result of this involuntary intoxication was two days' intense headache, accompanied by fever, from which all the party suffered. We afterwards carefully eschewed "Vin d'Olympe."

Early in the autumn of 1843 I made a most delightful excursion with Lord Somers,¹ then Lord Eastnor, to Mount Athos and the Archipelago. A more agreeable and better-informed travelling companion it would have been difficult to find. He was highly accomplished, a good scholar, well-read in all departments of literature, gifted with an excellent memory, so excellent a draughtsman and painter in water-colours, that, had he adopted art as a profession, he might have attained to the highest rank in it, witty and humorous, of a joyous, genial, and lovable disposition, and of a truly honest, loyal, and noble nature—he had all the qualities which might have enabled him to obtain distinction as a public man, and to have filled

¹ Third Earl Somers (1819-1883).

the highest posts in the public service. Unfortunately, a fall from his horse in Hyde Park had seriously injured his health, and had incapacitated him from steady application to work. This, added to a natural listlessness and indifference to worldly success, and an extreme modesty and want of confidence in himself, unfitted him for public life, and he never took the place to which, from his great abilities, his rank, and the high esteem in which he was held by all those who knew him personally, he was entitled. He was frequently offered office but declined to accept it, and only filled for a short time a place about the Court.

He was somewhat younger than myself. When I first made his acquaintance he was a Member of Parliament, but had been travelling for some time in Egypt and in different parts of the East for the benefit of his health. He had come to Constantinople in the summer of 1843, and was on a visit to the Cannings at Buyukderé when we met. A friendship was formed between us which lasted until his lamented death in 1883. I was never more intimate with any man, or loved any more. He was my dearest and truest friend.

He had hired a small Greek brig—which, like most Greek vessels, was called the *Panaiyah* “The Virgin,”—with the object of visiting the coasts of the Sea of Marmora, Mount Athos, and some of the islands of the Ægæan Sea. He invited me to accompany him. He had with him a medical attendant, a Dr Mitchell, and Demetri, a Greek, who acted as servant and dragoman. The doctor practised “Mesmerism,” which was then much in vogue. As he wanted a subject upon which he could perform experiments, he prevailed upon Lord Eastnor to seek a cook who had epileptic fits, which he thought he could cure. A Greek offered himself for the place, who alleged that he was so afflicted, and was engaged. I believe the fellow to

have been an arrant impostor: but he afforded the doctor an opportunity of exercising his skill, and Eastnor and myself much amusement. Frequently, in the midst of breakfast or dinner,* we were suddenly called away to see Giorgio, for such was his name, who was writhing on the deck in violent contortions and foaming at the mouth. After a few passes from the doctor the fit passed away, and Giorgio was as well as ever. By the end of our voyage he declared himself to be perfectly cured, and asked for a handsome *bakshish* for having submitted to the experiments which had ended so satisfactorily—a pretension to which the doctor, although satisfied with his success with his patient, indignantly refused to listen.

The vessel had only one small cabin, which was occupied by the master, and a picture of the Virgin, before which a lamp was constantly burning. Eastnor had fitted up the hold with a flooring of planks. Divans on three sides of it and a table in the middle served us for sleeping and for our meals. He had provided himself with a small but well-selected collection of such books, including the Classics and standard works on Eastern geography and history, as might prove of use to us in our explorations.

We left the Golden Horn on the 15th September, and sailed in the first instance to the opposite coast in the Gulf of Ismid, where our captain thought it necessary to take in ballast, as his vessel, being without cargo, was high out of the water. The ballast consisted of the shingle, which the sailors—there were, I think, six of them—shovelled into the hold after the planking had been removed. This shingle swarmed with small insects, which were declared to be “sea-fleas.” They invaded our beds, and every part of the cabin, hopping into the dishes and our plates when we were at meals. They proved a serious nuisance, and it was several days before they died out, and we were rid of them.

After taking in our ballast we set sail along the Eastern shores of the Sea of Marmora, landing where we saw mounds or other indications of ruins, and endeavouring to identify the site with that of some ancient city. We spent two or three days in the small Porte of Ardak or Artake, where we explored the remains of the ancient city of Cyzicus, the theatre, naumachia, the tombs and numerous monuments of marble almost hidden in the luxuriant vegetation. I was immensely struck with the fertility and great beauty of the country, the peninsular parts of which were highly cultivated with vineyards and olive-groves by the Greek inhabitants of the large village of Artake. We also ascended Mount Dindymum, which forms a kind of lofty promontory rising boldly from the sea, and clothed almost to the summit with forests of oak and chestnut trees. We fancied that we could trace in some huge stones on the top of the mountains the remains of a celebrated temple of Cybele, which once occupied this site. Whether this was so or not, we were well rewarded for the fatigue and difficulties of the ascent by a glorious view over the Sea of Marmora and its islands, the coast of Thrace, and of the Asiatic shores, bound by the great range of the snow-capped Olympus.

We passed through the Dardanelles, and spent a couple of days in exploring the plains of Troy. Thence we sailed to Imbros and Tenedos, landing on each of these islands. On approaching Samothrace we were taken for pirates, and we saw the men and women who were working in the fields running off as fast as their legs could carry them to their solitary village high up on the mountain-side. We succeeded in capturing a native, an old man too infirm to escape, and through him we were able to assure the inhabitants of our pacific intentions, and to obtain provisions and a guide. We ascended the mountain through the forest with which it is clothed,

discovered some important Pelasgic remains, including a Cyclopean wall and gateway, and many fragments of Greek sculpture, marble, bas-reliefs, and statues. We were greatly interested in this island, with which some of the most ancient traditions of Greek mythology are connected, and delighted with its wild and beautiful scenery.

In Thasos, one of the most flourishing and well-cultivated islands in the Archipelago, at that time under the government of Mehemet Ali Pasha of Egypt, we passed some very pleasant days, riding through its beautiful woods, and discovering ancient Greek and Roman remains. After returning late one evening from an excursion, we directed the captain of our craft to set sail for Mount Athos. He declared that it was contrary to universal usage to put to sea in the Ægæan before midnight, as, however fine the weather might be, no one knew how it would be at that time. As there was a light breeze and a cloudless sky, we insisted that we should leave the little harbour in which we had anchored. At last he yielded to our remonstrances. But he proved to be a true prophet. We were but a short distance from the shore when the wind fell, and there was a dead calm. Suddenly a tempest of extraordinary violence arose. Fortunately, we were able to obtain shelter behind a headland, and to ride out the gale in safety. It lasted but a few hours, and was succeeded by a beautiful morning; but it had done enormous mischief, and we subsequently heard of numerous wrecks which had taken place in the Archipelago. It had extended as far as Constantinople, and several vessels had gone down at their anchors in the Bosphorus and Golden Horn. These sudden hurricanes are not uncommon in this part of the Mediterranean, and are exceedingly dangerous to shipping, especially to the small Greek coasting vessels, such as the one which we had

engaged. Had we not been able to obtain shelter we should in all probability have foundered.

We reached Mount Athos without accident, and anchored in very deep water off its rocky and dangerous coast. There is no harbour in any part of the promontory formed by "The Sacred Mountain," and vessels must be ready to slip their cables in case of threatening weather. We landed, and having obtained mules from the neighbouring monastery, we spent several days in visiting the convents and all parts of this enchanting region.

At that time Mount Athos was little known to travellers. It is indeed rarely visited even now. Yet it contains some of the most beautiful and varied scenery in the world—a combination of architecture, forest, mountain and sea, unequalled. Its numerous convents, constructed during the period of the Byzantine Empire, are, for the most part, grand and picturesque structures, perched upon rocks overlooking the sea, or rising in the midst of magnificent forests. They furnish inexhaustible subjects for the pencil and brush of the artist. Lord Eastnor made many admirable sketches of them, and whilst he was engaged in drawing, I spent my time in conversing with, and obtaining information from, the monks, and in visiting the libraries and examining the interesting monuments and mural paintings which abound in the monasteries. The weather was perfect, and our enjoyment very great.

I remember one or two incidents connected with our visit. One morning, soon after our arrival, the naked bodies of several men, who had been shipwrecked in the storm which we had encountered on leaving Thasos, were washed ashore at a short distance from one of the convents. The monks proceeded to prepare to bury the corpses, having first informed the Turkish authorities, who reside on the promontory for purposes of police.

An officer was sent down to enquire into the circumstances, who, finding that the drowned sailors were Greeks, demanded the *teskerehs*, or receipts, showing that they had duly paid the *kharag*, or poll-tax, levied on the Christian subjects of the Sultan. As they were stripped of their clothes, and had been some days in the water, the required documents were, of course, not to be found. The Turkish official consequently declared that the adjacent convent was liable for the tax, and proceeded at once to extort it from the monks who loudly and vehemently protested against the injustice of the proceeding.

One day when riding through a forest with my companions, I learnt by accident from one of the muleteers, that the Greek dragoman was defrauding us by charging us more for the mules than we had agreed to pay for them. I threatened to expose him unless the proper charge were made. He got into a violent passion, and, dismounting, came close to me and levelled a large pistol, which he habitually carried in his belt, at my head. It fortunately hung fire, and I had time to ward off a second attempt, which might have ended fatally. Demetri was made to apologise, and I accepted the apology; but it would have been better had he been immediately dismissed from the service of Lord Eastnor, who, some years after, was exposed to serious danger from a similar outburst of passion on his part.

I remember being struck with the fact that the huge, fat, overfed cats, which I saw in the convents, were shorn of their tails. On asking for an explanation of it, I was informed by the monks that as their meals were served to them on trays placed, Turkish fashion, on low stools, round which squatted those who ate, the cats, who were constant guests at dinner and breakfast, were in the habit of sweeping off the viands and the wine-glasses with their tails, which were consequently docked.

From Mount Athos we sailed for the Gulf of Adramyti, landed on the Island of Mytilene, and visited its two great natural harbours, explored the fine and extensive Greek ruins of Assos, and ultimately reached Smyrna, where I left Lord Eastnor and returned by steamer to Constantinople, after a most [!]delightful cruise and a tour full of interest and enjoyment.

During the winter of 1843-44 I passed most of my time at the Embassy—working for Sir Stratford Canning and obtaining political information for him, corresponding with the *Morning Chronicle*, and continuing my studies in the Turkish, Hebrew, and Chaldean languages.

I was anxious to promote the establishment of schools amongst the indigent Christian and Jewish populations of the Turkish capital—a matter in which Lady Canning took a very lively interest. We were able to open some schools in the poorest quarters of the city, and eventually one was founded for the education of children of the better classes without distinction of faith, it being meant for Christians and Mohammedans alike. To conduct it Lady Canning obtained the services of two ladies from England, the Misses Walsh, who managed the establishment very creditably and successfully, and devoted themselves to the work. Later on, the Sultan generously presented Sir Stratford Canning with a large house in the main street of Pera, which belonged to the Turkish Government or to the Imperial domain, and to which this school, previously existing in a bad and inconvenient locality, was transferred. In it the children of many of the English engineers, who were then employed in the Turkish Arsenal and elsewhere, as well as those of Ionian and Maltese families and of Greeks and Armenians, received a fairly good education. This school still exists, and is now managed by English residents in Constantinople.

At that time the only schools in Constantinople where

children could obtain anything like a European education were under the direction of the Jesuits, and of the American Missionaries. The former, who succeeded in making many converts, principally among the Armenians, were under the protection of the French Government, and were used by it for political purposes and to spread the influence and promote the interests of France. The latter, who had no political objects in view, and who did not profess to make converts to the Protestant faith, although the instruction they gave often led indirectly to that result, were a most zealous, devoted, and learned body of men. They had spread themselves over the greater part of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and Asia, and in parts of Persia—especially in the provinces occupied by the Nestorians—and everywhere opened schools for the instruction of the native Christians. I was intimately acquainted with many of them, in Constantinople and elsewhere in Turkey, and received much kindness from them. After long struggling against the opposition and persecution they incurred, chiefly from the Christians, and notably from the Greek and Armenian clergy, who were jealous of their influence and hostile to the spread of knowledge amongst those whom it was their interest to maintain in complete ignorance, the labours of the American Missionaries were rewarded by no inconsiderable success. To them may be attributed in a great measure the movements which have since taken place in European Turkey, and in Armenia, in favour of national independence and against the rule of the Turks. Most of the leaders of the Bulgarians in their struggle against the Porte were educated in the American College, known from its founder as "The Robert College," a vast and commodious edifice, situated near the village of Bebek, and commanding one of the most beautiful and extensive views over the Bosphorus and its shores. There they acquired their

knowledge of the institutions, laws, and customs of civilised countries, and those principles of political freedom which they sought to carry out in the rising against the Turkish rule, which led, many years after the time of which I am writing, to the independence of the Bulgarian race.

Another important result of the endeavours of the American Missionaries to establish schools amongst the native Christians was that, whilst it excited the jealousy and hostility of the Greek and Armenian clergy, it compelled them to make efforts to spread education amongst their own flocks, and so to prevent their having recourse to the teaching of foreigners, who were looked upon as heretics, and who were accused of the design of making converts to the Protestant faith. Nothing has contributed more to the improvement of the Christian races throughout the Ottoman Empire in an educational, and perhaps a political, point of view, than these early efforts of the American Missionaries to open schools and to disseminate knowledge amongst those populations by means of translations of standard works of all kinds, and by teaching the elements of science in their various establishments. They were amply supplied with money from the United States—chiefly, I believe, through the Board of Foreign Missions. Braving the climate, and the persecution and ill-treatment to which they were not infrequently subjected, they established themselves in the most remote and least frequented parts of the Turkish Empire, where they lived with their families—not forgetting the comforts of their native land, especially rocking-chairs and pumpkin-pie. I frequently, in the course of my wanderings, partook of their hospitality, and always received a warm welcome from them. Several whom I knew fell victims to their devotion, and to the hardships, exposure, and vexations to which they were subjected.

Although Sir Stratford Canning was doing his best to

obtain for me permanent diplomatic employment, Lord Aberdeen, although holding out some hopes, was still obdurate, and would not even give me the appointment of unpaid attaché to the Embassy. I had, therefore, to pass the winter in a state of uncertainty and expectancy which weighed considerably upon my spirits, and was only alleviated by the extreme kindness of the Ambassador and Lady Canning. I was more than once on the point of abandoning all hope of entering the diplomatic profession, and of leaving Constantinople, but they encouraged me to persevere. I would even willingly at that time have accepted a Consulate, or even Vice-Consulate, in the East, so much attached had I become to the independence and freedom of Oriental life. I was, indeed, not without hopes that the Foreign Office might have been persuaded to name a Vice-Consul to Shushter with a view to develop British trade in that rich and fertile Province of Persia, and to open the navigation of the river Karun, questions in which I took a very lively interest. I considered that I had special qualifications for such an appointment from my acquaintance with the country and with the most influential inhabitants of Shushter, and with the chiefs of the neighbouring Arab, Lur, and Bakhtiari tribes. Had such an appointment been offered to me, I should probably have accepted it, and my subsequent career would have been very different from what it eventually proved to be ; but I might have been of some use in making known the resources of a country then unexplored, and in promoting the influence and interests of England. Moreover, the adventurous life amongst the wild inhabitants of Khuzistan would have been to my taste, and I should have had opportunities of pursuing my archæological researches in a region abounding in ancient remains and rich in historical traditions.

The spring of 1844 came, and I was still without definite

employment, and very sick at heart from continued disappointment and hopes deferred. My means, too, were very restricted, and scarcely sufficient for me to live even with the greatest economy. I had given up the correspondence with the *Morning Chronicle*, as my friends were of opinion that my connection with the Press, if known at the Foreign Office, would stand in the way of my prospects of obtaining a diplomatic appointment. The work I did in the Chancery, and for Sir Stratford Canning, who continued to employ me in confidential and delicate negotiations with the Turkish Ministers, and in various other ways, was without remuneration.

In the early spring of 1844 a serious rising against the Turkish rule had taken place in Northern Albania. Rumours reached Constantinople of shocking cruelties to which the Christians in that part of European Turkey had been subjected by the Albanian rebels, who, it was reported, had defeated the Ottoman troops in repeated engagements, and had succeeded in driving the Ottoman authorities out of the Province. Sir Stratford Canning was desirous of ascertaining the real state of affairs in the revolted districts, and proposed to me to visit them and to report to him fully on the subject. He undertook to pay my expenses, and he further believed that, if I performed my mission to his satisfaction, and furnished him with information which might prove of value to the British Government, I should have an additional claim upon the Foreign Office for permanent employment.

I joyfully agreed to his proposal, glad to return again to active life, and to find occupation which would distract my thoughts from dwelling continually upon the apparent hopelessness of my position. I left Constantinople on the 1st May for Salonica by one of the small steamers belonging to the Austrian Lloyds' Company, which traded with that port.

My ride from Salonica to Monastir was a perilous one, owing to the unsettled state of the country, the roads being infested with brigands, who plundered caravans and carried off travellers for ransom, or murdered them for their property. The Turkish authorities furnished me with guards; but they were little to be depended upon, being, for the most part, themselves robbers, and the *Dirband Aggassis*, as the guards who were stationed to guard the mountain defiles were called, being in league with the brigand chiefs. However, I accomplished my journey in safety. At Monastir I lodged in the house of the Greek Bishop, where I spent two or three weeks, and had an opportunity of learning something about Greek ecclesiastical life. I was not very favourably impressed with the morals or manners of the priests and dignitaries of the Greek Church. For the most part they led, very openly, dissolute lives, were wretchedly ignorant, thoroughly corrupt, and given to the grossest superstition.

At that time the question between the Bulgarians and the Greek Œcumenical Patriarch, which subsequently gave rise to a grave schism in the Greek Church, and which has led to serious consequences, had recently taken an acute form. It arose in this wise. The Christian population of the Province of Rumelia, of which Monastir was then the capital, and of the country between the Balkans and the Danube (with the exception of Servia), was composed of Bulgarians, but as they professed the Greek faith, and recognised the Greek Patriarch as their religious head, they were generally known as Greeks. They, indeed, affected to be Greeks, as the name of "Bulgarian" was held to be one of reproach and contempt. Their Bishops and Clergy were appointed by the Œcumenical Patriarch, who selected for all the ecclesiastical dignities and offices Greek priests who were entirely ignorant of the Bulgarian language, which was the one exclusively spoken by their

flocks. This state of things caused great dissatisfaction to the Bulgarians, who demanded that these appointments should be given to men of their own race, with whom they could communicate, and who were acquainted with their habits and customs. The Greek Patriarchate, however, refused to consent to this very just and reasonable demand, and persisted in imposing Greek ecclesiastics upon the Bulgarians.

The Greek Bishops were, moreover, for the most part, more tyrannical, grasping, and corrupt, than even the Turkish officials, and it was more difficult for the unfortunate Christians to escape from them than from their Mohammedan oppressors. The Porte left to them the entire administration of the affairs of the Christian communities over which they presided, and did not interfere so long as the *Kharag* or poll-tax, and other Imperial taxes, were paid; and even these, after being apportioned by the Turkish authorities, were frequently collected by the Bishop and his Council. The tithes and taxes required for the maintenance of the Church, the Clergy, such schools as existed, and for charitable and other objects connected with the Christian community, were also raised by the Bishop, who had, moreover, jurisdiction in all ecclesiastical questions, over marriage, disposition of property, and all other matters relating to those affairs of the Christian populations which did not come within the Turkish or Mussulman law. He had every means of extorting money from those who were thus placed under his jurisdiction, and he generally availed himself of them pretty freely. I have often heard Christians say that, whilst they were able to deceive the Turkish authorities and to evade the payment of the Imperial taxes, it was impossible to escape from the Bishop, who, through the priests and his other agents, was intimately acquainted with their affairs, and knew how to wring the last *para* out of them.

Omar Pasha, a renegade Croatian Christian, who became famous during the Crimean War, was in command of a small army corps, which had been sent against the Albanian insurgents. He was marching upon Uscup, which they had then invested. I joined him, and accompanied him in his expedition, living with him, and consequently seeing much of him. I was struck by his ability and by his great superiority over the Turkish officers of rank whom I had previously met, and, foreseeing that he would distinguish himself if an opportunity was offered to him, I strongly recommended him to Sir Stratford Canning, who contributed much towards his promotion and to his subsequent employment in important commands.

The insurgents, who were of the Great Northern Albanian tribe of the Gheghas, were led by one Dervish Czar, a petty chief, who had placed himself at the head of the insurrection. They had taken up arms to resist the conscription, which was now being enforced in most parts of the Ottoman Empire, and the introduction into their country of the *Tanzimat*, or constitutional reforms, which had been promulgated at Constantinople, and which were opposed in many respects to their ancient rights and privileges. The Gheghas were a wild and warlike clan, who had hitherto maintained in their mountains a kind of semi-independence, the Porte being rarely able to establish its authority over them. They were well-armed and brave, but without discipline, and when they ventured into the plains were unable to withstand even a small body of the Turkish regular troops furnished with artillery, in which the Albanians were entirely deficient.

Dervish Czar, with his followers, who were said to number between ten and fifteen thousand men, had descended from the mountains, in the district of Dibra, into the fertile plains watered by the Vardar; had occupied a large number of villages mostly inhabited by Christians; and

had extorted large sums of money from them, besides driving off the cattle and flocks of the inhabitants. It was reported that the insurgents had committed great atrocities upon the Christians, and stories had reached Constantinople of men, women, and children roasted alive, and subjected to other horrible tortures. As usual, these reports were greatly exaggerated, if not altogether unfounded. From what I could learn, the Christian villages had been robbed and plundered, and in some instances, when refusing to give up their money or to disclose where it was concealed, subjected to ill-treatment. But I was unable to verify any of the shocking stories of outrages to women and children which had reached Pera, and had been consequently circulated by the European Press, although I had opportunities of seeing and questioning a large number of persons who would have had personal knowledge of them had they been actually committed.

When Omar Pasha advanced towards Uscup, all the low country, with the exception of the towns in which there were Turkish garrisons, was in the hands of the Gheghas. But Dervish Czar and his followers retreated before the Turkish troops to the mountains above Dibra. Thence they sent emissaries to open communication with Omar Pasha, with a view to coming to terms and stopping his further advance into their country. He accordingly encamped between Koprili and Uscup, and entered into negotiations with the insurgents, which, however, ended in nothing, as he refused to listen to their demands to be exempted from the conscription, and they required guarantees for the fulfilment of his promises, which he was unable to give.

In order to make a last attempt to come to an arrangement and to avoid bloodshed, Omar Pasha proposed to me to see Dervish Czar, and to endeavour to induce him to accept the conditions which had been offered to him. In

those days the influence of England was great in the East, and the word of an Englishman was accepted by even the wildest tribes, as a pledge which would never be violated. The Turkish Commander believed that the insurgents would be willing to lay down their arms and submit, if I gave my personal assurance to them that the conditions he offered would be fulfilled, and that their lives and property would be respected.

I was willing to accept the mission proposed to me, as I was not without sympathy for these brave and independent mountaineers who had good reason to fear and mistrust the Turks, and I was desirous of doing all that might be in my power to avoid bloodshed. Omar Pasha was to give me an escort as far as the outposts of the Albanians at the foot of the mountains. Thence I was to make my way as I best could to the headquarters of the insurgent chief. I was accompanied by a tried and trustworthy *cawass*, himself of Albanian origin, in the service of the British Embassy, who declared that he was ready to follow me wherever I might go.

I accordingly left Omar Pasha's camp early in the morning, and after a ride of about two hours across the plain, we perceived a group of Albanians on a rising ground. My escort refused to accompany me any further, stating that they had received orders to return as soon as the first outpost of the insurgents was in sight, so as to avoid a conflict. The officer with his *Bashi-bazouks* then turned back. I rode on, followed by my faithful attendant, who, in view of the fact that a Turk falling into the hands of the Gheghas would have but little chance of escaping with his life, showed considerable courage.

As we approached the Albanians, I could see them levelling their long guns at us, as if with the intention of firing upon us. I made signs that I wished to communicate with them, and as I wore the European dress,

with a cap with gold lace, which then distinguished the Consul in the East, they allowed me to approach. I found assembled a wild and savage set of fellows wearing the long, dirty *fustanella*, or linen skirt, descending to the knees, and the shaggy white coat which, together with a long gun and the belt carrying inlaid pistols and dagger, formed the costume of the Ghegha tribes.

They seemed at first disinclined to allow me to communicate with them—evidently mistrustful of the *cawass*, whom they took for a Turkish soldier. I managed, however, to explain to them that I wished to see Dervish Czar, with whom I had business of importance to transact. After some discussion, in which I was fortunately helped by my attendant, who spoke Albanian, they allowed me to proceed, informing me that their chief was in the mountains at some distance, and warning me that there were guards posted in all directions, who, ignorant of my object and character, and seeing me accompanied by a person in Turkish uniform, might fire upon me before I could have time to explain. They at last consented to send one of their number with me as a guide, and to protect me in case of accidents.

We rode over very rough and broken ground for several hours, armed men constantly springing up from behind the rocks, or from gullies by the side of our path, and fixing me with their guns. Fortunately the presence of the Albanian guide prevented them from firing, and, after having learnt who I was and where I was going, they allowed me to proceed.

In the afternoon I reached Dervish Czar's headquarters. I found him with a large number of followers in a forest, without any other shelter than the wide-spreading oak trees beneath which they were assembled. A more savage and truculent, and, at the same time, a more picturesque set of fellows could not be well imagined. They crowded

round me, eager to learn the object of my mission, and eyeing with angry looks my *cawass*, whose Turkish dress excited their suspicions and anger. Their chief was only distinguished from his men by a richly embroidered jacket and waistcoat such as the Gheghas wear, and by his arms, which were elaborately inlaid with silver. He was accompanied by several chiefs, who, like himself, were covered with gold embroidery.

He received me civilly and courteously ; for, although an ignorant man, of no rank amongst his people, who by his courage and influence had taken the lead in the rising against the Turkish Government, he had, like his countrymen in general, dignified manners and striking self-possession. Finding that I had not breakfasted, he ordered a meal, which consisted of black bread and some boiled rice—all that his camp afforded—to be provided for me. After I had eaten, I retired with him and one or two of the chiefs to a distance from the crowd of warriors who had gathered round us, and, seated on the grass beneath an oak, proceeded to discuss the business upon which I had been sent.

After having stated the numerous complaints that the Gheghas had against the Porte, Dervish Czar declared that they were resolved not to receive any Turkish officials in their mountains, nor to submit to the new laws of the *Tanzimat*, nor to furnish conscripts to the *Nizam*, or regular army. In all other respects they were ready to obey the *Padishah*, of whom they were the faithful and devoted subjects, and to furnish him with any number of irregular troops under their own chiefs that he might require. If their terms were not accepted, they were determined, he said, to fight to the last, and to defend their almost inaccessible mountains against the troops of the Sultan.

I represented to them that it was impossible for the

Turkish Commander to listen to these terms, and that, if they persisted in demanding them, their country would be invaded and subdued by the Sultan's armies, and that they would be compelled to submit to such terms as the Porte might then think fit to impose upon them. I then stated to them the conditions which I had been authorised by Omar Pasha to propose to them, which were fair and reasonable enough, and urged them to accept them to prevent bloodshed, and, what they most dreaded, the complete subjugation of their country, and the destruction of what remained to them of their ancient independence.

After many arguments and much discussion, they agreed to accept all the terms offered by Omar Pasha except that relating to the conscription. Upon this point they were not to be moved. They declared that to give conscripts to the regular army, to be drilled and clothed according to the European fashion, was opposed to their religion, their traditions, and their tribal habits. They were ready to serve as irregulars, as they had always been, but they would never consent to be enrolled in the regular army. They declared that they would resist to the last rather than give way.

Night was now approaching, and large platters filled with boiled rice mixed with scarce bits of meat were brought to the chiefs, which, with a little black bread, formed their simple meal. When it became dark, preparations were made for a dance. We moved to an open space in the forest where the warriors had assembled. Several hundreds of them then joined hands and began to move round in measured steps to the sound of drums and a kind of rude and shrill oboe, stamping their feet and swinging their joined hands to and fro. It was a kind of "Romaica," or Pyrrhic dance.

A vast crowd of men surrounded the dancers, many of them holding torches made of pine-wood, which threw a

lurid glare over the performers, others brandishing their arms and raising warlike cries. The white *fustanellas* of the Albanians, their glittering arms, their savage countenances lit up by the red uncertain light, the gloom of the forest beyond and the starlit sky above, formed a wild and picturesque scene never to be forgotten.

After the dance had continued for nearly two hours, the circle being constantly recruited by fresh dancers to replace those who were tired or wished to withdraw, the assembly broke up, and the warriors, scattering themselves in the surrounding forest, laid themselves down for the night. I followed the example of the chiefs, and stretched myself under an oak, wrapped in my cloak. I soon fell asleep, and slept well, although the night was bitterly cold.

I was roused at dawn by a general movement in the rude camp. The Gheghas were preparing for the day and buckling on their arms, which they had taken off during the night. I observed that very few performed their devotions, as good Mussulmans are required to do on rising in the morning, although a mulla had intoned the usual call to prayers at daybreak. But the Albanians, although professing to be good Mohammedans, are very lax in the performance of their religious duties, and are neither fanatical nor intolerant to those who differ from them in creed.

Immediately after we had risen, my conversation of the previous night with Dervish Czar and the other chiefs was renewed, and the same arguments repeated, but with the same result. They were willing to give way upon every point except the conscription. On this subject they were not to be moved. Finding that it was useless to press the matter any further, I remonstrated with them upon their treatment of the Christians, referring to the reports which had reached Constantinople of the cruelties to which they had been subjected. The chiefs indignantly protested

that there was no truth in these reports, which, they maintained, had been invented by their enemies, the Turks, to damage their cause, and to set European nations against them. They declared that, with the exception of raising the taxes, to which, as occupying the country, they considered themselves entitled, and which they had collected from all classes and creeds alike, they had in no way interfered with the Christians, who were their brothers, and had not been in any way molested in consequence of their faith. I was inclined to believe that what they stated was true, as in those days Mussulmans and Christians lived in such friendly relations in Albania that in the mixed villages they could scarcely be distinguished from each other, and intermarriages, husband and wife retaining their respective religions, were by no means rare. However, I exacted a solemn promise from the chiefs that they would protect the Christians and not suffer them to be molested or ill-treated.

My mission to Dervish Czar having thus proved unsuccessful, I returned to Omar Pasha, to whom I gave an account of what had occurred. I dined with him, and retired early to rest in a small tent which he had assigned to me near his own. In the middle of the night I was awoken by the report of firearms, and by the bugle-call to arms resounding in the camp. Fortunately, Omar Pasha had not neglected, as Turkish Commanders usually did, to take the necessary precautions to meet a night attack, and the pickets had given timely notice of the approach of the enemy. His dispositions were soon made. His troops formed a square enclosing our small encampment, at the angles of which he had placed his artillery. The attack soon became general on all sides. The Albanians vastly outnumbered the Turks; but, ill-armed and without discipline, they failed to make any impression upon regular troops, and were beaten back whenever they

attempted to charge the square, which they did with great courage and determination, throwing themselves upon the bayonets, and discharging their long guns and pistols almost in the faces of the Turkish soldiers.

Dawn beginning to appear, the Albanians, repulsed in every attempt to break the square, retired to their mountain stronghold. I had been by the side of Omar Pasha during the struggle. He had no misgivings as to the result, having perfect reliance upon his troops, which was justified by the discipline and calm courage they displayed during the attack. Like others who have had the command of Turkish soldiers, he maintained that they were the finest troops in the world, and only required to be properly led to achieve anything. His losses were small, those of the enemy very considerable, and the ground round our encampment was strewed with the dead and wounded.

As soon as the necessary preparations were completed, Omar Pasha resumed his march, and late in the afternoon reached Uscup, which was held by a Turkish garrison, and had been fortified so as to resist any attack that the Albanians might make upon it.

I remained a few days at Uscup, and then accompanied the Pasha to Prisrend and Pristina, which were also garrisoned by Turkish troops. After the failure of their attempt to surprise the Turkish camp and their disastrous repulse, the insurgents had again opened negotiations with Omar Pasha. These negotiations were mainly carried on through influential Albanian chiefs and mullas who resided in those towns. As they dragged on, and I had nothing to do with them, I returned to Uscup, where I could obtain better information as to the state of affairs in Albania, as it was the capital of the province in which the Ghegha insurrection had taken place. I lodged in a respectable Christian house, and had thus an opportunity

of hearing any complaints that the Christians might have to make, and of interceding in their behalf with the Turkish Governor of the place, when their complaints were well founded. I rarely failed in obtaining redress and proper protection for them, as the Pasha knew that I was in correspondence with Sir Stratford Canning, and a representation to the Porte from the English Ambassador would inevitably lead to the dismissal and punishment of an official who had neglected his duty or misconducted himself.

The Governor of Uscup was a dignified Turk of the old school. Not a bad man, and of an honest, kindly disposition, but an adept in all the arts and wiles which characterised Turkish policy and diplomacy. I was in the habit of going to him at his breakfast time to learn the news of the day, and especially to ascertain what progress the negotiations with the Albanian insurgents were making. One morning I found him in unusually good spirits. When I was about to take my leave of him, he begged me to stop, "for," said he, "the principal Ghegha chiefs have agreed to submit to the Government, and I have given them a safe conduct to come to Uscup to arrange as to the terms of surrender. I expect them every minute, and as they are all men of influence with their tribe, and the principal promoters of the insurrection, their submission will put an end to it."

I accordingly resumed my seat and my pipe (in those days the grateful jessamine, or cherrystick, was still in use, and the choicest tobacco was procurable for a few *paras* throughout European Turkey). After a short time a discharge of firearms was heard, which marked the approach of the Ghegha chiefs and their attendants. In the meanwhile the Pasha had given orders that the gates of the fort, in which was his *Serai*, or Palace, should be closed, and that only the chiefs, after depositing their

arms, should be admitted, their followers having to remain outside.

To these conditions the chiefs for some time refused to comply, suspecting treachery ; but after some negotiation, and reassured by the promise of safe-conduct from the Pasha, which was solemnly repeated to them by a mulla sent by him for the purpose, they consented to give up their arms, and to leave their followers outside the gate. They were ushered into the Governor's presence, and invited by him to be seated. They were twelve or fourteen stalwart, truculent-looking fellows, with a bold independent gait, very different from the cringing demeanour which was usually assumed in Turkey by those who were permitted to approach so great a man. They were served with the usual coffee and pipes, and the Pasha then addressed them in a set speech, extolling the infinite clemency and goodness of the Sultan and the heinousness of the crime of rebellion against him.

He had scarcely got to the end of his discourse when, upon a preconcerted signal which he gave, a number of armed men—*cawasses* and soldiers—rushed into the room and seized the Ghegha chiefs, who were without means of defence. They were hurried out of the room, and, after having been bound hand and foot, were consigned to prison until nightfall, when, placed on mules, they were sent off under a strong guard to Constantinople.

During this scene the Pasha sat with an unperturbed countenance, smoking the pipe which rarely left his lips as if nothing extraordinary had happened. I was sitting near him, and was lost in astonishment, and beyond measure indignant at this gross act of treachery. After wishing him good-morning, and showing him by my manner and countenance what my feelings were, I left the *Serai* not to return to it. The next day I left Uscup for Monastir.

Similar violations of the most solemn pledges, and of safe-conducts given by Turkish officials have been so frequent and so notorious, that it was surprising that the Albanian chiefs should have been deceived and have been entrapped as they were. The successful treachery of the Pasha of Uscup had, however, the effect of putting an end to the rebellion. Dervish Czar, without the support of the most influential insurgent leaders who had thus been made prisoners, and deserted by his followers, soon after surrendered. In the following year, as I was one day riding from Pera to Buyukderé, I passed a gang of convicts in chains engaged in mending the road. One of them approached me, and holding out his hand, asked me to give him some *paras* to buy tobacco. I thought I recognised his countenance. The convict was Dervish Czar, the leader of the Gheghas in their unsuccessful rebellion. I exchanged a few words with him, gave him the *tutoon paras* (tobacco money) for which he had asked, and then passed on. I never saw him afterwards, and am ignorant of his fate.

After passing some very agreeable days at Ochrida, I returned to Monastir, and, taking post-horses, rode to Salonica, whence I embarked for Constantinople, where I arrived soon after the middle of July.

On my return to Constantinople I was invited by Sir Stratford Canning to take up my residence with him at Buyukderé. I was very pleasantly and comfortably lodged in a small kiosk, overlooking the Bosphorus, in a garden adjoining the Embassy house. As I now worked regularly in the Chancery, and performed all the duties of an attaché, besides being constantly employed in confidential and delicate political business by the Ambassador, he considered it right that I should receive some remuneration for my services, and accordingly allotted to me a small periodical payment out of a fund at his disposal.

Had it not been for the uncertainty of my position, my life was at this time a very delightful and enjoyable one.

Frequently of an afternoon I took long rides with Sir Stratford through the forest of Belgrade, with its fine trees, grassy glades, and enchanting views over the Bosphorus and Black Sea. During these rides the Ambassador would dwell upon his long and varied experience of the diplomatic service, and would describe his missions to different countries—Switzerland, the United States, Spain and Russia—and the remarkable historical events of which he had been a witness, and in most of which he had taken a prominent part, during his embassies to successive Sultans. We discoursed on politics in general, and especially on the foreign policy of England in relation to the European Powers. He would refer to his own experience of English political life, and his connection with his eminent cousin, George Canning, of whom he was fond of relating anecdotes, and of whom he was justly proud. We talked of art and literature, and especially of poetry, of which he was very fond, employing his leisure hours in writing verses. These rides were as instructive and useful to me as they were pleasant and healthful.

Sir Stratford had the bad habit of working very late at night. He retired to his study soon after dinner, which was usually served very late, as he invariably kept his guests waiting for an hour at least, and we rarely sat down to table before nine o'clock or half-past. He then read and wrote despatches and letters, and transacted the business of the Embassy until long after daylight, sometimes until even six or seven o'clock in the morning. Before retiring to bed, he would by way of relaxation, and in order to compose himself for sleep, take out a MS. poem from a drawer, and read me a canto of an epic poem he had composed upon King Alfred.

This was a great trial to me, his usual victim, and it was with no little difficulty that, after the labours of the night, I could keep my eyes open and pay any attention to his verses. He did not rise till late in the day. His unfortunate attachés frequently never went to bed at all, but, after taking a bath in the Bosphorus and a nap on a divan, would go about their day's work or amusement. But it was principally Count Pisani and I who remained in attendance on His Excellency during these long and weary nights. The poor Count seemed actually to live in the Chancery in the midst of despatches and papers, of which he was the most trustworthy and jealous guardian, and in which his whole existence, all his pleasure and hopes, seemed to be concentrated.¹

Sir Stratford Canning was very proud of his poetry, and fond of reading it or reciting it to his attachés, who were bound to listen and to admire. He probably doubted the sincerity of their approval and praise, and on one occasion exposed me to a rather unfair test on the subject. He put into my hands a copy of verses, which he said had been written by a somewhat enthusiastic and romantic lady, who was his daughter's governess, and asked me to read them, and tell him what I thought of them. They described, in very bombastic and inflated language, the passage of a locomotive, belching forth fire and smoke, through a tunnel. I returned them to the Ambassador, observing that they appeared to me exceedingly ridiculous, and that, in my opinion, the authoress would do well to occupy her time otherwise than in writing poetry.

¹ He served the British Government well and zealously for above sixty years, without other reward than his very meagre salary, and was retired by the Foreign Office with a well-earned pension when I was Ambassador at Constantinople. A more simple-minded, trustworthy, and honest creature never lived.

Sir Stratford burst out into a fit of laughter, admitted that the verses were his own, and good-naturedly remarked that for the first time he had listened to an independent and conscientious criticism. I considered that he had played rather an unfair trick upon me; but it had no evil result—he was too fair and just a man to be offended by the truthful expression of an opinion.

In the summer of 1844 the Honourable Mr Wellesley¹ (afterwards Lord Cowley) arrived at Constantinople as Secretary of the Embassy. He was accompanied by his wife and family. It was generally reported that the Government at home, being anxious with regard to the policy pursued by Sir Stratford Canning, and suspicious that his high-handed proceedings might get them into difficulties—especially with Russia—had sent out Mr Wellesley as a check upon him. This report, of course, reached the Ambassador, who was consequently exceedingly jealous and suspicious of the new Secretary, declined to communicate with him on public affairs, and almost went so far as to forbid him access to the Chancery, where he might see the despatches that passed between the Foreign Office and the Ambassador, and other documents relating to political affairs. This unfortunate state of affairs interfered with that cordial understanding and confidence which had hitherto existed between the members of the Embassy and their chief, and led, occasionally, to some misunderstanding between them. It did not prevent me, however, from forming a friendship with Mr and Mrs Wellesley, which has lasted throughout my life. They have been amongst my kindest, truest and dearest friends. He became subsequently *Chargé d’Affaires* and Minister at the Porte, when Sir Stratford Canning went to England on leave, and, as Lord Cowley, represented his country and

Second Baron, first Earl Cowley (1804-1884). Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France, 1852-1867.

worthily upheld her dignity, her honour and her interests, as the Queen's Ambassador at Paris during many critical years. He was truly an upright, honourable, straightforward Englishman, and a perfect gentleman. Although he was eminently successful as a diplomatist, he was never accused of having recourse to any of the tricks, subtleties and deceits, which are popularly believed to be necessary in the craft.

In the month of September I was invited by the Baron de Behr, the Belgian Minister at the Porte, to accompany him on an exploring trip he had planned along the shores of the Sea of Marmora and in the Archipelago. The Baron was a very eccentric and choleric individual, but a man of considerable learning—an archæologist and numismatist. He had quarrelled with nearly all his diplomatic colleagues in consequence of the violence of his temper, which led him to commit many undignified and reprehensible acts, causing them just offence. But I had kept on good terms with him, and as we had congenial pursuits, especially in matters connected with archæology and ancient history and geography, I was in the habit of spending a good deal of my time with him. One of his eccentricities consisted in an exaggerated hatred of all noises, especially the barking of dogs or the crowing of cocks, during the night or whilst he was engaged in his studies. He was so exasperated when thus disturbed that he would seize a gun which he always kept ready near him, and deliberately shoot the beast or the bird that had been guilty of the annoyance. He thus shot a favourite poodle belonging to Mr Wellesley, who lived next door to him, which led to a quarrel between them, and further embittered his relations with his colleagues.

His scheme was to coast along the Asiatic shores of the Sea of Marmora, to land wherever we could see traces of ruins, and to endeavour to identify the sites of several

ancient cities mentioned by the Greek and Roman geographers. These shores had not then been explored with this object, and I took a great interest in questions connected with ancient history and geography. The Baron proved an agreeable and instructive companion, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of our trip except an occasional explosion of rage against some petty Turkish official who did not receive him with the respect and consideration he considered due to his rank and diplomatic position, or against the captain of the small Greek brig in which we had embarked, whom we once detected retracing by night what he had done during the day ; as he was paid by the day, and we had a certain distance to go, this was not unnatural on the part of a Greek.

Baron de Behr subsequently published an account of some of our discoveries, with speculations and theories of his own on Hellenic myths and traditions, which, although ingenious enough, would not stand the test of modern scientific criticism. Our days and evenings were pleasantly passed in discussing these matters, and we had many delightful walks amongst the ancient sites. We explored in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the Asiatic coasts of the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. I visited Cyzicus with him, and spent some days in examining the ruins and the surrounding country, ascending again Mount Dindymum to determine, if possible, the site of the temple of Cybele, renowned in ancient Greek times. The pre-Hellenic settlements of the Phœnicians on these shores was a subject which much interested us both, and we thought we could trace in the ancient name of the Peninsula near which Cyzicus is situated, Artakè, retained in that of the modern village of Ardak, two Semitic or Phœnician words, Ar Dag, "the city of the fish," a conjecture which appeared to be confirmed by the fact that a fish is represented on its early coins.

In the month of December I was sent by Sir Stratford Canning, in company with Lieutenant Collingwood Dickson, to settle a question which had arisen between the Mudir, or Turkish Governor, of Rodosto, and a British subject, a native of the Ionian Islands. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit a farm in the neighbourhood, which had been purchased by Captain Fenwick Williams, Sir Baldwin Walker (then an admiral in the Turkish service), and Mr Charles Hanson, a leading British merchant in Constantinople: a speculation which ended ill, like most such speculations then did in Turkey. We spent two or three days in a kind of tower, the only building on the property which afforded any kind of protection. The cold was intense, and our food of the most meagre and poorest kind. Although the ground was covered with snow, and the weather more than usually severe, even for the exposed and barren plains of Thrace, we determined to visit Adrianople. We rode there on post-horses in about fourteen hours, arriving late at night. We went at once to the British Consulate, relying upon the hospitality of the Consul, Mr Kerr, who was my personal friend. We found that he was dying, and not expected to survive until the following day. Under these circumstances we had to put up at the *khan* which served as a post-house, and I shall never forget our sufferings from cold during that night, which, starved and without having eaten during the day, we had to pass without sleep or food. On the following day we visited the principal monuments and sights of the city, and then rode back to the farm whence we had started.

By the end of the year I was again at Buyukderé with the Cannings. Early in January they moved to Pera, and I accompanied them. Sir Stratford continued to employ me on special duties, such as the investigation and settlement of certain claims of the British Government on the Porte, known as "the Tripoli

claims," and other public matters. I lived almost entirely with Mr Alison. He was in every respect a most delightful and entertaining companion, and, as we had the same tastes and pursuits, we agreed very well together. His perfect knowledge of the Turkish language and character were of great use in our frequent walks in Stamboul and our excursions in the neighbourhood of the city. Many were the adventures we had together, some amusing, some not without risk and danger. One of these adventures may be worth relating.

We were in the habit of going on Friday afternoons to the "Sweet Waters of Asia" to look at the gay and picturesque groups of Turkish women, who assembled there on that day in spring, and, seated on the grass with their children, enjoyed a kind of picnic, smoking their *narguils*, drinking sherbet, and eating sweetmeats. We were returning from one of these excursions in Mr Alison's *caique*, which was rowed by three of the most stalwart and skilful Turkish *caiquijs* on the Bosphorus, when we perceived some ladies in very bright-coloured *ferigis*,¹ evidently of high rank, standing on the marble steps of an imperial kiosk, built on the water's edge, and about to enter an eight-oared boat. We stopped for a time to observe them. One, who was the most richly dressed of the party, stepped into the *caique* followed by the others, who were evidently her attendants, and, seeing that we were looking at her, cautiously lowered her veil, and showed her face, which appeared to us, from the glimpse we obtained of it, surpassingly lovely, and made a sign which we interpreted as an invitation to follow her.

Accordingly, when her *caique* left the stairs of the kiosk, we directed our boatmen to keep as near to it as they prudently could. As it had a larger number

¹ A kind of cloak worn by Turkish women when they leave their houses.

of rowers than ours, we had some difficulty in keeping up with it, especially as our *caiquijs* were evidently unwilling to continue the pursuit, and did not row their best. When we came to the spot where the Golden Horn meets the two streams—one coming from the "Sweet Waters," the other from the direction of the sacred suburb of Ayoub—the lady's *caique* turned into the latter. We were about to follow, when our *caique* struck against something, and a dead body rose to the surface of the water close to us.

Our boatmen now threw down their oars, and refused to go any further. The appearance of the corpse was an evil omen, warning them, they said, against taking any part in an adventure, which might have grave consequences both to us and to them. The ladies, they declared, belonged evidently to the harem of a person of high rank, and if we were caught by the police, or were seen following them, we might incur the greatest possible danger. As they could not be persuaded to continue the chase, we had to return home much disappointed.

The following morning a Turkish woman, closely veiled, called at Mr Alison's house, when I chanced to be there, and requested to speak with him. Having assured herself that no one except ourselves was present or could hear what she had to say, she told us that she had been sent by the lady, whom we had seen and followed on the previous day, to invite us to visit her. She refused to disclose the name of her mistress or to say who she was. If, she said, we would go to a garden wicket in a street in the Ayoub quarter which she described, at a certain hour on the following day, we would be admitted and the lady would receive us. She then left us.

Although the adventure was not without peril, and it was even possible that a trap might be laid for us, we determined to run the risk. The following day we

accordingly went to Ayoub at the appointed hour. We had no difficulty in finding the wicket the messenger had described, in a narrow, solitary street in an out-of-the-way part of the quarter. The gate was at once opened by a woman, and we entered it, apparently unobserved. She led us across a garden to a large kiosk of old Turkish architecture, with broad, overhanging eaves. We were ushered into a large hall, the walls and ceiling of which were sumptuously and most exquisitely decorated with gilding and painted ornaments in the Oriental style, whilst the ceiling was inlaid with pieces of looking-glass, which produced a rich and lovely effect. Such in those days, before Turkish taste was corrupted by European influence, were the decorations seen in the palaces of the Ottoman nobles. On a very low divan at the further end of this hall was seated a lady, whom we recognised at once as the one we had seen at the "Sweet Waters." We had not been deceived by the glimpse she had allowed us to obtain of her face, when she furtively lowered her veil as she stepped into her boat. She was young and singularly beautiful, with the large almond-shaped eyes, the delicate and regular features, and the clear, brilliant complexion, somewhat too pale perhaps for perfect beauty, peculiar to Turkish women of mixed Circassian descent. She was splendidly clad in the dress then worn by wealthy Turkish ladies, before it was rendered vulgar and unbecoming by the introduction of French fashions. Round about her stood a number of girls, all richly clad, and for the most part exceedingly pretty, who were evidently her attendants.

She invited us to be seated on the divan beside her, and entered at once into conversation. She asked numerous questions upon all manner of subjects, politics included, said that she knew who we were, and that, seeing that we had observed her at the "Sweet Waters," she had

resolved to make our acquaintance, but that she had been imprudent in inviting us to follow her, and was glad that we turned back when we did. She then ordered *narguîlés*, coffee and sweetmeats to be brought, which were handed to us by some of her damsels, she herself partaking of them with us.

We were soon engaged in a very lively discourse. The ladies were delighted with Alison, who spoke their language perfectly, and laughed uproariously at his jokes and anecdotes. No one knew better how to entertain and amuse Orientals than he did.

After we had talked for some time, the lady directed some of her attendants to play on the usual Turkish instruments, and others to dance, which they did very gracefully. But the dance soon degenerated into a kind of romp in which all the girls took part—pelting each other with comfits, and tumbling over each other on the floor and divans amidst shouts of laughter, to the great amusement of their mistress, who encouraged them in their somewhat boisterous play.

After we had passed nearly two hours very agreeably with our fascinating hostess and her ladies, we thought it time to withdraw. When we took leave of her, she made us promise that we would repeat our visit, telling us that she would send the same messenger as she had already employed to communicate with us, to let us know when she would receive us. We were taken through the garden to the same wicket by which we had been admitted, and issued, by the small street into which it opened, into the main thoroughfare of Ayoub. In those days this sacred quarter of the Turkish capital, which contains the tombs of the first Mussulman martyrs who fell before Constantinople, was rarely visited by Europeans, who were exposed in it to insult and molestation from its fanatical inhabitants, chiefly Mullas and Softas, or

students of the religious law. We were glad, therefore, to escape from it unobserved, and to regain our *caïque*, which we had left at some distance in the Golden Horn.

The lady, whose acquaintance we had thus made, had given us no clue as to who she might be; nor would the attendant who admitted us to the garden answer any questions on the subject. She was evidently of high rank, from her distinguished manners, the richness of her dress, and the luxury in which she lived. Our curiosity was greatly excited, and we determined to satisfy it. With this object we sent for an old Italian woman, generally known as "La Guiseppina," with whom we were well acquainted, and who kept a small hotel in Pera. She had access to most Turkish harems, and was much employed by Turkish ladies in executing commissions for them.

We informed her of our adventure, and described the lady and the house in which she had received us. "La Guiseppina" undertook to discover our mysterious beauty and to communicate with her, and to return with the information we required before the end of the day. According to her promise she reappeared after a few hours, but with a face pale with terror. The lady, she declared, belonged to the Palace, and was, she had reason to believe, a sister of the Sultan. She implored us not to persist in the adventure, or to meet the lady again under any circumstances. If we were found with her, our lives would unquestionably, she said, be forfeited, and even if a suspicion arose that we had visited her, the consequences to us might be most serious.

We were quite ready to follow the advice of "La Guiseppina," as the scandal of an exposure—to say nothing of the danger we might run—would have been very great, especially in the case of Alison who held a high diplomatic post. We, therefore, determined not to repeat our visit

to our lovely friend. She continued for some time to send her messenger to reproach us for not having fulfilled our promise to see her again, and to appoint a time for meeting her. But we persisted in our resolution not to expose her or ourselves to further risk.

This Princess—for the lady was, no doubt, the Sultan's sister—subsequently made herself notorious by not wearing a *yashmak*, or veil, and by throwing off many of the restraints placed upon Turkish women, and especially upon members of the Imperial family and harem, who were not then permitted to appear in public without precautions being taken to prevent any man from approaching them, and to maintain for them the strictest privacy. She was accustomed to appear at the "Sweet Waters" and other places of public resort without concealing her features, and even to mix with the crowd. Europeans were led to believe that the Princess was "a strong-minded" person who was seeking to reform the condition of women in Turkey, and who was herself setting an example of freedom and independence of the restraints placed upon her sex which would soon be followed by others. But the Mussulmans were much scandalised by proceedings contrary to their religion and their customs, and the Sultan was soon compelled to interfere to put an end to them. The Princess was ordered not to appear any more in public, and, when it was necessary for her to do so, to wear the thickest of *yashmaks*. She disappeared from the scene, her vagaries were soon forgotten, and I do not know what became of her.

CHAPTER VI

THE ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES

1845-1851

LADY CANNING and her three daughters had left Constantinople for England at the beginning of the summer of 1845, and Sir Stratford had received permission from the Secretary of State to return home on leave of absence, and had determined to avail himself of it, as soon as he considered that the state of political affairs would permit him to be away from his post. There were some important questions still pending, such as the obtaining of the Sultan's firman authorising the erection of a Protestant Church at Jerusalem, which he was anxious to settle before going home, and in the negotiations for which I was much concerned. The firman was obtained in September, and the successful issue of the negotiation added much to the credit and reputation of the Ambassador, especially in religious circles in England. The concession had been resolutely opposed by the French and Russian Embassies, which used all their influence, and had recourse to every intrigue, to prevent its being given. Sir Stratford was consequently highly pleased with the triumph he had obtained.

In the meanwhile I was still kept waiting for my promised attachéship. Sir Stratford felt convinced that, when he had an opportunity of communicating personally on the subject with Lord Aberdeen, the difficulties which

still stood in the way of my appointment would be removed. But the time of his departure for England was uncertain, and he might still be delayed until the winter at Constantinople.¹ I had never given up the hope of returning on some future day to Mesopotamia and exploring the ruins of Nineveh, which I had visited on two occasions with so much interest, and which had so greatly excited my imagination. The success of M. Botta's labours at Khorsabad had added to my desire to make researches and excavations in the mounds of Nimroud and in others which, I felt convinced, covered monuments of great antiquity and importance. He had written to me regularly, giving me an account of his discoveries, and, as I have already said, had generously allowed me to see the letters and reports which he had sent to France through M. de Cadalvène, his friend and agent. M. Flandin, the draughtsman who had been sent by the French Government to make drawings of the monuments of Khorsabad, had returned to France, and on his way through Constantinople had permitted me to examine his admirable representations of the Assyrian sculptures. M. Botta himself, having brought the excavations at Khorsabad to a close, had left Mosul, and was on his way home through Syria.

As Sir Stratford Canning might leave Constantinople any day, I was not desirous of remaining there after his departure, and I was anxious to find some means of spending my time profitably, until he had been able, after his return to England, to obtain for me from Lord Aberdeen the permanent appointment in the Constantinople Embassy, of which he had the promise. I, therefore, suggested to him that I might proceed to Mosul and continue the excavations in the Assyrian ruins, which M. Botta had now abandoned. I was confident that there

¹ He did not, after all, go to England until the following summer.

were other mounds on the supposed site of Nineveh, such as Nimroud and Kouyunjik, which M. Botta had not explored, but which, if adequately examined, would yield no less important archaeological treasures than those discovered by him at Khorsabad.

Sir Stratford not only agreed to my proposal, but offered to share in the expenses which would be incurred in making tentative excavations in the mounds I had indicated. I was able to contribute a small sum from my own resources, which, added to the sixty pounds he was ready to advance, would, if employed with the strictest economy, meet the expenses of my journey to Mosul, and of experimental researches amongst the ruins. I was persuaded that, if the results proved such as I expected them to be, funds for carrying on the explorations on an adequate scale would be forthcoming in England, where M. Botta's discoveries had already created considerable interest.

As I did not consider it prudent to start upon my journey through Asia Minor to Mosul until the hot weather was over, I did not leave Constantinople until early in October. I employed the interval in taking lessons in surveying and mapping, and in learning to make a few simple astronomical observations to enable me to determine latitudes, etc., from an Englishman in the Turkish service. I spent a good deal of time on the heights around Constantinople with my instructor, learning the use of the theodolite and other instruments, to enable me to make plans and surveys of any ruins that I might discover, and of the many remains on the banks of the Tigris, which were believed to represent the site of Nineveh. I required very little preparation for my journey. My personal effects were as limited as possible, consisting of a little linen, a change of clothes, and a few books and maps and instruments, which would be necessary to me

in my researches. To avoid expense, I did not take a servant with me, but determined to travel alone by post. This was a very economical mode of travelling, when the number of horses was limited, and when the traveller was furnished with a proper *bouyourouldi* or government order for post-horses. As I was not accompanied by a *tatar*, three horses were all that I required, one for myself, one for my baggage and coverlet for sleeping, and one for the *surejee* or post-boy.

I left Constantinople by an Austrian Lloyds' steamer for Samsoun. I dined with the British Vice-Consul, Mr Stevens, with whom I had been previously acquainted, having ordered the post-horses to be ready in the evening, as I was determined to lose no time in commencing my overland journey. Mr Stevens and Mr Holmes (afterwards Sir William Holmes, who many years after rendered good service as the British Consul-General in Bosnia), who happened to be staying with him, offered to accompany me as far as Amasia, merely for the sake of the ride. We accordingly left Samsoun after dark on the 14th October, and, urging our horses to the utmost of their speed, galloped over every bit of level ground, and scrambled as we best could through the dense forests which clothe the mountains that border the Black Sea. The post-stations at which we changed our horses were about eighteen miles—six hours according to Turkish post-time—from each other, and as my baggage was of the lightest possible description, we were able to make good progress. We reached our destination about ten o'clock in the morning, having travelled about sixty miles.

We stopped at the house of a Swiss merchant, who, with his wife, received us very hospitably. We were able to obtain a little rest and some food, of which we were in much need. My companions, who were not accustomed to so much rough travelling as I, had suffered considerably

from their long ride, and were scarcely able to sit in their saddles by the time that we arrived at Amasia. They decided, therefore, to remain there for a couple of days, and to return leisurely to Samsoun. I determined to lose no time, and, having ordered the post-horses to be ready in the afternoon, I slept for a few hours, visited the tombs of the ancient Kings of Pontus, and then resumed my journey. Although I was quite alone, and a part of the country which I traversed was in a very disordered and dangerous state, and overrun by brigands and plundering Kurds and Arabs, I met with no adventures, but reached Mosul in safety on the morning of the 27th October, having performed the journey of about 900 miles by the post-track in a little more than twelve days, and none the worse for my arduous journey, although the rain had fallen during the greater part of it, and I was usually wet to the skin. I was very kindly received by our Vice-Consul, Mr Christian Rassam, in whose house I remained until I had hired a residence for myself in its immediate vicinity.

I have, in my "Nineveh and its Remains," published so full an account of the excavations carried on amongst the Assyrian ruins, and of my residence at Mosul, and journeys in the desert and Kurdistan during the years 1845, '46, and '47, that I have nothing to add to it here. Some few additional details and particulars which I may have omitted will be found in letters written at the time to my mother, which are amongst my papers, and to Mr and Mrs Austen and other persons, if they have been preserved.

It was generally believed in England that the expenses of my first journey to Mosul, and of the excavations previous to the grant made by the British Museum for continuing my researches—of which I did not avail myself until the month of October 1846—were entirely borne by Sir Stratford Canning. Such was not the case. He contributed, as I have already mentioned, £60 towards them,

when I left Constantinople on my expedition,¹ and he may subsequently have advanced some small sums (all of which were repaid to him out of the grant). I received, moreover, £100 a year out of public funds at his disposal as a remuneration for my services in the Embassy. But the greater part of those expenses were met from my slender means, and by borrowing from my mother, who most generously advanced to me out of her very small income the little she could spare, in order to enable me to continue my work. I subsequently discharged my debt to her. I received no remuneration for my labours. The sum that was allowed me for personal expenses was entirely spent in carrying on the excavations, and it was not until my return to England after my second expedition to Nineveh, in 1852, that I was repaid by the Trustees of the British Museum the money that I had advanced out of my own pocket.

The firman which Sir Stratford had obtained for me from the Sultan, to enable me to make excavations, and to remove, and send to England, the sculptures I might discover, was in my name. Consequently I might have claimed all that I found in the ruins as my own property. I made over my claims to the British Museum and the nation. In justice to myself these facts should be placed on record.

[*The following are extracts from the correspondence above alluded to.*—EDITOR.]

To his Mother.

MOSUL, 3rd November 1845.

You will perceive that I have not been long on the

¹ See "Nineveh and its Remains," ch. ix. p. 225, abridged edition of 1867.

road between Constantinople and this place. I left Samsoun on the night of the 13th, and arrived here on the morning of the 27th. . . . I have not yet commenced work, but intend doing so in three or four days. I have every reason to hope that I shall be to a certain degree successful. But M. Botta's great discovery¹ makes one despair a little. . . . The weather is now delightful, and will probably continue so through the winter, as there is little real cold here. The houses, however, are not at all calculated to keep out the little there is, and the intense heat of summer causes the cold weather to be felt more severely. The mountains of Kurdistan and Jebel Judi,—the Ararat of the Armenians and of all the Easterns—which are visible from the terrace, are already covered with snow, and the autumn showers have already induced the parched mounds of Nineveh to show a little green. I have a delightful terrace overlooking the whole town and country, from which I can look down and spy into the most secret doings of my neighbours. I have already had several requests to keep from this commanding position, but have replied to the petitions that the husbands must trust to my discretion.

Last night I was invited to a grand Chaldean wedding, and held a wax taper as thick as my arm until I was fairly tired out, and my ears completely deafened with the din of cymbals, and the screeching of the women. During the ceremony they sound what the Arabs call the Hellel, and the Baktiyari the Kel—a most detestably shrill quaver, which no one could attribute to a human soul, but which excites the men in war, and is particularly patronised on festive occasions. Add to this the clatter of tom-toms and the nasal twang of two dozen priests, and you have some idea of a Chaldean wedding. The ceremony is, moreover, extremely tedious; the bride's clothes are blessed, her ring, the seat she is to occupy in the house, the furniture, etc., etc. The blessing on the couple takes a good half-hour. The Almighty is requested to give her fine eyes, eyebrows meeting over the nose, good teeth, etc., no particular being omitted. These are the Catholic Chaldean forms. The ladies marry very young; in this case the bride was scarcely ten years old.

The Pasha had been very civil to me. He is about the

¹ Sculpture in the Mound of Khorsabad, about fourteen miles N.N.E. of Mosul.

ugliest old gentleman I have had the pleasure of knowing in my wanderings, with one eye and one ear, and most intensely marked with the smallpox. In character he is an improved edition of Nero, and has committed atrocities very pleasant to relate. A month or two ago he caused a report to be spread that he had died during the night, and his own servants answered enquiries at the palace to that effect. He re-appeared in perfect health about mid-day, had half the town thrown into prison, and compelled the remainder to collect all their ready cash for his use, as a punishment for spreading reports tending to shake his authority. Having occasion to speak of another report a day or two since, he mentioned the circumstance to me in his own way. I could scarcely retain my countenance, and he was particularly desirous of learning the cause of my mirth. He has given the *coup-de-grâce* to a place already half ruined by his predecessors. . . .

To his Aunt, Mrs Austen.

NIMROUD, 10th November 1845.

You will probably not before have heard of the miserable village from which I am writing to you, which still bears the name of the "mighty hunter," and which stands near the ruins of what tradition declares to be his peculiar city. Whatever the old may have been, the new Nimroud is a very wretched place, and I can scarcely find the courage to write you even these few lines; for my hovel is almost roofless, has more windows than wall, and is the place of resort of all the idle people—Mussulmans and unbelievers—in the neighbourhood. However, I must tell you that I came down here five days ago, and immediately began excavating in the great mound which forms the nucleus of the ruins.

I have been hitherto sufficiently fortunate to find several chambers of white marble covered with cuneiform inscriptions; as yet no figures; but, from fragments discovered in the rubbish, I have no doubt they will come; at any rate, I shall have a very rich collection of inscriptions.

The ruins called Nimroud are situated near the Tigris, about 18 miles from Mosul. They consist entirely of artificial mounds, and are very extensive. The great mound into which I am digging is about 1800 feet in



THE DITCH AND WALL OF NINEVEH. (*From a Drawing by Cooper.*) [To face p. 158.]

length, 900 in breadth, and 60 or 70 in height. It appears to be one great palace, principally built of marble, which has been plundered, destroyed as far as possible by fire, and has remained ever since under the accumulated dust of ages. I believe the city to be Resen, mentioned in Genesis x. 12, as between Nineveh and Calah, a great city, built by Ashur. And it is curious that tradition still assigns to it this origin; the Arabs around calling the great mound the palace of Asur or Athur. This city was probably afterwards known as Larissa, and under that name mentioned by Xenophon. . . . Near the mounds is a village called Darouseh, or Darius, and the Arabs pretend that in it Darius slept the night before the great battle which decided the fate of his empire, and his own. This country is full of interesting traditions, and I hope to make out many curious particulars.

Before coming here, I resided ten days at Mosul, which place is still my headquarters. The town is less Frankified than other towns of the East, and has the Oriental character in its purity. It is, moreover, the resort of a great variety of people, differing in race and creed, and as much in costume. There is constant intrigue, and the Pasha still enjoys the good old power of cutting off the heads and ears and noses of those who are at all in his way. Ladies, too fond of roaming, are occasionally sent floating to Baghdad. No Arabian Night hero could have been a more appropriate Governor than our Pasha. On his arrival here a year ago, he installed himself by strangling the three principal men of the town upon principle, and appropriated their cash and tangible property. Since then he has not forgotten his subjects. A few days ago, having plundered an Arab tribe of their sheep, he sold all that could be sold, and the remainder, a mangy set which no one would even accept, he endeavoured to force upon the corporation of butchers at the highest market prices. This respectable body immediately took to flight, and the town has since been without meat. The assurance of the Pasha, that he will hang them all up at their own doors when he catches them, does not lead to a very lively hope of their return. The Cadi is even a greater scamp than the Pasha, with, unfortunately, a more promising outward appearance. He is the declared enemy of all Europeans, and indeed of the whole race of *Giaours*.

The Mussulman population is chiefly composed of Arabs, Kurds, and renegade Christians. The real Mosuli

is the offspring of a renegade Christian and a Yezidi, or Devil-worshipper. A happy mixture! The Christians are Syrian Jacobites, Catholic Jacobites, Chaldeans, Catholic Chaldeans, and Nestorians. In this Babel I have a respectable establishment, indeed a house bordering upon the splendid, with double courtyards, rooms of sculptured marble, stable and back-door; rent, one pound per month, six months paid in advance. I dine with our Consul,¹ a native of the place, married to an English wife, and receive visits *chez moi*. We have an Italian doctor in the place, and, with his assistance, get up a rubber of farthing-point-whist, which has already called down the vengeance of the Cadi, who declares that such gambling has never before been known at Mosul, is directly against Chapter V. of the Koran, and should be punished, in the case of an infidel, with the loss of the nose and both ears.

The Mussulmans were formerly divided into many parties, always at open war. There is not a respectable man here whose father was not murdered. Fortunately, the present generation are too much afraid of the Pasha to think of their private quarrels. Such is the town in which I propose to pass the winter. There can be no doubt as to its Oriental character, and I hope to have some good stories to send you.

To his Mother.

SELAMIYÉ, 29th November 1845.

Since I last wrote to you I have been employed like the veriest mole in grubbing up the earth, and with such success that, after having discovered several chambers built of slabs of white marble, I yesterday alighted upon sculptures resembling in character those of M. Botta's monument at Khorsabad. I have now no doubt that the whole mound of Nimroud, vast as it is, contains the ruins of one great palace, and that, if I am able to continue my excavations, I shall be richly rewarded. Unfortunately, that old rascal the Pasha has taken it into his head to stop my operations to-day, and I must ride up to Mosul to-morrow morning to fight a battle, and, if he will not listen to reason, I presume I must remain inactive pending

¹ Mr Rassam, Vice-Consul.—ED.

a reference to Constantinople. I suppose he has got some ridiculous notions about treasure. Botta was twice exposed to this inconvenience, of the suspicions of the then Pasha. *Nous verrons.*

The slabs I have uncovered, forming the side of a chamber, are pretty well preserved. One represents warriors fighting in chariots; another, the siege of a city; others, men on horseback; all executed with much spirit. The inscriptions already discovered are exceedingly numerous, amounting fully to one hundred, and I have been, as you may suppose, fully occupied in copying these extraordinary specimens of penmanship. I need scarcely say that they are all in the cuneiform character, very long and very complicated.

I am now living at a village two miles from the mounds for the convenience of a hut with a door, eggs and milk and bread, things unheard of in the wretched hamlet I first occupied. I ride every morning to the excavations, starting before sunrise, and not returning until after sunset. My workmen are chiefly Nestorians, the remnant from the massacre, starving from want, and glad enough to find employment. Although we have occasional rain, the weather is delightful. In a month's time we shall have the grass and flowers out—our spring. . . .

MOSUL, 1st December 1846.

I finish my letter in haste from this. I am again resuming my excavation, and my horse is at the door waiting for me to start for Nimroud. I have just heard that my old friend Mr Hector, of Baghdad, has run up to pay me a visit, and that he is waiting for me at the mounds. His stay with me will be very agreeable, as it is somewhat dull to be all alone. I hope soon to set to work in good earnest in digging and removing sculpture, and that some day you will have the pleasure of seeing some of the fruits of my labour in the British Museum or some other public place in England. You can scarcely form an idea of the perfection of the art, even in those remote days; the warriors and horses are really beautifully executed. In digging into a small chamber, I found one or two small figures in ivory, amongst which was a sphinx which has puzzled me exceedingly. The whole building seems to have been pillaged and burnt, and nothing besides the slabs remains, except a few copper nails.

To his Mother.

NIMROUD, 21st February 1846.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that my excavations are proving as successful as I could possibly have anticipated. Every day brings fresh discoveries, and I am now anxiously waiting for instructions to begin on a large scale. The corner of the mound which I first opened appears to have been destroyed by fire; the marble used in the building is much cracked, and, being almost on a level with the surface, is otherwise much damaged. But further in the mound the blocks begin to be perfect, and I have now many fine sculptures beautifully preserved. The first and damaged corner is, however, very interesting, as the building appears to have been constructed with the remains of a more ancient edifice, and many of the marble slabs—even those with sculptures—are reversed in the walls. The figures represented have mostly pointed caps, and have other peculiarities in their costume.

I have now found the king who constructed the building of which the actual ruins are the remains. He is evidently of the same race as the kings who constructed the Palace of Khorsabad. At his feet, as a prisoner, is a figure with a pointed cap. The inference, therefore, is that the sculptures in the damaged corner belong to a more ancient period than Khorsabad, and they become consequently very interesting, and ought to be preserved. This, perhaps, may have been really the Palace of Sardanapalus, rebuilt under the second Assyrian Dynasty. However, it is no use speculating at present; as I work on, I hope for many interesting results, and we may ultimately be able to form some opinion.

I am exceedingly busy with drawing and copying inscriptions. There will be an immense number; but a very small part of the mound is yet explored. I have just discovered two beautiful lions, but unfortunately they have lost their heads, which appear to have been human, like those of the two great bulls already uncovered; also like them they have wings. The two lions form a gateway or entrance on the west. The bulls are in the centre of the mound, and without further excavation it is impossible to make out what their position and use in the building originally was. These extraordinary animals are sculptured

in very high relief upon a solid block of marble, 14 feet long and 16 or 17 feet high! Unfortunately, the two I have now discovered are much damaged. Should I discover one sufficiently preserved to deserve removal, I shall have pretty work to move it. Those of Khorsabad, which were much smaller, could scarcely be dragged along by 500 men. Mechanical power in these countries is unknown. How the Assyrians moved these immense blocks, I cannot conceive. There are no marble quarries, that I know of, within seven or eight miles, and they must have had good ropes to stand the actual brute-force necessary to move such weights.

The Palace of Nimroud must have been of considerable beauty. The chambers were of different levels, but, as far as I can make out, there could only have been one basement and no upper storey. The chambers, which are small and narrow, are constructed of slabs of marble about 9 or 10 feet in height. Above the slabs are placed layers of painted bricks, of which I have found many specimens. Each slab has either a large figure, occupying the whole surface, or is divided horizontally by an inscription into two compartments, each of which contains a relief, the figures being from 2 to 3 feet in height. The walls appear to have been built of mud bricks which supported the slabs.

I have left the village of Selamiyé in which I had hitherto resided, and am now living in a little mud hamlet near my mound. The weather is delightful, and I can go on in this until the heat of summer sets in, and I must then, if I remain here, build me a house on the mound itself. . . . I have two beautiful greyhounds of first-rate breed. I wish I could send them to you, for, with their feathery ears and tails, they are quite drawing-room dogs. They catch hares capitally, but are too young yet for gazelles. At Nimroud there are a great many boars. I spear them sometimes, but have no horse on which I can trust myself for this kind of work.

Our new Pasha having adopted a conciliatory feeling towards the Arabs, the lands around Nimroud are now covered with their tents and flocks. They are very picturesque, but at the same time very troublesome neighbours, as they steal everything within their reach, for the mere love of pilfering, and are as mischievous as monkeys. I have just been to call upon the Sheikh of the principal tribe, and have given him a silk dress in the hope that it will induce him to keep his people a little in order, and will bring back such stray things as may reach his tents.

To Mrs Austen.

NIMROUD, 22nd March 1846.

You are kind enough to ask me to write about myself; I fear, however, that my personal history would make but a very poor chapter. I am, at the same time, so completely identified at the present with the object of my visit to Mosul, that I and your much-dreaded antiquarianisms are but one and the same thing. I live among my ruins, and dream of little else. For the time being, my hopes, fears and joys centre in them. You may therefore conceive that it is not easy for me to separate myself from them, even for an hour, when writing to you.

Botta has just informed me that he gets 60,000 francs from his Government for his Khorsabad discovery. I have vague apparitions of 3000 gold pieces fleeting before my eyes, and for the first time in my life have become intent on the prospect of accumulating riches. But these happy visions are always backed by the hideous skeleton of Government generosity, and not much improved by the retrospection of time, health and labour thrown away upon empty pockets. . . . I am still in ignorance of the intentions of the Government with regard to Nimroud, whether the excavations are to be carried on, or whether the field will be abandoned to the French. The discovery is so full of interest that it would be really a disgrace not to make the most of it. . . .

The life I am now leading is so monotonous that I really know not what to write to you. Fancy me in a mud hut in the centre of a deserted village, for my neighbours have wisely taken to their tents. I have no companions in misfortune, and am rapidly losing the little I once knew of the English language. From my door stretches a vast plain only interrupted by this great mound of Nimroud, now all clothed in green and thickly covered with black tents, and flocks and herds. Arabs and Kurds have encamped on the pastures, and I am surrounded with a thoroughly primitive population, who profess the most liberal opinions upon community of goods. It is with great difficulty that I have just got rid of a highly respectable Kurdish chieftain, who, after taking possession of my apartments for some days, on the plea of the most perfect friendship, finished by making a request for my razors and



SKETCH OF NINEVEH FROM THE S.E. (*From a Drawing by Cooper, 17th December 1848.*)

[To face p. 164.]

all disposable articles of dress. I had to prove to him that I had nothing worthy of his acceptance, and got him away on the promise of providing liberally for him when I next visited Mosul.

I am off in a few days into the desert on a visit to Sofuk, the great Bedouin Sheikh, who is now encamped near the remarkable ruins of Al Hadhar (Hatra) to which I paid a hasty visit with Dr Ainsworth some years ago. As I wish to visit them, and at the same time to see Sofuk, the present is a good opportunity. I am anxious to get a good colt out of Sofuk, who has the finest horses in the desert. I have been getting up a silk coat for him, which would match Joseph's for diversity of colour and elegance of pattern. It cannot fail to take his fancy if he possesses any taste, and I am in hope of the result. I hope he will not take it into his head to make free with the whole of my property without adequate return. A certain amount of doubt exists on the subject.¹

To his Mother.

NIMROUD, 21st April 1846.

I began a letter to you from my tent amongst the ruins, in the midst of one of the most tremendous storms of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, that I have had the pleasure of witnessing, and in the full expectation that, before I get to the end of it, I, letter and all, will be buried beneath my canvas walls. If I get to the end of my epistle, you will know that I have escaped in safety. But I am fully reconciled to my fate, for we have all been praying for the *rahmet*, or blessing, as the Turks usually term rain, night and day for the last two months, and were well-nigh in despair for the crops, a failure of which would have entailed a second year's famine. However, we may all eat, drink, and make merry now, unless perchance we have a second Deluge in this same land of Shinar. I particularly rejoice at the prospect of a roast gazelle to-morrow; for after such rain the gazelles fall easy prey to my greyhounds. . . .

I spent three or four days at Mosul after our return from the Al Hadhar expedition, and then hastened to Nimroud,

¹ This visit is described with much detail in "Nineveh and its Remains," pp. 65-74, of the Abridged Edition (1891).—ED.

where I was welcomed by two of the most magnificent specimens of Assyrian sculpture that could be well found above or under ground—a pair of winged lions with human heads, about 12 or 13 feet high, and 10 long. I have been unable as yet to make a drawing of either of them, in consequence of the narrowness of my trenches, which I am now widening to get a satisfactory survey of my distinguished visitors, and I hope to be able by next post to send you a tracing of a drawing I shall attempt. It would be difficult, however, to convey an idea of the imposing effect they make. They form an entrance into a temple, into which I am now going to dig, and which, I have already ascertained, is covered with sculptures.

Nothing so beautiful as these lions was discovered by the French. Indeed, the sculptures at Nimroud far exceed those of Khorsabad in the richness and variety of the details. Ezekiel, who wrote from the Hebrew settlement on the banks of the Chebar—either the Khabour of Mesopotamia, or the river of the same name that runs into the Tigris a little distance from Mosul—appears continuously to have had the sculptures of the Assyrians or Chaldeans in his eye when he wrote his prophecies. I am much inclined to suspect that the figures of his vision¹ were suggested in some measure by them; and those curious passages in the xxiiird chapter (verses 14 and 15) are exact descriptions of the bas-reliefs of Nimroud.² There are many other passages of the same kind in the Book. Ezekiel probably saw the Assyrio-Chaldean palaces in their glory before their destruction by the combined armies of Media and Babylon; and from the remains which exist, one need not be surprised at the impression which their vastness and magnificence made upon him. The inhabitants of Assyria must at that time have exceeded all the nations of the earth in power, riches and luxury. Their knowledge of the Arts is surprising, and greatly superior to that of any contemporary nation. Their style I believe to be purely their own, and not Egyptian, as some would have it. There is as much difference between their sculptures and those of Egypt as exists between those of Assyria and Greece. The

¹ Ezekiel, chapter i.

² "For when she saw men pourtrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans pourtrayed with vermillion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea, the land of their nativity."

lions lastly discovered, for instance, are admirably drawn, and the muscles, bones, and veins quite true to nature, and portrayed with great spirit. There is also a great *mouvement*—as the French well term it—in the attitude of the animal, and “sa pose est parfaite”; excuse the phrase; we have no equivalent. The human head, too, is really grand. It is curious that the artist has given the animal five legs. He has done this in order that, whether you look at him in front or at the side, he may appear to have the proper number; for although the figure is in relief, yet at the end of the slab it is in full. Between the legs are long inscriptions in the cuneiform character.

I have been very busy lately with this strange character, and I am happy to say, not without results. For instance, I have got at the proper names, the names of cities (without being yet able to decipher them), the ends of words, etc.; and with the assistance of the materials furnished by the joint stock of Major Rawlinson and myself, I hope very shortly to have the alphabet; we have already many letters. Then for the language; is it Chaldean, in the common acceptation of the term, and plain sailing? Or is it some dialect, long forgotten, of one of the existing family of languages, and to be made out by persevering comparisons and research? Or is it some unknown language, which will have to be reconstructed?

In my correspondence allusions will be found to an incident in which I was concerned during the time that I was at Mosul, and which threatened, at one time, serious consequences.¹ I did not refer to it in the published narrative of my first expedition to Nineveh for obvious reasons. The following are the circumstances of the case.

Whilst I was excavating in the mound of Kouyunjik, I had to cross the Tigris twice a day on my way to and from the ruins. When the river was at its ordinary level, a bridge of boats enabled persons to pass over it, but when it was swollen by the floods caused by the spring rains in the Kurdish mountains, this bridge had to be removed, and a ferry was established between the town and the opposite bank. On one occasion, when the Tigris

¹ It was, I think, in the spring of 1846.

was unusually high, and had overflowed its banks, I had remained so late at the mound that the ferrymen had left off their work, which could not be carried on after dark, and only one boat remained on the eastern side of the river. I reached it just as the boatmen were about to put off. Having engaged it, as I was in the habit of doing, for myself and my overseers and some of the workmen who accompanied me, I invited two Albanian irregulars who would otherwise have been unable to cross, and were anxious to do so, to join us, which they did, expressing their thanks for the assistance I thus gave them.

We had already left the bank, but had not yet reached the stream, which flowed very rapidly, when I perceived in the distance a party of men on foot hurrying down to the river, evidently for the purpose of crossing to Mosul. Thinking that they were travellers, and that they would have to remain out for the night, unless I gave them a passage, I ordered the boatmen to return to the shore, and to wait for them. When they arrived, I found that the party consisted of the Cadi of Mosul and his attendants, who were coming from Nebbi Yunus, the so-called tomb of Jonas. I told him that I had engaged the boat, but offered to take him over. He eagerly accepted my offer and embarked with his people.

The boats in use upon the Tigris are of the rudest construction. They have a pointed prow rising high out of the water, and a lofty poop upon which stands the man who steers, with a rudder in the shape of a long and heavy oar. By his side there is only sufficient space for one more person. In the body of the boat, which was deep, spacious, and usually very dirty, stood the passengers—frequently crowded together with horses, donkeys and other beasts. The oarsmen sat on high benches.

I had taken my place, as was my custom, with the

steersman on the narrow prow. The Cadi stood just beneath me. We were making the best of our way over the river, which was then fully half a mile broad, and in parts running with dangerous velocity, when he said in a loud voice, alluding to me, "Shall the dogs occupy the high places, whilst the true believers have to stand below?" and then mumbled some curses on Christians in general.

This gratuitous insult, and the ill return that the Cadi thus made for my civility to him, provoked me so much that I lost my temper, and dealt him a blow on his head with a short hooked stick, such as the Bedouin Arabs use when riding their camels, and which I always carried with me. As he wore a thick turban, I did not believe that the blow would have had much effect, and I was surprised to see the blood streaming down his face. His followers drew their arms, and an affray which might have ended seriously was about to occur, when the two Albanians to whom I had given a passage, and who were better armed, rushed to my protection. In the meanwhile, seeing that the Cadi's attendants were preparing to use their swords and pistols, I had jumped from the poop into the centre of the boat, and had seized him by the throat, threatening to throw him into the river, if they ventured to attack me. This menace and the interference of the Albanians and of my workmen, who were, however, unarmed, checked them, and I kept my hold upon the Cadi until we had reached the opposite bank. Then we all landed.

The Cadi, with the blood still on his face, proceeded at once to the town, which was at a short distance from the landing-place, and rushed through the bazaars and streets, exclaiming that he had been assaulted and beaten by a *Giaour*—an Infidel—and that the Prophet and his faith had been insulted, in the person of the head of the

Mussulman religion and law. His bloody face and his appeals to the Mohammedans caused great commotion; and an outbreak on their part, in which the Christians might have been ill-treated, and even massacred, was apprehended.

As I anticipated that the Cadi would endeavour to stir up the Mussulman population of the town against me, I proceeded, immediately after landing, to the *serai* or residence of the Pasha of the town, and related to him what had occurred. I then called upon him to take sufficient precautions for my safety, and warned him that he would be held responsible by the British Government, and by the Ambassador at Constantinople, for anything that might happen to me.

Fortunately the Pasha had a feud with the Cadi, who was a notorious fanatic, and was constantly engaged in inciting the inhabitants of Mosul against the Turkish authorities—making himself the leader of the opposition against the reforms which the Porte was seeking to introduce into the administration of the Province. He was not, therefore, disposed to take that worthy's part, but denounced him as an ill-conditioned fellow in no very complimentary terms, and declared that he had been rightly punished for the insult of which he had been guilty, not only to myself—the Sultan's guest—but to all His Majesty's Christian subjects who, by the *Tanzimat*, or Turkish Constitution, were now placed on a perfect equality with their Mohammedan fellow-citizens. He then summoned the chief of the police, and gave directions that measures should be at once taken to prevent any demonstration against me on the part of the Mussulman inhabitants of the town, and for my protection in the event of an outbreak. He begged me, however, not to return for the present to my house, but to remain in the *serai*, where he offered me a room until the excite-

ment, which my castigation of the Cadi had caused, had subsided.

I refused to comply with his request, and, mounting my horse, passed through the gate, and rode through the streets to my house—followed by the two Albanian irregulars, who seemed determined to stick to me, and to see me safely through the affair. Although I observed angry and menacing looks on the part of some of the Mussulmans I met on my way, no attempt was made to molest me. As soon as I had reached my residence, I informed Mr Rassam, the Vice-Consul, of what had taken place. He lost no time in seeing the Pasha himself, and in urging upon him the importance of taking effective and immediate steps for my protection and for that of the Christians in general.

I continued, notwithstanding the excitement which the affair had caused amongst the Mussulman population, to pursue my usual habits—riding every day through the streets, and crossing the Tigris to the mound of Kouyunjik to superintend the excavations. The military and police measures, which the Pasha had taken to prevent any attack upon me, had proved effective; but a fanatical party, under the influence and direction of the Cadi, were secretly devising plots against me, which might have ended in my assassination. Of these plots I got information in a curious way, and was thus able to denounce their authors to the Pasha, who arrested and imprisoned some of those principally concerned in them. I had, by a singular chance, made the acquaintance of the daughter of the Cadi himself, who came frequently to see me, notwithstanding the great risk she ran. As she knew all that was passing in her father's house, she kept me fully informed of what was going on against me.

My life was, I believe, for some time in danger, so much so that Rawlinson, at the suggestion of the Pasha

of Baghdad, ordered me to leave Mosul and to live with him until the matter had blown over. But I declined to do so, thinking it in every respect advisable for my future security to face the consequences of my act, and not to show any misgivings as to the power of the Turkish authorities to protect me. I, therefore, made no change in my usual habits, and as the Cadi was, on account of his arbitrary conduct and his notoriously corrupt character, very unpopular in the town, his denunciation of me had but little effect, and was soon forgotten.

A complaint was, I believe, addressed by the Porte to Sir Stratford Canning against me, but he took no notice of it. As he was, of course, unable to approve officially of what I had done, he directed Alison to tell me privately, that, although he considered that the Cadi had deserved the punishment I had inflicted upon him for insulting me and my faith, he hoped that I would be more cautious in future in not exposing myself to the fanaticism of the Mohammedans amongst whom I was living.

To Mrs Austen.

MOSUL, 27th July 1846.

. . . . I am happy to say that I have just packed up and embarked for Busrah, on their way to England, twelve cases of antiquities from Nimroud. I have been about twenty days occupied in effecting this, continually exposed to the most powerful sun, and to all the annoyance which the most intense stupidity and obstinacy could inflict. Remember that I have had to move immense blocks, some nearly 9 feet square and 1 foot thick, of the most fragile material covered with delicate sculpture; without even a rope capable of sustaining an ordinary weight, and without any machinery, and you may form some idea of the trouble I have had. These blocks have been sawn in various directions to reduce them to a transportable size,

and have been removed to the river in carts which in England would scarcely be used for carrying a load of hay. I am happy to say that I have succeeded in sending them all off without the smallest accident; but I felt so completely exhausted after the termination of my labour that I am now spending a few days in Mosul to pick up a little. . . .

As I advance further into the mound, the sculptures become more perfect in preservation, and superior in execution to those in the chambers on the edge of the building. I have another chamber opened, and God knows when the ramification of rooms and passages will stop. The discovery is already beginning to make a noise in Europe, and every post brings me letters from people wanting information and offering (scientific) assistance. I only hope that as much interest will be excited in England as on the Continent, and that the Government will not be able to back out of the matter. Mr Powers, the sculptor, has been kind enough to send me the fullest instructions for taking moulds and then casting. He did this very kindly without any application from me. I find my *papier mâché* moulds so good that I shall adopt them as soon as I get to work. I have not yet seen any of the plaster casts taken from them, but Rawlinson, to whom I sent one or two of the moulds to make the experiment, writes me that they succeed admirably.

The weather is so hot that for the next month I must give up hard work. The Arabs can hardly stand the digging, though accustomed to the climate, and I am compelled to release them for three hours during the middle of the day. It is no joke, I can assure you, to draw with the thermometer at 115, and even 117, in the shade. At Mosul I take refuge in the cellar, and have enough to occupy me during the day. I generally hunt every morning, leaving the town two hours before daybreak, and never return without a wild boar or two. I had a most desperate encounter two days ago, in which Mr Ross, my only fellow-countryman here, got very nearly "settled." His horse threw him upon being gored, and the boar, a most ferocious animal, was rushing upon him when stunned on the ground. I had but time to place myself between them, and received the animal upon my spear, which unfortunately struck him between the eyes and glanced off. He caught me on the sole of my boot, and then ripped my horse in the belly. He recovered himself and made a second charge, and

although my spear entered above a foot into his shoulder, he succeeded in shaking it out and goring my horse a second time. He then "took up a position," charging furiously whenever I approached. We faced each other in this way for about half-an-hour, when at length he made a desperate plunge at me, leaping several feet from the ground. My horse, notwithstanding his wounds, stood admirably, and I received him upon my spear, which passed completely through his neck and laid him dead at my feet. This was the most desperate affray I have ever had in this country with the pigs. . . . I find that the exercise and excitement keep me in good health.

At Nimroud I have enough to do with my excavations. In the evening I receive the Arabs and others of the neighbourhood, hear complaints, and dispense justice ; for, you must know, I have a kind of Cadi's power down there. My judgments are never appealed against, and are generally executed with great promptitude and alacrity. I am sorry to say that the chief litigation arises from quarrels connected with the fair sex, who appear in the semi-civilised state to be the great fomenters of dissensions, and the principal source of violence and wrong. Cases of abduction occur very frequently, and it is a melancholy fact that scarcely a day passes without a Helen and Paris case. I visit such cases of misconduct with appropriate severity, and have raised the value of a respectable female to twenty sheep, which has produced a good effect, and placed a decided check on these *enlèvements*. It is curious to see a Christian thus appealed to ; however, they find it cheaper, as they have neither to give a bribe or pay fees, which they would have to do, did they go to their own authorities.

Things are going on far better than they were. In the place of the old Pasha with the one eye and one ear, described to you in a former letter, we have now a very venerable old gentleman, actuated by the best intentions, benevolent, and anxious to do all in his power to increase the happiness and prosperity of the people. Unfortunately, he has no money, and the Treasury of the Pashalik is an empty box. He paid me a visit some days ago at Nimroud, and although I have a great respect for him, I wished him at the —, for, with his attendants and hangers-on—about two hundred in all—he completely devoured the provisions intended for six months' consumption, and which an excess of frugality and economy had led me to lay up.

*To Mrs Austen.*MOSUL, 5th October 1846.

I received your long and kind letter of the 23rd July on my return from a short trip to the Nestorian Mountains. When I last wrote to you, I mentioned, I think, being on the point of starting for the Sinjar Hills. I was compelled to change my plans at the moment of starting, on account of a sudden incursion of the Aneyza Arabs, who had taken possession of the roads. . . .

I am glad you liked the sketch of the lion ; I wish I had time to send you tracings from other drawings I have made, the subjects of which would probably interest you more, and give you a better idea of the state of the Arts among the Assyrians. But my hands, at this moment, are so full that I despair of being able to do so. I wished particularly to trace a lion hunt for you (the bas-relief is among those already sent to England), which is a most remarkable production. It proves that the Assyrians, even at this remote period, had acquired sufficient knowledge of and taste for the fine arts to make them no longer subservient to the mere representation of events, but to aim at composition. Of this essential feature in what may properly be termed the fine arts, the Egyptians appear to have been entirely ignorant. The Greeks were acquainted with it only at a comparatively recent period. Even Polygnotus of Thasos, the contemporary of Phidias, appears to have treated his subjects in painting, by beginning at one end of the canvas and finishing at the other. I compare the Assyrian sculpture with painting, as they comprised both branches, and it appears highly probable that the sculptured reliefs were merely subservient to the colour laid upon them. I think the Nimroud bas-reliefs will furnish new ideas on the history of the Arts, and throw great light upon that interesting subject. . . .

I enjoyed my trip into the Nestorian Mountains greatly. I am the first traveller who has visited the mountains since the massacre.¹ I was also able to reach the independent tribes who escaped the attack of the Kurds. . . . I found

¹ In 1843, Beder Khan Bey invaded the Tiyari district and massacred, it is said, some 10,000 of the inhabitants professing the Nestorian faith. He also carried off many captives, a large number of whom were afterwards released by the intervention of Sir Stratford Canning.—ED.

the unfortunate Nestorians preparing for a second massacre, as the Kurds had again entered into a powerful combination against them. I trust, however, that I have been able to save them from the impending danger.¹ The slaughter on the last occasion must have been immense. In one spot I saw the bones of about 800 persons, men, women and children (the Nestorians say 2000) still exposed, heaped up with the tresses of women, ragged garments and old shoes. The villages are deserted, the houses in ruins, and fine old trees level with the ground. In the districts which escaped the massacre the scene is very different; the valleys are crowded with smiling villages; every spot of ground capable of cultivation is covered with verdure. The scenery is in many parts magnificent—reminding me strongly of Switzerland. I was most hospitably received, and returned to Mosul with regret.

There is a simplicity in the religious observances of the Nestorians which offers a remarkable contrast to the superstitions and ridiculous ceremonies of the Roman Catholic and other sects of the East. They truly deserve in this respect the name of Protestants of the East, and I regret that they have not created more interest in England, and that more has not been done for them. Unfortunately, their most ancient books, with the entire library of the Patriarch, were destroyed by the Kurds in the late attack; and I could find no MS. of interest amongst them.

I am going to start in an hour for Sheikh Adi, the great temple of the Yezidis, or devil-worshippers. This is the time of their annual festival, and I am very desirous of witnessing their religious rites, which are completely unknown to Europeans. . . .

I have this moment returned from Sheikh Adi; but as I have brought the ague with me, and am shivering away to my heart's content, you must excuse my bringing my letter to an abrupt close. Had I caught twenty agues, with a typhus to boot, I would not have considered my visit to the devil-worshippers' festival dearly bought. I never witnessed a more curious or interesting sight. About 6000 persons were assembled in the wild-wooded valleys of Sheikh Adi; under every tree was a family. The ceremonies, particularly at night, were exceedingly impressive and dramatic, and have no doubt given rise to all those absurd stories which have been invented by the

¹ This proved a vain hope.—ED.



F. C. Cooper
1852

INTERIOR OF A VEZIDI HOUSE.

[To face p. 176.]

Mussulmans and Christians of the East, and have destroyed the good name of the poor Yezidis. I saw everything except the adoration of the King-Peacock, which is Satan himself; to this ceremony only the initiated are admitted. I never received more kindness than from these poor people, and there was so much good-humour and quiet enjoyment everywhere displayed, that I feel very much inclined to turn devil-worshipper myself.¹

To his Mother.

NIMROUD, 22nd March 1847.

. . . . You need not be vexed about my affairs with people at home.² I think I shall be able to do as much as I wish, and fully as much as, if not more than, the Trustees of the British Museum can reasonably expect. The last post has brought, in some respects, more satisfactory communications from England, and, on the whole, I think I ought to be content with what I have got, and endeavour to finish my work as soon as possible.

Everything is going on prosperously here, and I have fully enough to occupy the time, and to employ the money which I have at my disposal. I have just moved one of my great winged bulls to the river, and he is now ready to be embarked. The worst part of this business is consequently over, and I rejoice that I have succeeded in my attempt with the small means at my disposal, while the French bull is still sticking half-way between the river and Khorsabad, although such large outlays were made in the endeavour to get it to the Tigris.

The block of Mosul marble on which the animal is sculptured is about 10 feet square. My chief difficulty was to remove the large mass from its position, and lower it on the rollers of wood which I had prepared to receive it. I had procured cables from Baghdad, and ropes from Aleppo. These were passed round the bull, and round masses of earth about 20 feet square. I then dug under the bull, and placed props to support it. When I

¹ A full account of the tour among the Nestorians and of the Yezidi Festival will be found in "Nineveh and its Remains," chapters vi. vii. viii. (Ed., 89).—ED.

² This refers to his dissatisfaction with the terms upon which the Trustees of the British Museum had offered assistance.—ED.

had everything ready, the props were withdrawn, and the bull went over. He descended pretty well to within about 5 feet of the rollers, when all my cables and ropes went with a smash. However, I had taken precautions in case of such an accident, and although I was somewhat nervous as to the result, he descended safely upon the place made to receive him. I had previously dug a road from the place where the bull stood to the edge of the mound, and constructed a kind of railroad of wood upon which ran rollers. In a day we managed to get him to the foot of the mound. I then placed him on a cart, which I had constructed for the purpose, and my Arabs and Nestorians dragged him to the river with ropes. We had one or two sticks by the way, the wheels sinking above the axles in the soft earth and sand, but in a few hours we reached the river; the Arabs singing their war-songs, and the women accompanying the procession, making what they called the *Haleyil*, the Haluliyel of the Bible, to encourage the men. About 130 men thus dragged the cart without much difficulty. We had a grand feast afterwards, three cows being slain on the occasion, and the men and women made merry until morning.

I have removed the bull so well, that I shall now set to work at a lion, and endeavour to send a pair to England. The only difficulty is the embarkation on a vessel, but I think that that can be accomplished with proper care. Altogether, I shall be able to send between 70 and 80 bas-reliefs to England. I shall have above 200, perhaps 250, finished drawings, and a large collection of inscriptions.

I left Mosul on the 24th June, and travelled by easy stages to Samsoun, where I embarked for Constantinople. I followed the same track that I had taken on my journey to Mosul in 1845—which was then the post-road between Baghdad and the capital. I was accompanied on part of my journey by my excellent friend, the Nawab Ekbal-ed-Dowleh — an ex-King of Oudh—the most cheerful and entertaining of companions. Mr Hormuzd Rassam, my faithful and invaluable friend and assistant during the excavations at Nimroud, was also with me. I had proposed to his brother, the Vice-Consul,



YEZIDI DANCE.

[To face p. 178.]

to take him with me to England, where he could improve his knowledge of the English language and obtain an English education. Although the country through which we passed was in a very insecure state in consequence of the rebellion of the great Kurdish chief Beder Khan Bey, against whom the Porte had sent a large force, we met with no adventures on the way. But we had to take a strong escort of *Bashi-bazouks*, or irregular troops, during every stage until we reached Tokat, and found ourselves in a part of Asia Minor where the authority of the Turkish Government was fully established. I had also with me the *Bairakdar*, who had been converted into a *cawass*, and upon whose courage and devotion I had the fullest reliance.

As the heat was intense, it being now the middle of summer, we had to travel by night until we reached the mountains and high lands of Asia Minor. I remember that, whilst still in the plains of Assyria, I had left my caravan, and, with the *Bairakdar* and one or two horsemen, made a short cut to a village in which we were to pass the following day, and which it would take many hours for the rest of my party, with their heavily laden mules, to reach. There was some danger in following the track I had taken, which greatly shortened the journey, in consequence of the Arab marauders who were infesting the low country, but who did not venture into the hills, over the spurs of which the ordinary road was led. But as the night was very dark we hoped to escape them. We had ridden for some hours when suddenly I heard a great noise of horses, and a clatter of what appeared to be pots and pans, at some distance in front of me. I put spurs to my horse, and soon reached a flying crowd of horsemen, baggage, mules, and men on foot. They proved to be a Turk on his way to a government to which he had been appointed, and his attendants. Hear-

ing us approach, and taking us for a party of Bedouins out on a plundering expedition, they had turned and were endeavouring to make their escape as fast as their animals could carry them to the hills. The clatter I had heard was from the cooking utensils and the various metal vessels which a Turk usually takes with him when on his travels. The mules which carried them had taken fright, and were galloping over the plain. It was some time before the confusion which we had caused came to an end, and the flying beasts were recaptured. After smoking a pipe together and laughing over the adventure, the Governor and I continued our respective journeys.

I arrived at Constantinople on the 31st July. Sir Stratford Canning had been for some time in England, and Mr Wellesley, who had now succeeded, on the death of his father, to the title of Lord Cowley, was in charge of the affairs of the Embassy with the rank and title of Minister. He received me with the greatest kindness, and invited me to take up my residence with him at Therapia. I learnt on my arrival that Lord Palmerston—who had replaced Lord Aberdeen as Minister for Foreign Affairs—had at once acceded to Sir Stratford's request that I should be officially attached to the Embassy, and that it was in contemplation to appoint me a member of the joint English and Russian Commission, with Captain (afterwards Sir Fenwick) Williams, for settling the boundaries between Turkey and Persia, according to the terms of a treaty recently concluded between those two Powers.

I was very anxious to go to England without delay. I had brought with me a large collection of drawings which I had made of the sculptures and other objects I had discovered in Assyria, and of cuneiform inscriptions which I had copied. I was desirous of publishing, or of otherwise making known to the public, these results of

my explorations—and indeed I considered that, after the grant of public money upon which they were carried on, it was my duty to do so. But, as I considered myself officially connected with the Embassy, I would not absent myself from my post without obtaining formal leave to do so from the Foreign Office. I accordingly applied for that leave, and wrote on the subject to Sir Stratford Canning. But he was evidently unwilling that I should return to England, and I received no answer to my application. He probably desired that, as he was about to return to Constantinople in order to complete the negotiations which were in process for the settlement of the Turco-Persian question, I should be on the spot to assist him.

However that may have been, I was kept lingering on at Constantinople, uncertain as to my position, and with a mind as ill at ease as when I was there in a similar state of uncertainty before my expedition to Assyria. In the month of September I accompanied the Cowleys and some members of the Embassy on an excursion in Asia Minor. We landed from an English gunboat at Nicomedia, and rode through a very picturesque and well-wooded country to Niciea, or Isnik. There we encamped on the borders of the lake, attracted by the extreme beauty of the scenery, and unmindful of the malaria which notoriously prevailed in the locality. The result was that most of the party on their return to Constantinople suffered from intermittent fever. I was amongst the victims, and my attack was so severe that the physician of the Embassy who attended me insisted that I should leave the country without delay and return to England, or he would not answer for my life. As he gave me a certificate to that effect, I did not hesitate, with Lord Cowley's approval, to follow his advice; and at the end of October I embarked on board a French

steamer for Malta, where I had to perform seven days' quarantine.

Wishing to revisit the scenes of my childhood, I took a steamer to Naples, and thence to Civita Vecchia, spent a day or two at Rome, where I had an opportunity of showing my drawings of the monuments of Nineveh, and describing my discoveries to Visconti and other of the leading archæologists, and then went by the post-carriage to Florence. There I found many old friends of my father and mother, Italian and English, still living, who warmly welcomed me. I passed three days with them, and then drove to the mines of Montecatini, near Volterra, of which Mr Sloane, who had been intimate with my family and had known me when I was a boy, was principal proprietor.

To Mrs Austen.

LEGHORN, 10th December 1847.

I had promised to write to you before leaving Malta, and here I am at Leghorn without having sent you a line! My misfortunes must be my excuse. Since leaving Constantinople, I have scarcely been a day, except during my short stay at Florence, without fever. . . . You may easily imagine that my journey has proved anything but a pleasant one. At Naples I found Lord Napier¹ in charge, and he kindly made up all manner of pleasant and interesting parties for me, none of which I was able to enjoy. Here also I found Lord Eastnor, and under his guidance managed to crawl to Pompeii and Cumæ during short intervals in my fever; but the few days I spent in Naples were chiefly passed in bed. I had hoped for better things in Rome, and well-provided with letters for Lord Minto,²

¹ Francis, tenth Lord Napier, K.T. (1819-98) cr. Lord Ettrick. A distinguished diplomatist, Governor of Madras, and Acting Viceroy of India after Lord Mayo's assassination.

² Gilbert, second Earl Minto, G.C.B. (1782-1859), Lord Privy Seal in Lord John Russell's Cabinet of 1846, and at this time executing a special political Mission in Italy.

had made up my mind to see the Pope,¹ one of the great objects of my curiosity. But here, too, I had a very severe attack, and was too weak and unwell even to call upon his Lordship. The Paynes were most kind, and by their assistance I was able, when not under actual fever, to visit things most worthy to be seen, and which I had particularly set my mind upon seeing. They were also good enough to collect together the persons most interesting to me; Campana, Visconti, Gibson,² Piccolomini, and I was able to gather some information from them. Since leaving Rome I have been better, and am picking up strength. . . .

But enough of my ills! You will like to hear something about Italy. I find that I have still sufficient recollection even of Florence to compare its present state with its former. Great changes have taken, and are taking, place. At this moment the Italians are but little removed from downright craziness. Where all this is to stop, it is difficult to foresee. In Tuscany and the dominions of the Pope nearly every change asked for or desired by the people has been made. This success has led to the most extravagant hopes—particularly amongst a certain class, the lawyers and “*hommes de lettres*.” Nothing short of a general confederation of the Italian States appears to be their aim. These views are extending to the lower classes in the great cities; in Florence there is not a coffee-house keeper who has not taken down his good old sign, and substituted the “*Fratellanza Italiana*,” or the “*Italiani Uniti*,” or something of the kind. Every one is mad for the Civic Guard, and endless uniforms strut up and down the street. I am much inclined to think that all this, except amongst a certain class, is a mere amusement, good for the moment as the Carnival in its season, and that few really know what they want, or could appreciate much that they require. However, one thing is certain, that both the Tuscan and Papal Governments have placed themselves in very critical positions by consenting to the organisation of a National Guard. The whole country is now armed, and will shortly be disciplined, and there is nothing to oppose these national forces. In fact, the people will shortly be able to dictate what terms they like, if they are

¹ Pio Nono.

² John Gibson (1790-1866), the Sculptor, went to Rome in 1817, studied under both Canova and Thorwaldsen, and made it his home for many years.

really seriously disposed to enter into the views of the few who are now endeavouring to form and lead public opinion.

All this may lead to a great deal of good or a great deal of mischief. As a sincere lover of Italy, I hope for the good ; but I confess that the issue appears to me very doubtful. There is something wanting in the Italian character, as formed by the present system of education, and, of course, by a long period of misgovernment ; and as yet one hears of no serious, sober man competent to form and control public opinion. In Naples things are going on very ill, and there is every probability of disorder and bloodshed, unless the king follows the example of his neighbours and gives in.

I embarked at Leghorn for Marseilles, and continued my journey without stopping to Paris. There was then no railway between those cities, and I was confined for four days and three nights in the *coupé* of a diligence.

At Paris I met my good friend M. Botta, who welcomed me most heartily, and without any feeling of jealousy or rivalry introduced me to his friends, and brought my discoveries, as much as possible, to the notice of the French public. I was introduced through him to the leading members of the French Institute, who gave me a special sitting in order that I might describe and explain to them the result of my explorations in the Assyrian ruins. I then made the acquaintance of Baron Humboldt, who was present at the *séance*, and who showed the liveliest interest in my discoveries. My acquaintance with the French language enabled me to make an hour's discourse before this critical assembly, and to acquit myself of the somewhat difficult task sufficiently well.

To Mrs Austen.

PARIS, 19th December 1847.

. . . . My short residence here has been very agreeable. I discovered Botta immediately ; he received me with more kindness than I could have expected, even from him, and

rushed off to the Institute to announce my arrival. The consequence was an invitation to attend the sitting of the "Académie d'Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," on the following Friday—an invitation that I willingly accepted, as I am as anxious to obtain information as I am willing to communicate the little I know. I called during the day on Burnouf, Mohl, and others well known in Asiatic literature, and was received by all most cordially. I also found my old Turin friend, Bonafons; very old, but as ardent and enthusiastic as ever, and engaged on a costly work concerning various branches of agriculture. On the following day I was confined to my bed by fever; on Friday I left my bed to attend the sitting of the Académie.

The meeting was opened by an old lawyer, too well known, it appears, to the Institute; hair white, ears well stuffed with cotton, too toothless to be intelligible. He had written, and was to read, a paper on the origin of Parliaments and "Etats Généraux" (perhaps something on their use would have been more helpful to his countrymen), but when, after an hour's preliminary discussion, he proceeded to divide his subject into five parts, with each of which the Académie was to be entertained in detail, the patience of that learned body became exhausted, and there was so strong a demonstration in favour of the opposition—the Nimroud antiquities—that the President was obliged to bring up the indignant lawyer in the middle of his course. I was still suffering from my attack of fever, and those who have had the advantage of experience in these matters know that one of the results of fever is a considerable excitement of the brain, consequent audacity, and no small additional loquacity, only controlled by physical debility. Consequently, when placed in the middle of this rather formidable assembly, I contrived to make them, without nervousness, a moderately lengthy speech, probably in very bad French, but to all appearances perfectly intelligible. The drawings, of which I took only a small selection, created general surprise; particularly those which have reference to the mythology of the Assyrians—a subject untouched by the Khorsabad monument. On one side, M. Lagard, in ecstasies, convinced me by frequent, as I thought at the time very unnecessary, digs in the ribs, that I had established fully to his satisfaction theories which, in spite of the sneers of the learned, he had been building up for nearly half a century. On the

other, M. Raoul Rochette looked serious and perplexed, and was apparently not much gratified by the look of triumph with which M. Lagard asked him what had now become of his speculations on the origin of Greek Art. From all sides poured questions and compliments, from MM. Letronne, Mohl, Lenormand, etc. From opposite, old Humboldt, with all the quiet blandness of a German philosopher, endeavoured, but in vain, to put a question. What German could be heard amongst fifty Frenchmen? It was equally in vain that I endeavoured to isolate myself in imagination from the mass to catch the words, real golden words, of M. Burnouf, who never says anything not worth hearing. Equally in vain the President agitated himself and his small bell to restore order, but his indignation fell harmlessly on the backs, for he could see nothing else, of the learned. All this was very gratifying, and, had I not remembered that I was on the banks of the Seine, I might have left the Académie very well satisfied with myself, and fully convinced that I had bestowed upon some fifty most intelligent Frenchmen the happiest day of their lives! However, the substantial and, to be serious, the most influential members of the Académie were kind enough to propose that an Extraordinary meeting should be held on the following day for the further discussion and examination of the drawings, and informed me that it was their intention to propose me as a Corresponding Member of the Institute (an honour, I believe, much coveted in Europe) on the next vacancy. In fact, if the results of the Nimroud excavations create half as favourable an impression in London as they have done in Paris, I may hope that something may be done towards publishing them.

I had fully expected that the mythological part of the drawings would be a subject of astonishment here, as this subject is so new, gives rise to so many new ideas, destroys so many old ones, and resolves so many long-disputed questions. M. Lenormand remarked to the Académie that hereafter no one could venture to enter upon the subject of Greek Art or Mythology without being thoroughly acquainted with the details of Nimroud.

M. Burnouf and others were very desirous that I should see the King, and proposed to arrange the matter, but, as His Majesty does not return to Paris until to-morrow, I was glad to avail myself of the excuse of immediate departure, and to sacrifice His Majesty to a Christmas dinner in England.

On Saturday there was another meeting of the Académie which I was obliged, of course, to attend, and which occupied the greater part of the day. I have consequently been unable to see any of the political folk—de Tocqueville, Michelet, etc., for whom I had letters, and with whom I had wished to have a little talk. I have just called on M. de Tocqueville, and find him a very agreeable and communicative person. From all I see and hear, the country does not appear to be in a very happy condition. Discontent is general, and every one speaks with contempt of the King; and this strong feeling against the Royal Family prevails even in the Army and Navy. I have heard officers of the latter at a public table speak in the most offensive terms of His Majesty. All this, it is to be feared, can lead to no good. A change in every department does certainly appear to be wanted. In the Government there appears to be actual retrogradation; in that which strikes the eye, but little improvement. There is some change for the better in roads, public conveyances, etc., but that is little, and not up to the day. In taste, in most departments of literature, in art, no improvement; everything daily getting worse. But what can one expect when such men as Dumas are recognised by the Government as the heads of French literature, and receive money and employment.

I have seen the "Salle de Ninévé," and, with the exception of four very fine specimens, it contains scarcely anything worth notice. The bulls, which were divided into eight pieces each to be transported, have been admirably united. They are considerably larger than those I have sent. People here were very much inclined to dispute the superior antiquity of Nimroud, and advanced many arguments in proof of that of Khorsabad; but I showed the Académie, or rather made them prove themselves, that they were greatly in error on the subject. . . . The strongest desire is expressed here that both the drawings and the inscriptions should be published as soon as possible. I confess that I cannot see how they are to be, and so told Burnouf and his colleagues. Burnouf was kind enough to propose at once that I should avail myself of the types, and most beautiful types they are, which have been made for Botta's work. However, without having first seen the Museum people, I can say nothing on these subjects.

I remember walking one evening in the Palais Royal with Botta and some of his friends—who were in public offices and engaged in the politics of the day—after dining with them at one of the principal restaurants. They described to me in vivid terms the unsatisfactory condition of France, and the general discontent and mistrust which prevailed, and expressed their conviction that a crisis was impending which would end in the fall of the reigning dynasty, and lead through anarchy and bloodshed to a Republic. Their forebodings were justified by the events which occurred a few months afterwards.

I arrived in London on the 22nd December, after being absent from England for nearly eight and a half years.

[Layard spent the greater part of the year 1848 in England, preparing his well-known book, "Nineveh and its Remains," and recruiting his health, which had suffered considerably from the strain he had put upon it during his eight years' absence. He met with a most flattering reception in Society and from the learned, and, amongst other marks of honour, received the honorary D.C.L. Degree from the University of Oxford.

The following letter, which gives a glimpse of him during this period, is one of many addressed to Mr Henry Ross, with whom he had begun in the East a lifelong friendship. Mr Ross was then staying at Mosul, and had taken charge of the excavations at Nimroud.]

To Henry Ross, Esq.

CANFORD,¹ 7th March 1848.

. . . . Pray order the sculptures at Nimroud to be covered in. The Museum people are very desirous that what remains should be preserved. I think I mentioned in my last letter that they wished to continue the excava-

¹ The seat of Sir John and Lady Charlotte Guest.

tions, though not to spend more than £10 a month at present. . . . The state of the finances, and the events occurring on the Continent,¹ have driven Nineveh and all other antiquities out of people's heads. The recommendation of the Trustees that £4000 should be given by Government for the publication of my drawings, which would have been attended to at any other period, has been rejected, and I am inclined to think that nothing will be done. I am now trying to see what may be done in the way of subscriptions and personal sacrifices, but my stay in England is so limited that I do not expect I shall be able to settle anything.

You have, of course, heard of all the wonderful occurrences in France. Every one is anxious as to the result; and the general opinion seems to be that the Republic will, in the end, involve all Europe in a war. The main point seems to be, whether the Provisional Government will succeed in settling any Executive sufficiently powerful and firm to keep the lower classes in subjection; and whether, to maintain themselves by diverting public attention, they will not be compelled to gratify the warlike propensities of the French. Hitherto a good feeling has been shown towards England, and there appears to be a general wish to keep on a friendly footing with all Europe; but God knows how long this will last! I was quite prepared for the Revolution which has taken place, by what I heard when at Paris, and announced it in England, but no one would believe me. It is to be hoped that public morality will improve, or else little can be hoped for in France.

I have been spending a few days with my relations in different parts of England, and am now with Lady Charlotte Guest,² at Canford, a fine old mansion in Dorsetshire. These comfortable places, and the pleasure of English country life, spoil one for the adventures and privations of the East. I find a great improvement in the upper classes; much more information, liberality of opinion, and kindness towards those beneath them. I think that, on the whole, things in England are much better than could be expected.

¹ The Year of Revolutions.

² Lady Charlotte Bertie, daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey, married, first, Sir John Guest, M.P., and secondly, Mr Charles Schreiber, M.P. She was related to Sir H. Layard (see vol. i. p. 8) who, in 1869, married one of her daughters.

[In December 1848, Layard returned to the Embassy at Constantinople as an unpaid attaché, but in the following April Lord Palmerston promoted him to a paid post, expressing at the same time a desire that he should return to Nimroud, and placing his services at the disposal of the Trustees of the British Museum. The Trustees at once requested him to resume his excavations as soon as possible ; but, mainly on account of his loyal wish to be useful to Sir Stratford Canning, his departure from Constantinople was delayed till the end of August, when he once more made the toilsome journey to Mosul, travelling this time by Trebizond, Erzeroum and Bitlis. He was accompanied on this occasion by the late Dr Humphrey Sandwith, Mr Cooper, an Artist, who was to assist him by making drawings of the excavated sculpture, and Mr Hormuzd Rassam, brother of the British Vice-Consul at Mosul, who had visited England with Layard, and, after taking a most active part in the subsequent work of excavation, returned to this country where he still lives. The story of this second expedition has been fully related by Layard in "Nineveh and Babylon" (1853).

The following letter is addressed to Mr Mitford, in whose company he had made his first journey to the East. Mr Mitford was at this time residing in Ceylon.]

MOSUL, 22nd March 1850.

MY DEAR MITFORD,—I do not wonder that you have made up your mind that I have forgotten you, especially when your letters make the grand circumnavigation before they enable me to answer them. I have only just received yours of the 7th July of last year—which has been I know not where. However, although late in arriving, it has afforded me great pleasure, in the first place, as the sermons say, because it assures me that you have not forgotten me, in the second, because it gives so gratifying a picture of your own health and domestic felicity, and in the third, such excellent accounts of your advancement and rank, all most

pleasing intelligence to an old friend. I must certainly apologise for not having sent you a copy of the book in red,¹ but I have behaved equally shabbily to most of my friends. The reason whereof is that I left England before the work was published, and have since then been wandering about without any power over my adventurous volumes. If you have by chance seen a copy, you will perceive that I have alluded to you, though not by name, in the opening. I did so through delicacy, not knowing whether you would much like to be introduced to the public more formally, and not having time to write to you for permission; but, if you will let me know your wish, I will take care (and it will give me great pleasure) to record in print who my enthusiastic fellow-traveller really was—whether a Mr Harris or no—a question which, since my unexpected notoriety, I have frequently been asked. I had very little idea of publishing when I returned to Europe after my Nineveh explorations, but my friends pressed the thing so much, the Trustees adding their request, and Murray was so kind, that I *volens volens* felt bound to rush into print. I can assure you that I did so tremblingly, and had very great doubts indeed as to my probable success. But the time was favourable, the subject interested all parties, and there were no books in the market owing to the state of political matters at the time—three very material elements in success. In every way the most sanguine expectations of my friends (I will not say my own, for I had none) have been surpassed. Of notoriety I have plenty, and the very liberal arrangement of my publishers* has enabled me to realise a *very handsome* sum. Nearly 8000 copies were sold in the year—a new edition is in the press, and Murray anticipates a continual steady demand for the book, which will place it side by side with Mrs Rundell's Cookery, and make it property. In the meantime Rawlinson is in England, propounding theories, and delighting and astonishing numerous audiences with his versions of the inscriptions, and his novel views on the ancient world in general. The correctness of which time and further discoveries must test. The British Museum, elated at the success of the first expedition and delighted at the crammed houses which the new entertainment brought them, determined upon producing something new; and, well imbued with the economical spirit of the times, determined to do the thing as cheaply as possible. So

¹ "Nineveh and its Remains."

they have sent me back with a ridiculously miserable grant to satisfy the exalted hopes and demands of the British public. The consequence is, that I am terribly crippled, and without my own resources could really do nothing at all. I left England in November of '48, remained a few months at my post in Constantinople, and started for this in August last. I have since been very busy excavating, have made some important discoveries, and have added as much as I could reasonably expect to our knowledge of the Ancient Assyrians. I am now starting on an exploratory expedition to the Desert and the Khabour, where I hear of many ruins, and I hope to succeed in examining them. I have now an Artist and an M.D. with me, so that the party is more complete than it formerly was. The season of the year is delightful, and we shall, on the whole, have a very pleasant journey. I shall probably visit our old friends at Al Hadhar, though there is nothing sufficiently ancient there for me. I look at nothing which did not come under the immediate cognisance of Noah or his sons. Your old friend Rassam is still flourishing, a very portly influential Vice-Consul. He has really done great good here, and is a hospitable good-natured creature. His wife is with him. I hope you will meet my brother; I hear very good reports of him from all sides, and you know there is nothing in a name. I hope you will allow me to send my kindest regards to your wife and such of your descendants as are capable of receiving them.

[Layard remained in Mesopotamia till April 1851. His expedition was fruitful in archæological discoveries and personal adventures, which are fully told in his book. It bears abundant witness to the old indomitable energy and endurance, and to the sympathetic understanding of the native mind, which brought him safely and successfully through so many trials. In the words of Mr Hormuzd Rassam: "He was an extraordinary friend, sincere and true. He hated humbug and underhand intrigues; he had a knack of being kind, yet firm, and the wildest of the people with whom we came in contact looked on him with great respect and affection." The same impression is given by the following extract from a letter written by an English

traveller, who also had been an eye-witness of his labours.

Christmas Day, 1849.

We arrived in Mosul the next day, and were most kindly received by H.B.M. Vice-Consul-General Mr Rassam, in whose house we stopped during our stay in Mosul. We met here Mr Layard, whose name is so well known to you, and whose wonderful discoveries have caused such a sensation in the literary world. He has been exceedingly kind to us, and we are now staying with him at Nimroud, where he is still carrying on excavations, the results of which are more astonishing than those that are known about. People in England little know the difficulties he has to overcome, the presence of mind he has to have, and the immense tact and knowledge of the people it requires to manage tribes so jealous of one another as those he has to deal with. He requires no small nerve to be able to settle their differences in such manner as to be satisfactory on both sides, for in a hour of heat and rage, it might cost him his life, if he did not please. The power he has over these wild sons of the Desert is perfectly astonishing, as you will perceive by a circumstance which happened yesterday. Part of the tribe of the Jebour Arabs are here working for him. Those that are not here have been for some time past stealing camels from the tribe of the Ti Arabs. Yesterday it was rather a damp, heavy day: we were quietly sitting within doors when we heard the war-cry of the Arabs, the screaming of women, horses neighing, clattering of arms commence, as it were simultaneously. Mr Layard, Stewart, Dr Sandwith and Mr Hormuzd Rassam ran out and found about eighty of the Ti Arabs, well mounted, had come down, and were plundering the village; they had in a semicircle surrounded all the cattle, sheep, horses and donkeys, and were driving them before them. The Jebour who were working at the mound heard the cries of the women, and came rushing in all directions to get their lances and guns; the young women, arming themselves with sticks and stones, joined their husbands and brothers who were throwing off their clothes and rushing with the most frantic gestures after the Ti, leaping in the air and brandishing their weapons like mad creatures. The ground being heavy, the Ti could not drive their spoil fast, so Mr Layard, seeing there was every chance of a fearful fight ensuing, rode, accompanied by all

the gentlemen, *unarmed*, to try and get back some of the spoil. By the greatest difficulty he prevented them falling on each other, and after a long harangue on both sides his influence was such that the Ti, at the very moment of victory, actually gave back *all*—a thing never before heard of! Such is the extraordinary influence he has over this strange people! but who can say how long it will last? . . .

. . . The village has been in a complete uproar the whole morning. Some person brought word that the Ti Arabs were again coming down, not to rob as the other day, but this time to murder, for a month ago two of their men were killed in an affray, and they were coming for revenge. All the cattle were driven into the centre of the village. The men armed themselves, the women shrieking, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, got stones and sticks, and when everything was ready for defence, they began shouting their war-cry, dancing their war-dance, firing their guns in the air. After each explosion the shrill *tahlehl* of the women was almost deafening. As no enemy made his appearance, Mr Layard again used his influence to appease them, and promised they should have the *Tubel* in the evening. Accordingly he has sent off for the drums and musicians, so I suppose they will dance out their excitement.

[But in spite of much successful work, it appears from his correspondence that private troubles and anxieties, combined with frequent attacks of fever, rendered this period far less enjoyable than the former one had been, and, when he took his departure in April 1851, he had made up his mind not to go back. He went from Mosul to Constantinople, and returning to England in the summer decided to take an active part in political life. In 1852 he was elected Member for Aylesbury in the Liberal interest.]

CHAPTER VII

POLITICS AND ART

1851-1869

IT will appear from the final chapter of this volume that Layard pursued his Parliamentary career with characteristic energy, and with no small measure of success. But he was far from allowing politics to engross his attention to the exclusion of other interests. In one respect his new life fitted in very well with the old. Sturdy Liberal and Reformer as he was at home, his main interest in politics, and his chief claim to the attention of the House of Commons, lay in the direction of our foreign relations. He had acquired his first knowledge of that subject by personal experience, and he did his best to keep abreast of the times by pursuing the old method of travel, and of personal intercourse with the people with whose destinies our own happened to be mixed at the time. A keen interest in the Imperial Ottoman Bank, as a means of developing the material resources of the Turkish Empire, took him back more than once to Constantinople. He was one of the first non-combatants to visit the Crimea. He was in India before the work of suppressing the Mutiny was half over. He was in Italy in 1859, directly after the campaign of Magenta and Solferino, and while the effects of the Treaty of Villafranca were still a matter

of doubt and conjecture. He was in Venice in 1866 when the last Austrian soldier left Italian soil.

But, amid these exciting scenes and events, it seems doubtful, after an examination of his correspondence, whether his mind was not more occupied with Art than with politics. Not a year passed without a visit to Italy or to the great picture-galleries of Germany; and his return to the favourite study of his childhood meant something more than the enthusiasm of the amateur and collector, and a considerable output of literature on the subject. It was characterised by a great and continuous effort to bring the enjoyment of Art within the reach of the mass of his countrymen who had not the leisure or the opportunity for travel, and to restore it, in Italy itself, to its proper influence over the productive energy of the people. For some time he was busy with the Arundel Society, organising the diffusion of a knowledge of little-known works by the great Italian masters. He was a zealous fellow-worker with Sir Charles Eastlake in making the additions to the National Gallery which illustrated the reign of its first Director. Later on he turned his attention more and more to the attempt to revive in Venice and the islands of the Lagoon, the ancient arts of glass-blowing, mosaic, and lace-making, the fostering of which was the favourite occupation of his later years.

Had he filled this gap in his Autobiography, he would have had much of interest to relate about persons and things. It has not seemed advisable to attempt any description of his life on the scale of the earlier part of this book, but the following extracts from an extensive correspondence will serve to throw some light on his experiences and occupations down to the period beyond which it is considered that the time has not yet come for publishing the story of his career.

To Mr H. Ross.

ORTON LONGUEVILLE,
30th November 1851.

. . . Whenever you may have a spare moment write me a few lines and let me know what you are doing, and give me at the same time some little idea of what is going on in Egypt, and your opinion upon the state of the country. My plans are still so uncertain that I cannot give you the slightest idea of them. I shall certainly not leave England again if I can help it, but I may be forced to do so, as, at present at any rate, I have no means of making ends meet without some employment. I shall make a desperate effort not to return to the East, not even to Stamboul, which does not agree with me in any way—the climate always disagrees with me, and I can find neither books nor society. I should like to get into Parliament in England, and think that, if once there, I could push my way. My book¹ is still far behind, and there is no chance of its being ready before the spring. It will contain some account of my different wanderings in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the desert—besides particulars of the most recent discoveries at Nineveh. I have just published an abridgment of the first work in one volume, which has sold exceedingly well and will bring me in something. I have been spending some days with M——, whom I think you met on his return from Mosul. He is a most versatile genius—knowing everything. I have seen and have promised to go to his paternal seat. His book is out, and an extraordinary affair it is, as you will say when you see it. He appears to be labouring under strange delusions—amongst others that his life has been constantly in danger, and that he speaks Arabic and other Oriental languages!

To Mr H. Ross.

9 LITTLE RYDER STREET,
10th April 1852.

I have two very interesting letters of yours to acknowledge, the last of the 15th March. I am truly obliged to you for the details you send me. I shall not fail to turn them to advantage. Whenever you have a few idle moments, which I am afraid is not often the case, pray continue to

¹ "Nineveh and Babylon."

give me information with regard to the state of things in Egypt. I was able to be of some use through your last letter, and I should gladly have your opinion on the probable result of the negotiations with the Porte, and on anything that may occur with regard to the question of the introduction of the *Tanzimat*.¹ I should also be glad of your opinion, and that of the most intelligent merchants amongst your acquaintance, as to the effect, if any, on British trade caused by our free commercial policy and by the repeal of the navigation laws. Any information on these subjects will be very acceptable. I am also much obliged for the information about the Consular body. I hope the time may come when I may turn all this to good account. . . . Things are so uncertain now in England that it is difficult to say how soon a change may take place. There is, however, every prospect of a Liberal Government soon returning to office, and in every probability I shall then again be included in the list. I am now making arrangements for entering Parliament. Several very advantageous offers of seats have been made to me, but it was only to-day that I found myself in a position to accept one completely to my taste. It is very difficult to avoid entering public life in England, at a time of political excitement like the present, without giving pledges which may hereafter fetter a man, or give him a character for want of sincerity, or want of political consistency. Had I chosen to take such pledges, I might have represented some of the largest and most important constituencies in England. I have decided upon accepting Aylesbury, a town in which I am not quite unknown, and with a large and sufficiently important constituency to render it far from a close borough. My election is almost a certainty, and I come forward under very advantageous circumstances.² Once in the House I have a career open to me, and an opening which may be considered exceedingly favourable. Of course it will depend upon myself how far I shall be able to take advantage of it.

To Mr H. Ross.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 2nd April 1853.

You will have been surprised to hear of my sudden return to this place. It is merely a temporary absence from

¹ Decree establishing Constitutional system of Government.

² He was returned for Aylesbury in 1852.

England, and I am holding no official appointment. The state of things in the East, and a desire to be of any use in my power to Lord Stratford, led me to give up much that was pleasant and useful at home, and to encounter all the disagreeables of Pera life. Matters now seem to be quietly settling down, and I shall probably return again to England very shortly. I shall not be sorry, I can assure you. You are perhaps aware that I was offered the Egyptian Consul-Generalship. I declined it for several reasons. . . .

Your father was good enough to send me your account of the race in which you beat the Arabs. I rejoiced at your success. I have never had the slightest doubt as to the superiority in speed of the English horse over the Arab—even of a very second-rate English horse. Their stride is so much greater, and their bone so much more powerful. I am sorry the Pasha's challenge was not taken up, in order that the question might have been completely set at rest. Merjian was one of the swiftest horses I ever rode in the East. I never saw a horse that could beat him. Had he been properly trained for the purpose, he would have made a capital hunter. His leap, too, was capital.

I hope on my return to England to spend a day or two *en route* with your family at Malta.¹ It is an old promise that I made to pay them a visit, and I am very anxious to perform it. As you may suppose, I am not a little desirous of being back again in my place in the House of Commons. The difficulties here will, I think, be soon settled. Those relating to the Holy Places are almost so already. The real danger lies in the pretensions of Russia and her determination to acquire the most complete power over the Greeks. As you must be well aware, the Greeks are beginning to show a thirst for knowledge, and a commercial activity, which must eventually raise feelings of independence and a love of liberal institutions, little consistent with the views of Russia with regard to the Christian populations of this country. Even the Armenians are improving and beginning to show considerable independence in religious matters.

Whenever you have a few minutes to spare, send me a few lines upon the state of things in Egypt. I am very much interested in all that is passing in that country, and your letters have always been most acceptable. It appears

¹ Mr Ross's father was Consul for the Netherlands at Malta.

to me that there is every hope of Egypt becoming a flourishing and prosperous country, and I confess that it was with a feeling of regret that I found myself under the necessity of refusing the Consul-Generalship. But there were many reasons, my seat in Parliament amongst others, which led me to do so. I fancy the English Consul-General might have great influence, and be the author of much good. There are proposals for railways to Adrianople, etc., before the Turkish Government, but I fear that, as usual, the intrigues of Armenians and others will prevent the schemes being carried out. It would be of immense advantage to the Porte in every way to have a direct line of communication with Europe, and it would at the same time be a great blessing for those who have to reside here.

To Mrs Austen.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 25th April 1853.

I promised to write to you at the first opportunity ; but although we have continual communication with England, we have only two Embassy bags a month, and it is of no use putting you to the expense of postage when I have nothing to say of any interest. You will have heard of our safe arrival here, and of the perils and sufferings of our journey through Europe, by my letter to my uncle, sent by the last messenger.

When I wrote, nothing had happened to change our usual life here. The French and Russians have settled their quarrels, and I hope to hear nothing more of the Holy Places and the ridiculous squabbles about Greek and Latin Saints and apocryphal tombs. One of the great subjects of discussion was, whether the Saints were to be painted with glories like plates round their heads, after the Byzantine fashion, or with simple circles of gold, which, according to the Fathers of the Catholic Church, are the more authentic symbols of beatification. Two great Powers actually threatened to go to war about such absurd matters. The Turks are now going to build the cupola themselves. The best thing they could do would be to turn all the Christians out of Jerusalem.

The Russians, however, still threaten mischief. They have other questions to settle with the Porte, and they seem determined to resort to every manner of intimidation

to carry their point. We hear of great armies on the Turkish frontiers, and there is no doubt that very hostile demonstrations are being made in that quarter. But I have every reason to believe that even these difficulties will be overcome, and that before long the rumours of wars will have passed over. I see so little chance at present of any disturbance of the peace, that I have made up my mind to return home very shortly, and you will not be surprised if you should see me walk into Montagu Place before the end of May.

To Mr H. Ross.

9 LITTLE RYDER STREET,
18th July 1853.

I was very greatly disappointed, I can assure you, on being compelled to put off my visit to Malta. Still more so when I heard that you had been there, and that we should have met. I was unfortunately compelled to take the shortest road home, having dispatches of great importance with me, and I did not even remain a few hours at Vienna. When I left Constantinople I had no idea that matters were likely to prove so serious, and soon—not that I was not fully persuaded that Russia would gain her point if she could, and even go to extremities if necessary, but I scarcely thought Menschikoff would take a step so calculated to open the eyes of the world to the duplicity of his Government, and to the utter injustice of her demands. As you will have seen by the papers, as soon as I reached England I endeavoured to bring the question before Parliament, but the Government have hitherto been so averse to publicity that I have been compelled to defer my motion. It will, however, come on sooner or later, and will, I hope, expose completely the danger of allowing Russia to persevere in this course, and the impolicy of meeting it by half measures. We have been sadly wanting in firmness—had we taken up the question properly in the first instance, I do not think Russia would have ventured as far as it has ventured. As it is, I scarcely see how we are to bring matters to a peaceable termination without conniving at the designs of Russia in the East, and sacrificing our dignity and interests. It was a fatal mistake to allow Russia to cross the Pruth, without considering it a *casus belli*. Where is this to end? She may next enter Bulgaria or Servia upon the same terms, and we shall have

no right to complain. I am afraid that we shall ere long, whatever may be the end of the present question, have to meet these difficulties under a very different aspect, and when we shall be less able to contend with them than we are now. Although this country has the greatest stake in the maintenance of peace, and there is an earnest desire that it should be maintained; yet there has been but one expression of opinion upon recent events, and, had we men at the head of the Government who could have met them in a proper spirit, I am convinced they would have received such unanimous and effective support, that the Emperor would have hesitated before taking the steps he has taken. My own position, as far as that of a public man and an independent member of the House of Commons is concerned, is a very good one. The greatest interest is felt in the present state of the East, and my long connection with it makes me, in public opinion, an authority upon the subject. My position is, however, a delicate one. Taking an independent line, I cannot, of course, expect much from the Government that is now in power, and, on the other hand, I have completely broken off with the other party. However, all this does not much signify, if by prudence and moderation I obtain the support of the public, who are as yet quite with me. Public life in England is a tempestuous sea, in which it is difficult to steer clear of the rocks and sand-banks. It has been, on the whole, fortunate for me that on my first public appearance I have been connected with a subject which commands for the first time immense attention.

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that my last work has had a great success. Nearly twelve thousand copies have already been sold, and three thousand more will be shortly printed. As it was published at a very cheap rate, it does not pay so well as the first. A second work is a formidable undertaking, as it is not easy to sustain a reputation which, from one cause or another, has been much exaggerated. It has been fortunate for me that I have not broken down.

The following letter shows that Layard was now beginning that careful study of Italian Painting which has already been referred to, and results of which he embodied in his editions of Kugler's "Italian Schools of Painting," which is almost re-written by him, besides numerous

contributions to Periodicals. It also brought him into connection with the Arundel Society, which had been founded in 1848 for "the preservation of the record, and the diffusion of the knowledge of the most important monuments of painting and sculpture, by engravings and other mechanical means of reproduction."

In an article on the Society in the *Nineteenth Century* (April 1884) the late Sir William Gregory, after describing its origin, says:—

"It must, however, be confessed that the success of the Society seemed for some time after very doubtful. But succour, effective succour, was at hand. About the year 1852, Mr (now Sir Henry) Layard, having returned from the exploration of Nineveh, turned his energies to Italian Art. Traversing Central and North Italy, he made tracings in outline with his own hand from the most interesting groups and figures in the frescoes of the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On coming to England he was elected to the Council, and at once proposed that all the Society's efforts should be thrown into 'chromo-lithography.' Nor was this all; he determined to make a strong impression by the splendour of the publications, believing that new members would thereby be attracted, additional funds raised, and the Society placed in an influential and secure position for the future. Accordingly he volunteered, at his own expense, to add to the one chromo-lithograph, which the Committee had agreed on as the annual publication for 1856, a second and no less interesting subject, by obtaining from Signor Marianecchi of Rome a water-colour copy of Perugino's *Martyrdom of St Sebastian* at Panicale, having this printed in colour by chromo-lithography, with five heads in the fresco engraved in outline from his own tracings, and accompanying it with the Memoir of Perugino and of the fresco which will be more fully referred to hereafter when the literary work of the Society is described. Mr Layard carried his colleagues with him; his public-spirited offer was accepted, and was attended with such success that the Council were enabled to act with almost a profuseness of liberality henceforward to their Subscribers."

Other processes of re-production are now more in favour than chromo-lithography, and the Arundel Society, for other reasons, has lately ceased to exist; but the value and justification of its work, particularly in the direction it took under Layard's impulse, have been well established by the sad history of the decay and ruin of so many of the works of Italian Painters, which has never been more forcibly described than by Layard himself in the following passages from an article on "Fresco-Painting" in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1858.

"Although the frescoes of the golden age of modern art, the 14th and 15th centuries, and the early part of the 16th, include the masterpieces of the most illustrious Italian painters, they have been but recently understood or appreciated, and are even yet but little known. . . . To keep them in repair and to preserve them from injury by weather or men's hands, money was required; and money is unfortunately not easily obtained for such purposes from the Italian citizen. Covering in rich profusion the sides, within and without, of town-halls, cathedrals, chapels, and convents, they were exposed to every process of destruction and decay. The suppression of religious orders, and of ancient municipal corporations, during periods of revolution or conquest, had led to the desecration, the abandonment, and frequently to the pulling down of these buildings. Such had been the fate of many of those 'public palaces,' the palaces of the people, glorious monuments of Italian liberty, throwing heavenwards their machicolated towers amid the vine-tangled valleys or from the olive-clad hills, their massive architecture casting its cool, dark shade over the narrow streets beneath—stately and stern without, yet within all glowing with the fairest treasures of art, fit emblems of those who had raised them when Italy was still their own and the Italian mind was as yet free. When the deep religious feeling of the middle ages, that union of child-like faith with an earnest impatience of the vices and power of priestcraft—the Dantesque of Catholicism—gave way to an uninquiring pietism and a cowardly resignation to priestly authority, the nimble brush of the academies swept over the solemn, heartfelt outpourings of the early masters, leaving in their

stead theatrical groups of muscular apostles and anatomic saints, happily, for the most part, invisible in varnish and *chiaroscuro*. Next succeeded the age of whitewash, when a large portion of mankind seem suddenly to have been seized with the one idea that all that is not white is dirt. Then the 'operaio' of the south, like his fellow the churchwarden of the north, with the lime-pail in one hand, and a broom in the other, restored the walls disfigured by old pictures and 'roba di Giotto,' in which popes, monks, and kings were not always treated with the highest respect and consideration, to a virgin purity more befitting the morals and taste of the times. Lastly, the foreign invader and occupier of Italy still quarters his soldiery and stables his horses in the desecrated church and convent, wantoning in the destruction of what little may remain of their priceless monuments.

"A few noble old frescoes, that, by their almost divine beauty, may have stayed the hand of even the Italian destroyer, gradually yielded to the ladder and nails of the sacristan and the carpenter. Who that has wandered in the highways and byways of Italy has not watched the preparation for a 'festa'? Garlands of flowers and green boughs stretching across the street, and the perfume of bay leaves, trampled under the feet of a listless crowd, invite you through the curtained doorway of a neighbouring church. The solemn chaunt of evening vespers, rising from the dark choir behind the high altar, is well-nigh lost in the clatter of the hammer. The rays of the falling sun stream through the jewelled windows upon gorgeous hangings of crimson silk embroidered with gold, trailing upon the filthy pavement. Workmen hurry about with tinkling chandeliers, and acolytes with jugs of fragrant lilies and roses. The ponderous ladders are raised against the painted aisles, and huge nails are driven in with remorseless hands. Flakes of yielding plaster fall in showers to the ground, and things that have cost years of earnest thought and loving labour are gone for ever! On the following day the fumes of incense and the smoke of a thousand tapers roll up from the altars, and, uniting with the fetid exhalations of an Italian crowd, curdle over the walls.

"Talk of London smoke! why, Italian neglect, indifference, and ignorance have done more to deprive the world of some of its noblest and most precious monuments of art than could be accomplished by the atmospheres of ten Londons! The able and careful editors of the last

edition of Vasari's *Lives* have indicated in foot-notes the fate of the works mentioned by the biographer as existing in his day. The extent to which the work of devastation has been carried is amazing. Half, if not more than half, of the great frescoes of the 14th and 15th centuries are hopelessly and curtly described as 'sono periti,' 'appena rimane qualche vestigio,' 'dato di bianco,' 'la chiesa fu disfatta.'

"Some years ago a few zealous men who felt a due reverence for these records of their country's glory protested against their barbarous treatment. Intelligent travellers indignantly exposed it. At last the Italian Governments and the heads of churches and convents, finding that a few pence might be gained by the preservation of objects which attracted the curiosity of strangers, suddenly appreciated their importance. But they let loose upon the devoted monuments a plague more terrible than any that had as yet swept over them. An army of restorers was raised in every city of Italy, and recruited by every dauber who had interest or means to obtain the privilege of earning a miserable pittance by repainting and repairing. Their work has proved more mischievous than even that of time and neglect. In the one case the life of the old painter was taken away, but a pleasant tradition of his worthiness still remained: in the other, his fame, the thing which had been dearest to him, and for which he had worked so earnestly and so well, was destroyed for ever. Ignorant men and so-called connoisseurs held him responsible for bad drawing, bad colouring, and bad sentiment, and the name of many a great master has thus become a bye-word."

Besides the *Memoir of Perugino* referred to by Sir William Gregory in the passage quoted above, Layard contributed to the publications of the Arundel Society monographs on Ottaviano Nelli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Giovanni Sanzio, and Pinturicchio.

To Mrs Austen.

FLORENCE, 24th September 1853.

... We¹ have been a week at Florence, and during that time have been so completely taken up with sight-seeing, that I have not had a moment's leisure for more

¹ He was travelling with his friends, Lord and Lady Somers.

than a few hurried lines to my mother. . . . We had three delightful days at Genoa, and a good picture and fresco-seeing. At Leghorn we fortunately found Mr Sloane in the same hotel with ourselves. We only remained there one night, and then spent a day of great enjoyment in the Cathedral and Campo Santo of Pisa. Nothing can exceed the kindness of the Sloanes. They are living here in great comfort. He has lately bought the Villa Careggi, and is now fitting it up. You may remember that it was built by Cosimo de' Medici, and became the favourite retreat of Lorenzo; he died there. Sloane is collecting furniture of the Medicean period, and portraits of the principal friends of Lorenzo, and is having pictures painted of some of the principal events which occurred in the villa. Watts,¹ who lived in the villa for some time with Lord Holland, has painted a masterly fresco on one of the walls, representing a scene which occurred on the death of Lorenzo, when his attendants resolved to throw the doctor into the well, and were only prevented by a friar who happened to be present. The well still exists, and the scene is admirably portrayed. The position of the villa is delightful.

I have never enjoyed paintings more than I have done during this journey. Whether it has been from having Somers to talk them over with, or whether one's taste improves, I don't know.

[*Extracts from Layard's Journal in the Crimea in 1854 will be found in Appendix A.*]

To Mrs Austen.

SALZBURG, 17th August 1855.

. . . I was delighted with Nuremberg, which is full of Gothic monuments of the Middle Ages, and works of the early German masters. I amused myself with drawing architectural details and studying the early German masters, of whose works I was very ignorant. From the old Germanic we suddenly passed to the new at Munich. The change was certainly not for the better; I am no convert to the modern school, either of painting or of decoration. Indeed, I was much disappointed, although not expecting much. It is extraordinary that, with such an opportunity as the great works undertaken by the late king afforded, a

¹ Mr G. F. Watts, R.A.

school of German art worthy of the occasion should not have arisen. After all, Cornelius, Hess, and Kaulbach are but very second-rate indeed, even as compared with the best English masters. Their miles of frescoes do not, to my mind, include one remarkable work. The new Pinacothek contains a collection of the cabinet pictures of these masters and their scholars, and a collection less respectable cannot well be imagined.

Nor do I like the Munich decoration. The horror which the Bavarian artists seem to have of pure colour, gives all their internal ornamentation a washed-out appearance, which takes away all strength and beauty from their works. Unfortunately, the taste established at Munich has spread to England, and Fergusson is one of its most ardent disciples. I longed to get a brushful of pure red or blue paint to dab a little over the frescoes in the Pinacothek and Glyptothek.

The collection of old masters makes up somewhat for the abominations of the new. Of the early German masters there are some very fine specimens—but you know the collection.

To Mrs Austen.

HOTEL WAGRAM, PARIS,
16th December 1855.

I left Florence on Wednesday last, and crossed to Marseilles from Leghorn by a boat which touches at Bastia. . . . Florence was cold, but the weather fine and bracing. I found so many friends, and so much in the way of art to interest me, that I left with much regret, and would willingly have spent a month there.

I finished to some extent my collection of tracings by adding to it from the chapels in the Santa Maria Novella, and getting all the heads of the celebrated "cenacolo," of which so much has been said, and which some still believe to be Raphael's; so that I have now a pretty complete illustration of the history of fresco painting from Giotto to Fra Bartolomeo, and consider my three months in search of health otherwise profitably employed. I found so many useful friends in Florence, that I could obtain almost anything, and have serious thoughts of publishing a selection of tracings, as nobody knows anything about frescoes, which are, after all, by far the most interesting and most beautiful of the works of the great Italian painters.

To Mrs Austen.

MILAN, 12th August 1856.

I am now spending a day or two in Milan, and I have found here a friend, the Professor of Architecture at the Brera, with whose assistance I can carry out my art researches. . . . I have not very much to tell you of our proceedings. After spending a couple of days at Chamounix, scrambling over the Mer de Glace and visiting some of the principal passes in the neighbourhood, we¹ crossed the St Bernard into the Val d'Aosta and Italy. We then went to Orta, and passed a day or two on the beautiful lake. From Orta we crossed the hills by a very delightful mule-road to Varallo—a place I was anxious to visit on account of its frescoes by Gaudenzio Ferrari and his school. From Varallo we came on here. We are now going to Saronno and Castiglione, where there are some very interesting frescoes of Luini and Masolino; we then return here and commence our Lombard tour through Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, etc. . . .

I have seen a Galignani or two, but am quite in the dark as to public affairs. It is a great comfort to leave politics for a season. I have met no one I know, and very few English indeed—except at Chamounix; where they always swarm. There I fell in with Ruskin, and enjoyed a walk with him on the glaciers; he is always eloquent and agreeable.

To Mrs Austen.

VERONA, 7th September 1856.

We arrived here last night from Mantua. I forget whether we had been to Saronno when I last wrote to you. We spent several days there, at a decent little Italian inn. I made tracings of some of the most interesting frescoes, and Mrs Burr, a very good drawing of the exquisite cupola, painted by Gaudenzio Ferrari—no easy work.

I was more delighted even than I had been last year with the Luinis, which I place among the best works in fresco with which I am acquainted, and which ought to be

¹ He was travelling with his friends, Mr and Mrs Higford Burr. Mrs Burr at this time made several copies of Old Masters for the Arundel Society.

sufficient to convert any one of taste to the superiority of that medium over oil. Luini worked much, and his paintings, frescoes as well as oil, are unequal. His scholars, too, did a good deal for him. Of all his works which I have seen, I like best the Saronno frescoes, which are of the highest class.

From Saronno we visited a picturesque little village called Castiglione d'Olna, where some very interesting frescoes of Masolino have recently been discovered. I obtained permission at Milan to make tracings in the Brera, but had only time to make one, that of St Catharine placed in the tomb by Angels, in an exquisite work by Luini. I was delighted with the Certosa of Pavia, rich in paintings, sculptures, and carving. Here Borgognone scarcely known elsewhere, has left works worthy of the greatest masters. So little is this wonderful painter known, even in Italy, that in a very fair gallery at Brescia I see him confounded with the painter of battles of the same name. I think I have succeeded in picking up a couple of specimens of his. They are not in his best manner, but the extreme rarity of his works makes them valuable. He had all the sentiment and devotional feeling of Fra Angelico, with far greater power and breadth. . . .

I was much disappointed with Mantua, and thoroughly disgusted with Giulio Romano and his celebrated palaces. After studying the really great masters of Italy, it is difficult to understand how the taste of civilised Europe could have been so perverted and corrupted by Giulio Romano, and the other scholars of Raphael. We are still suffering from them, and Ruskin will have to do much more battle before he can thoroughly expose their vulgarity and unmeaning exaggerations. Verona, on the other hand, is full of remains of fine works of the purer period of Italian art, and there is work here for weeks.

To Mrs Austen.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 2nd January 1857.

. . . I shall leave this next week, and probably take the Marseilles boat, as I wish to pay a short visit to our Smyrna branch Bank.¹ I have little more to do here. I

¹ He took an active part in the establishment and management of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, of which he was the first Chairman.

leave an excellent man in charge of our affairs, and I have been able to re-establish the position of the Bank, and to make a good thing, I hope, for the shareholders. You will probably see by the papers that I have obtained the conditional concession of a very important railroad, which will be equally advantageous to this country and to Europe, and which has already excited the greatest satisfaction here. I had long projected the union of the Danube with the Mediterranean, and, finding my friends in office and the moment opportune, I put the thing forward.

I have just returned from a visit to Mr Calvert at the Dardanelles. I spent Christmas Day with him. We sat down, eight-and-twenty to dinner: a large number of English for so out-of-the-way a place. The two following days I spent on the plains of Troy, going over the farm which I have so often described to you. The owner now asks more than three times the sum that he was willing to give it for, four years ago, so much has land risen in value since the war. Of course, purchasing it at the price he now asks would be out of the question. Calvert's farm is answering capitably. It is now yielding a very handsome revenue, the cost having been paid off two or three times over during the war. It has often struck me that, if I could find a well-situated farm, I might establish Edgar¹ upon it, if he were not satisfied with the Cape. I feel certain that it would answer exceedingly well. Any one who could invest £10,000 in land, in some parts of Turkey, would realise in four or five years a certain revenue of £5000 a year. . . .

I am much flattered by Lord Palmerston's good opinion as conveyed through Lady Eastlake; but I am afraid we are destined to have another fight or two, as I certainly differ from him on much of his foreign policy, and shall probably have to protest very energetically against it.

. . . I have very good accounts of the progress of the Arundel Society's undertaking. You know they have accepted my offer of the Pietro Perugino. Mrs Burr tells me that the man who has undertaken to litho-tint it, is doing his work exceedingly well. Mrs Burr has also been able to improve her Giotto's Chapel from the notes and drawings of details she made during our last journey. I have great plans for the Arundel, which I hope to carry out: I have already laid my train. We ought to be able to give to the public, at very moderate prices, a perfect

¹ His brother.

series of the finest Italian frescoes, which are incomparably the greatest monuments of Italian art, and are the least known to the British public. I am curious to see Mrs Burr's copy of the great fresco of Orcagna in the Santa Maria Novella at Florence, which she seems to have worked very hard at.

To Mrs Austen.

POONAH, 13th December 1857.

. . . I am on my way to Hyderabad in the Deccan, and I leave to-day if I can make some necessary arrangements.

Travelling is so difficult in this country that one's progress is slow. It is extraordinary that under our rule the means of intercommunication should be so utterly wanting. I remained at Bombay a fortnight, and could have spent six months there pleasantly and profitably. I was very much interested in the place, far more than I anticipated. I had rather expected a kind of Brighton, instead of which I found a strange mixture of Constantinople and Pekin, certainly with a touch of Hampstead, altogether new to me, notwithstanding my Eastern experience.

It is indeed difficult to conceive a city containing more objects of interest; the curious mixture of races from all parts of Asia; the various forms of idolatry at every turn; the singular architecture, and the variety of tropical vegetation, form a picture which no description I have ever read has given me the least notion of.

Indian scenery, too, is different from anything that I had anticipated; the conventional young lady in scanty attire, with the waterpot on her head; the bull with the hump, and the cocoa-nut tree—the usual Indian picture—is very different from what one sees. Each is no doubt to be met with in its proper place, but there are so many other ingredients in an Indian landscape. The scenery of the Ghaut between this and Bombay is magnificent. It is to be regretted that no really good artist comes out to this country.

I was very kindly and hospitably received at Bombay, both by English and native gentlemen. I lodged in a delightful bungalow with Mr Wallace, Mr Frith's

correspondent. Living is luxurious ; this is the country for an idle man to spend his time in. At this time of the year the climate is delicious, and by selecting your residence you may enjoy throughout the year a perpetual spring. After seeing as much of Bombay in a fortnight, owing to my excellent guides, as most people would see in a year, I started for this place, visiting the great works in the Ghaut for the railway, and spending a few hours at the rock-cut Temple of Karli which Mr Fergusson has described. I am here very hospitably entertained by a Captain and Mrs Davidson, who, Indian fashion, lodge and board me on the strength of a letter of introduction alone. There is a good deal to be seen in this old capital of the Maharatta Kingdom, now in ruins though still possessing a considerable population. I have made many native friends here also, and a Brahmin gentleman of great intelligence and acquirements was good enough to accompany me from Bombay. I have, therefore, seen everything worth seeing, and have much intercourse with the natives. I had intended, as you know, to go to Lahore through Scinde, but the prospect of a tedious voyage of some six weeks up the Indus, and the absence of the Commissioner, Mr Frere,¹ from Kurrachee, deterred me ; moreover, the state of the country in the north is such that I might have been unable to get on. The roads between this and Agra and Delhi are still closed, but will probably be opened in about six weeks. Lord Elphinstone² has, therefore, advised me to spend the time in seeing this part of the Presidency and the north of the Deccan, in which there are many interesting cities and ancient remains, amongst them Ellora and Ajunta.

I am, therefore, going to Hyderabad, the capital of the independent states of the Nizam, and from thence I shall visit Aurungabad, Dowlatabad, and the Rock Temples, hoping to reach Indore the end of January. Sir Robert Hamilton³ there takes me in charge, and promises to send me to Agra or Delhi.

¹ Sir Bartle Frere, Bart., G.C.B. (1815-84) ; Commissioner of Sindh (1850-59) ; received the thanks of Parliament for his services in the Mutiny.

² John, thirteenth Baron (1807-60), Governor of Bombay during the Mutiny.

³ Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart. (1802-87). The Governor-General's Agent for Central India ; in which capacity he accompanied Sir Hugh Rose's force during the important operations in that quarter for the suppression of the Mutiny.

I have an old friend, Sir Hugh Rose,¹ commanding the troops now marching into Malwar, and I shall probably join his column.

I travel slowly, having hired a palankeen with twelve bearers, who will carry me about four-and-twenty miles a day. My servants and people come in a bullock-cart or on ponies.

I have a very intelligent young Brahmin with me, a scholar of the Elphinstone college, and recommended to me by the Principal. He is to be my interpreter, and to help me in gaining such information as I want. A very learned and agreeable Brahmin gentleman, Dr Bahnoo Daji, has accompanied me hitherto most kindly—through his assistance I have seen more than most travellers, or even residents, in India, and have had access to many natives. I have been much interested in Poonah. The inhabitants are expecting Nana Sahib, who has many friends and relations here; but they will probably be disappointed. By the way, there is a Major M—— living here, who is a very eccentric man; he has given up the army because it is wicked to be a soldier, eats nothing but vegetables, preaches the Gospel, and is what Lord Somers' friend called a "Yarmouth bloater" (*i.e.* Plymouth brother). He never sees any one, but is a man of considerable acquirements, and has lately published a Maharatta dictionary which is considered to be a standard work. I have met with great kindness and civility both here and at Bombay; Indian hospitality is unbounded. The country is still in a very disturbed and unsatisfactory state. Outbreaks may occur in any part of the country when least expected, but the really formidable part of the rebellion is now put down. There was much apprehension in Poonah for some time, but people are easier now.

To Mr Austen.

MOOMINABAD, near AURUNGABAD,
13th January 1858.

Although the mail does not leave India for nearly a fortnight to come, I may not have another opportunity of writing or of sending a letter. I may as well, there-

¹ Sir Hugh Rose (1801-85), afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn.

fore, give you some news of myself now that I find myself in a place which has a post-office—a rare thing on my present line of march. . . .

I wrote to my mother from Hyderabad about a week ago. I had a week's rest there, and derived both pleasure and advantage from my visit to the Resident, Colonel Davidson, who very kindly and hospitably entertained me. I resumed my journey on the 5th, and am now on my way to Aurungabad, whence I proceed through Indore to Agra and Delhi. My movements, however, a good deal depend upon the information I receive from Sir Robert Hamilton, our Resident at Indore, who has promised to keep me informed of the state of the country, and to pass me through the territories under his supervision as soon as that may be practicable.

Travelling in this country is dreadfully slow; it is impossible to progress, except at an expense utterly beyond my means, more than twenty miles a day; that, indeed, is more than an average. My plans for travelling as free from encumbrances and luggage as I used to do in Turkey were soon upset. It is impossible for a European to do so in this country, where every native house is shut against him, and he must depend for food, and even for a glass of water, upon his own resources. Moreover, I am now encumbered with an enormous escort, which is little needed for my personal safety, neither worth the trouble nor the display, but which both Salar Jung, the Nizam's Minister, and the Resident, insisted on my accepting. The former added to his favours by lending me an elephant and an ambling pony for my journey through his master's territories, so that, with my own suite and that of my cavalry, who have their own servants, camels, and other encumbrances, I am altogether at the head of a considerable caravan. I hope, however, to be at Indore by the beginning of February, and at Agra by the end of the month. I shall make every endeavour to be at Calcutta in time to leave by the first May boat, so as to escape the monsoon, and to be in England early in June.

I have no cause whatever to regret my visit to India. I have already seen and heard enough to repay me for any trouble or inconvenience. Without studying Indian questions on the spot, and having opportunities of communicating with the natives themselves, it is impossible to form just or sound opinions. Although my present mode of travelling is tedious and somewhat irritating

when one is in a hurry, yet it has the advantage of enabling me to see a good deal of the country, and to mix, as much as a stranger can do, with the people. The weather, too, is delightful, and this kind of life is conducive to the enjoyment of perfect health. The scenery of the Deccan is less interesting, perhaps, than that of most parts of India ; but there is sufficient novelty in all that surrounds me to occupy my attention, and to prevent the journey being really tedious. . . .

I have no news to send you of the war in the north. I have heard none myself since leaving Hyderabad. In the Deccan, with the exception of bands of Rohillas, who are plundering right and left, there is no great excitement, and perfect quiet will, no doubt, be restored as soon as matters become more settled in the north. We have had, however, a narrow escape in this part of India. Indeed, the sympathy of the populations appears to have been with the rebels in all parts of the Peninsula. The sooner people in England open their eyes to the truth, and no longer believe, with the Government and the *Times*, that this is a mere military mutiny, the better ; the more chance there will be of our taking measures to preserve ourselves for the future.

To Mrs Austen.

BURWAI, near INDORE,
1st February 1858.

As yet I have performed the first part of my journey successfully, though somewhat more slowly than I had expected ; but it has been impossible to get on any faster. The march of the troops has drained the country of its usual resources for travelling, and I have been compelled to creep along at a snail's pace. I should have no difficulty, had I plenty of time before me, in passing through any part of India, but I begin almost to fear that it will be difficult for me to reach Agra early enough to be able to get to Calcutta in time for the first May boat, by which I had made up my mind to return to England. The distances in this country are so enormous that, at fifteen or twenty miles a day, it requires months to journey from one part of it to another. I do not object to the marching ; it enables me to see much of the country and of the people. I generally start very early in the morning, so as to reach

my resting-place soon after ten o'clock. There, I usually find what is called a "staging bungalow," a small thatched building with a solitary white-washed room, a chair and a table—very much resembling the solitary cell of a model prison. I have to take everything with me for bed and board, the village yielding nothing more than a little milk and a fowl. During the heat of the day I manage to read a good deal, exclusively works on the country, of which I have hitherto had an abundant supply, and in the afternoon I poke about the village, talk to the Headmen, and pick up such information as may be obtained as to the condition of the people, their mode of life, etc.

Thus sauntering along, I have traversed a good part of the Bombay Presidency and of Central India. I have found the country, in general, quiet, though the population is far from well-affected towards us. In fact, I am afraid that the disaffection to our rule is deep and widespread, and that there are very few natives to be found who do not sympathise with those who are in arms against us. I have run no risk in travelling, as I have generally been provided with an ample escort.

It is not difficult to understand the causes of this general hatred of our rule. It is partly deserved, and partly undeserved, but would have existed under almost any circumstance. We differ from the people in everything which might form a bond of sympathy between a conquered people and their rulers; in language, religion, manners, habits, and feelings. We have done nothing to form any other bond of sympathy, or to create mutual interests. The people we govern are treated like a distinct race, inferior to us—more, indeed, as if they were of a lower order of creatures; not always actually unkindly, though in too many instances with brutality, but with that sort of kindness which would be shown to a pet animal. They are excluded from all share of government, they can never rise to anything beyond the most inferior posts. We are endeavouring to force upon them our old worn-out judicial system, with all its technicalities and delays, which we are gradually ridding ourselves of at home, and which is infinitely more odious to them than it could ever be to us. We have Sanitary Commissioners and Boards interfering with all their private and domestic affairs, no doubt, all for their own good, although they won't so understand it. We are meddling with customs which are of no real importance, and yet are clung to with extraordinary tenacity by the

people. We are breaking faith in the most scandalous manner with native princes, and annexing their territories. We are suddenly demanding proof of title to lands one hundred years back, and seizing in the most arbitrary manner men's papers and title-deeds. We allow widow ladies of the Brahmin caste to marry again (conceive the atrocity of Palmerston, of his own good-will, permitting a man to marry his wife's sister!). We are doing a thousand other things of the kind, and we are then surprised that our Indian subjects are disaffected. All we have really given them in return is perfect security, and this is certainly a great boon. Under it, money-lenders and fat Parsees and Baboos can make their fortunes and enjoy them; but the cultivators—and there is no one else in India, our rule having utterly destroyed the native gentry—are reduced to the utmost poverty. We have done nothing to bring the people to us. Education, the diffusion of our language and our religion (it is nonsense to talk of the missionaries being unpopular), the means of inter-communication, irrigation by great public works, which would have enriched both the governed and the rulers, have been neglected to an extent perfectly incredible. No civilised government has ever done less for its subjects, and the East India Company is doubly to be blamed, as it has been the landlord of every acre of land, and has raised its rents by way of revenue to the utmost farthing. It is but a sorry justification to say that the people have been worse off under some native governments.

The first thing to be done is to get rid of the idea which still seems to prevail in England, and which the Government seems industriously to encourage, that this is a military mutiny. It is a rebellion, in which the Bengal Army, not, like our army, an isolated body, but part and parcel of the people and their representative, have taken the leading part. You will scarcely open an Indian paper in which you will not read of the execution of a Rajah, or some native authority, or of the burning of villages in whole districts. This shows the real nature of the outbreak. Now that the country is to be transferred to the Crown, we may begin anew. We may do an immense deal of good upon the change, but we may, at the same time, do an immense deal of evil, and I very much fear, knowing who will have to carry out the change,¹ that the

¹ The Home Government, and not that of India, is probably intended.

latter will preponderate. Nevertheless, I think matters had arrived at a state to render the transfer of India to the Crown absolutely necessary.

The country through which I have passed, except that on the coast, is not, on the whole, of much beauty or interest—vast plains, intersected by ranges of low hills, with a rich soil, in many places cultivated with great industry, and producing a variety of valuable articles of export. The vegetation is less remarkable and peculiar than that which so much struck me on landing at Bombay. There are magnificent trees around the villages, finer than, or as fine as, any of our forest trees. The banian, the peepul, the tamarind, and one or two others, are unequalled for the magnificence of their growth, and their picturesque form. The villages in general are miserably poor, and a temple with any pretensions to architecture is rare in the Deccan. Between this place and Aurungabad I visited the well-known rock temples and monasteries of Ellora and Ajunta. It would be impossible not to be struck by them. They are altogether different from anything one has seen before, the scene is altogether so strange and new. They are not devoid of a certain solemn beauty when taken as a whole. The dark mysterious gloom of the interior of the temples has an imposing and religious effect, well adapted to the purpose of a temple, but, as art, these works rank low, and are inferior to all prior and contemporary works of Italy, or of Greece, or even of Egypt and Assyria. The Indians have had no true feeling for the beautiful. They have aimed at the mysterious, the terrible, and the monstrous. Some of the details at Ajunta, especially the Arabesque paintings, are not without beauty; unfortunately, all are rapidly falling away, and although a Major Gill, a man of considerable ability, has been employed for some years in making drawings at Ajunta, I fear he will not preserve that which is, perhaps, most worth preserving. I have not yet seen any very remarkable Indian city, or any of the most celebrated of the monuments of the Mohammedan rulers of India. The tomb of Aurungzebe's wife at Aurungabad is a bad imitation of the celebrated Taj at Agra, and, although of great beauty and richness in the materials, is of very poor architectural taste. Hyderabad is a ruinous city, with no very fine monuments. The tombs of Golconda are interesting. Aurungabad is also in ruins.

[It is much to be regretted that Layard's letters

describing the remainder of his tour in India have disappeared. On his way to Delhi he had a narrow escape of falling into the hands of the celebrated Nana, and at that city he saw many interesting persons and things.]

To Mrs Austen.

ROME, 11th November 1858.

... Since I wrote to you from La Cava, I have been wandering about Tuscany, chiefly engaged in art researches, and in paying visits to some friends. I ought to have been here five or six days ago, but have been detained by the least expected of events—a heavy fall of snow! I was caught when staying at the Conestabiles,¹ at their very picturesque country house near Perugia. Yesterday it snowed in the streets of Rome—a regular case for the oldest inhabitant, especially in this month.

After spending two or three days with the Sloanes, I fell in with my friend, Mr Tom Taylor,² and his sister-in-law, Miss Barker, a very accomplished artist. We spent some days together very agreeably, principally at Assisi, and in the neighbourhood of Perugia. Taylor had not visited this part of Italy, and I had real pleasure in showing him the many interesting monuments with which it abounds, and an acquaintance with which is almost necessary for a proper understanding of the early schools of Italian painting. He is, you know, a rather distinguished Art critic, writing most of the articles on Art in the *Times*. He has, however, like most Englishmen, little real knowledge of the subject, and I hope he has profited by what I have shown him.

I have been very busy making fresh plans for the Arundel Society, and endeavouring to find some means of preserving records of the great works of art with which the sanctuary of St Francis at Assisi abounds, but which are fast perishing. The neglect and wilful destruction to which they are exposed is truly lamentable. Every time I return to Italy I find fresh progress in the work of decay. In a very few years but little will be left of the frescoes which covered the walls of the Church of Assisi, and I am

¹ Count Gian Carlo Conestabile della Staffa, a distinguished archæologist, died 1877.

² The dramatist, and editor of *Punch* (1817-80).

anxious to find the means of having the most important copied before it is too late. I have secured for the Society a beautiful copy of the fine fresco by Raphael's father at Cagli, which I hope we shall publish next year. It is very important as a link in the history of Art, and remarkable for its intrinsic beauty, showing whence Raphael derived much of his artistic education. I am beginning to interest some of my Italian friends in our publications, and I hope to secure a great many subscribers in Italy. My friend, Count G. Conestabile, is an admirable specimen of an Italian nobleman of taste and erudition, with much of the character and bearing of an Englishman. He has been of great use to us in our undertaking. I spent two or three very pleasant days at his country house, an ancient palace, very picturesque and mediæval, built on a hill in the middle of oak woods some eight miles from Perugia.

. . . Rome is, fortunately, as yet somewhat empty of English. Yesterday I passed the whole day in the Sistine Chapel, undisturbed by a single sightseer, and had ample leisure to examine with the care I wished the wonderful works which it contains. My special object in Rome is to visit the early Christian monuments, especially the Catacombs, and to examine the early frescoes and mosaics which abound here, and which are generally less known and studied than the later and more renowned works of art.

[As a result of the battles of Magenta and Solferino, a provisional treaty of peace between the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria was signed at Villafranca on the 11th July 1859. Under this Treaty it was proposed to cede Lombardy to the King of Sardinia, to establish an Italian Federation under the Pope, and to restore the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena to their dominions.]

To Mrs Austen.

ROME, 5th October 1859.

I arrived here yesterday from Leghorn, having made the journey by sea to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome by railway. As far as Florence I took but little time, travelling generally night and day. There I remained

above a week, being anxious to ascertain how political affairs were going on, and wishing to see the men who are now at the head of the Government. I found great excitement prevailing in Tuscany, as you may suppose, but the most perfect order and tranquillity. In all matters of police and custom-house, great improvements have already taken place, and one could not but be struck, even after being a few hours in the country, at the change for the better which had taken place since the expulsion of those who governed Tuscany under Austrian dictation. The towns and villages were everywhere decorated with tricolor and Sardinian flags, and there was scarcely a house which had not a portrait of Vittorio Emanuele, or of Garibaldi, pasted on the walls. The feeling of the country against the return of the Grand-ducal family seems indeed almost universal. There are, of course, a few of the nobles who have held places in the Court, or a few lawyers, hangers-on upon the Grand Dukes, who lament the change, otherwise the satisfaction at having got rid of the House of Lorraine is unanimous. Not so, I think, the idea of fusion with, or annexation to, Piedmont. The men who are at present at the head of affairs are all for such a union, and are taking every step in their power to carry it out; such as introducing the name of the King and his Arms in all public documents, changing the coinage, and removing all frontier lines of customs and police. But there is a very large and influential party in Tuscany against these measures, and, if I am not much mistaken, it will be upon this rock that the Liberals will split. The feeling of autonomy is so strong in Italy—especially in Central Italy—that such a city as Florence will never submit to become a dependency of Piedmont, a city of second rank, instead of the head of progress and civilisation in Italy; nor will Tuscany submit to become a mere province. The Austrians having been got rid of, the difficulty will now be to settle their own affairs; and the difficulty is increased by the tortuous and disloyal policy of the French, who, whilst they are jealous of Austrian influence in Italy, are determined that the Italians themselves shall never become a strong and united nation. There is still an impression that the Grand Duke will be brought back to Florence. If that should be the case, the results will probably be very serious. The moderate constitutional party now in the ascendancy will lose all its influence, and the Mazzinists and “Reds” will commence

their intrigues again, and there will be endless assassinations, bloodshed, and disorders. Hitherto the revolution has been brought about with the most perfect order and moderation. Ricasoli, who is at the head of the Provisional Government, is a very remarkable man. Of one of the oldest and wealthiest noble families of Tuscany, he has not before mixed in politics, having devoted his time to the improvement of his estates, and to the introduction of English implements into the country. With him are associated many members of the most ancient historic Tuscan families, so that the movement is by no means confined to the middle or lower classes.

. . . I have had so much to do with politics, that I have had little time for the arts. We have had some very beautiful copies of frescoes made for the Arundel Society, and have obtained leave to get copies of the celebrated frescoes by Masolino and Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel. The time, indeed, was very favourable for this, as the authorities were anxious to oblige me.

To Mrs Austen.

ROME, 17th October 1859.

I am now again in Rome, after spending a few days at the picturesque little city of Subiaco on the Neapolitan frontier. I had intended, on leaving England, to make a tour in the Abruzzi, a country little known, and probably containing many curious remains. But, in going to the frontier, I found that the state of the country was such that any attempt to travel in any out-of-the-way part of the Neapolitan States would be attended by the risk of being taken up as a spy, and lodged in the not very comfortable quarters of a Neapolitan prison. Moreover, without going to Naples, it would have been difficult to cross again into the Roman States. So, all things considered, I have thought it best to give up the Abruzzi until the times are more settled. I am very anxious to ascertain for myself the condition of Central Italy, so I shall return homewards quietly through Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Turin. Things are in a very interesting state, and I should like to see the last of them before getting back to England.

Rome is quite empty of travellers, and will probably remain so during the winter, nobody liking to venture to

Italy in the present state of politics. And I am not surprised, as anything may happen if the actual state of uncertainty continues, and Central Italy is left without a recognised government, and treated by the European Powers as if she were of no weight or importance whatever. It is surprising that order and tranquillity have been maintained as things have been. The country has never been so well governed; there has never been so little crime; never so little trouble from police, passports, customs, and all the old nuisances of Italian travel. The Parma affair¹ alone has unfortunately occurred to interrupt the general order, and that might have happened in any country. The only places where the old state of things continues are the Roman and Neapolitan States—in these precious legitimate Governments, which are the curse of Italy and Europe! If the French withdraw from Rome, which they will shortly do, I presume the Pope and his Cardinals must follow them; the country would rise to a man. I met here two days ago Delane, the editor of the *Times*, and spent a day with him. He is very much changed on the subject of Italian affairs, and I see that the articles in the *Times* are written in a very different tone to what they formerly were. I really believe that, if the Italians are only allowed to govern themselves, and the Austrians prevented interfering, a new era of prosperity and national independence is open to them. I find the most moderate people here have joined the movement, indeed are at the head of it.

To Mr Austen.

ROME, 26th October 1859.

. . . As to sending back the Grand-Dukes and Dukes with promises of a Constitution, and making the Pope promise to govern his subjects better in future, it is a mere farce. Such promises will be kept as long as it suits those who make them. With Austria in possession of Venetia and the fortresses, her influence would always remain paramount in Italy, if her satraps were restored. The moment the French troops were withdrawn, we should have the old state of things over again. The Italians know this quite well, and are determined to take the

¹ The reference here is probably to the murder of Count Anviti in that city, and his mutilation by the mob.

present opportunity of resisting the return of the old Austrian families, and forming an independent government of their own. And they are quite right. I only hope they will persevere, and not be deluded by the Emperor of the French, or the fine promise of a Congress.

. . . In matters of art and antiquity, I have been visiting the old Etruscan tombs of Cervetri, which interested me exceedingly, and the Catacombs, upon which I wished to make some notes. I was accompanied to Cervetri by Castellani, the well-known Roman jeweller, a most intelligent and able man. He was kept in prison for three years, from 1853 to 1856, in a solitary cell scarcely six feet long, merely because he was suspected of liberal opinions; and he was one out of hundreds of the same class who have suffered the same fate. We were entertained at Cervetri by one of those great farmers called "*Mercanti di Campagna*," a fine specimen of the class, with two sons full of activity and intelligence. The account they gave of the constant interference of the authorities, of the difficulties they met with in carrying on the simplest business, and of the necessity they were under of leaving the greater part of the land uncultivated, was a curious *exposé* of the system of government. A gentleman cannot obtain his passport for leaving Rome, even to go to another city, without presenting to the police a certificate from the priest of his parish that he has taken the sacrament! This the priest can refuse to give, and frequently does so, if the person is obnoxious to him or suspected of liberal opinions. I have seen Cardinal Antonelli; he is always agreeable and full of protestations of good intentions. By his condescension and pleasant manners and flattery, he generally manages to get over the English who come to Rome.

To Mr Austen.

DRESDEN, 9th September 1860.

Thus far I have had a pleasant and interesting journey. My first stage was Cologne. There I remained the Sunday. A capital train brought us in one night from Cologne to Berlin. There we fell in with many friends, amongst them the Eastlakes¹ and Lord and Lady

¹ Sir Charles Eastlake (1793-1865); President of the Royal Academy, 1850; first Director of the National Gallery, 1855.

Monteagle. We thus made a pleasant party for the galleries and exhibitions. I was delighted with the Berlin Gallery, over which I was carefully shown by our old friend, Dr Waagen, the Director. The arrangement of the pictures is so admirable, that, although the collection is not of the first order, yet I never saw a gallery which interested me more—a proof of the advantage of that systematic arrangement in which we are so deficient in our public collections. The Museum contains all that has reference to art and antiquity, as our British Museum ought to do. The building is truly sumptuous, and the beauty and richness of the decorations of the halls and rooms, the frescoed walls, the marble columns, and mosaic floors, give value and importance to the contents; whilst all the departments: painting, sculpture, antiquities, and works of art of every kind, are under one roof, yet each is perfectly distinct and there is no confusion. All this has been done within the last few years—indeed, the building is not complete yet—and, I suppose, at a third, if not a half, less cost than that monstrous nightmare of a building—the British Museum. Altogether, Berlin is a fine city, though somewhat dull, I should think.

To Mr Austen.

VENICE, 24th September 1860.

I was, of course, delighted with the gallery at Munich, but I am no convert to the modern school of art. This German revival is without true life; their art is but a poor, weak imitation of a bygone simple art, which was a due expression of the time in which it prevailed, but which would now signify nothing. As for their easel pictures, there is not one in their grand collection to compare with Wilkie's "Reading of the Will," which one is glad to see there, to show that, after all, we have something better than these poor milk-and-water imitations of early art. At Berlin, there is much more that is worthy of praise—especially in the new buildings—but even there, one sees most of the defects of the German School.

From Munich, we took rail to Innsbruck, and thence crossed the Brenner by the "snail-waggon," as it should be called, to Trent, whence we had a most charming drive down the Val Sugana, one of the most beautiful of the Italian valleys, to Bassano, where a friend of mine, Mr Ball,¹

¹ John Ball (1818-89), botanist, traveller, and politician; first President of the Alpine Club.

who is married to the daughter of a gentleman of that place, was staying. From Bassano, we drove to Conegliano, and then spent two or three days in making excursions to some of the picturesque spots at the foot of the mountains in the Friuli. The scenery of this part of Italy could scarcely be exceeded in beauty. Its influence upon Titian and other painters of the Venetian School is well-known. We see it continually represented in their pictures, and many of the little towns and villages on the spurs of the Alps are to this day as they appear in the backgrounds of those painters.

Between Bassano and Conegliano, I found a country house, formerly belonging to the Manin family, painted in fresco, in most of the halls and rooms, by Paul Veronese. I do not think these frescoes are known. They are excellent—quite worthy of the Master. . . .

One hears on all sides that the city is deserted ;¹ that no Italian takes part in any public amusement ; and that there is a general discontent and agitation which may lead to an outbreak whenever an opportunity may offer. An Austrian regimental band played last night in the Square of St Mark ; there were a good many people present, but I could distinguish no respectable Italians. The prevailing language seems to be English, and the greater part of the crowd seemed to be made up of English and American travellers. Everywhere one hears the same story. It is impossible that the present state of things can continue. The country is getting daily more impoverished, and the expense of keeping it will be greater than even a Government far richer than Austria could afford. Nevertheless, I hope Garibaldi and his friends will not risk the whole Italian cause, hitherto so triumphant, by any wanton attack on Austria. The time will come when Venetia must be united to Italy ; by endeavouring to hasten the union before the time, the whole cause of Italian independence may be jeopardised.

To Mr Austen.

VERONA, 11th October 1860.

I left Venice last Sunday. During my stay there, I found myself amidst a number of friends. Besides the

¹ Venice and the Venetian territory remained in the possession of Austria till 1866.

Drummonds,¹ Sir E. Bulwer Lytton,² my old friend Otway,³ Napier⁴ (Lord Derby's Irish Chancellor) and his family and others were assembled there. We had many pleasant parties and excursions, and with the lovely weather, which has not yet deserted us, you may fancy that the enjoyment was very great. . . . I was very sorry not to have met the Eastlakes again, as I enjoyed the hours we spent together in Germany very greatly. I should have been glad to have seen some of the Italian Galleries with them. I have not heard whether Sir Charles has made any purchases for the National Gallery. I think I have seen one or two pictures that would suit him. I have given myself a good deal of trouble in looking out. I made one purchase for myself in Venice; a pleasing picture attributed to Palma Vecchio, and perhaps by him, with a fine female head in fair preservation and of the grand Venetian type that one sees in his best work. At Vicenza I was for three days bargaining after the Italian fashion for a very fine old German picture, a crucifixion, dreadful to look at, but for expression and power one of the most extraordinary bits of painting I ever saw. I believe it to be by Martin Schön. I have not yet succeeded in getting it, but I hope to do so, as the owner does not know its value, and only makes a difficulty about selling it because I picked it out of a number of worthless pictures he offered me.

I was delighted with Vicenza, a city which I had neglected during my previous trips under the impression that it contained little worth seeing, and was less picturesque than the other cities of Northern Italy. I found it, on the contrary, full of objects of interest, and charming both from its situation and from the many beautiful buildings it contains. My opinion of Palladio is very much changed since I have seen the architecture of Vicenza, and I can understand how great an influence his genius had upon his age. But his imitators, like those of all men of genius, became mere mannerists, and Palladian architecture was soon reduced to a servile copy of one or two of Palladio's adaptations from classic styles. In Vicenza his buildings show the greatest variety, a wonderful feeling for the picturesque, and a beauty in the pro-

¹ The widow and daughter of Thomas Drummond, Under-Sec. of State for Ireland (died 1840).

² First Lord Lytton (1803-73), the famous novelist.

³ The Right Honourable Sir Arthur Otway, Bart.

⁴ Sir Joseph Napier (1804-82), Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

portions which has never been excelled. It is this admirable relation of all the parts which gives grace and beauty to his buildings.

Mrs Burr has been working very hard as usual, and has made some capital drawings. I was surprised to find a capital amateur artist in Mr Collier,¹ who does not, however, wish to endanger his professional reputation by letting the solicitors into the secret of his accomplishments, only exercised during the long vacation. His drawings are really masterly—especially those of Alpine scenery, and it is a pity that he executes them in materials so very perishable as pastelles. He works with great rapidity, and had made a surprising collection in six weeks. Bulwer Lytton had not been to Venice for nearly thirty years, and it was curious to see how different his first impressions of the city had been. I “ciceroned” him about for a couple of days. His talk is always pleasant and original.

To Mr Austen.

FLORENCE, 26th October 1860.

. . . From Verona I went to Padua, where I remained a couple of days. The Austrians are making immense preparations for war in all their frontier places. But whether the Emperor will venture upon so hazardous and decided a step as crossing the boundaries and going to war with the Italians, or whether he is merely preparing to defend himself in case of attack, remains to be seen. The impression in well-informed quarters is that he will not wait to be attacked, but will commence the struggle at once, if he can secure the support, moral or material, of Russia. No success, however, would repay the dangers of another war in Italy. Austria never can hold the country again, except for a time, perhaps, by employing an amount of force which must ultimately exhaust her.

From Padua I came on to Florence through Ferrara and Bologna. I was surprised at the immense change which has taken place in those two cities since they have been freed from the disgraceful and abominable govern-

¹ Sir Robert Collier, first Lord Monkswell (1817-86); Attorney-General, 1868; member of Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, 1871; a frequent exhibitor in the Royal Academy Exhibitions and elsewhere.

ment of the Pope, backed up by Austrian bayonets. Ferrara used to be one of the most melancholy and deserted cities in Italy. It is now full of movement and life; and as for Bologna, it is rapidly becoming one of the most important and prosperous cities in the Peninsula. In a year or two all the great Italian railways, uniting the various provinces of the north with those of the south, will converge here. More has been done for railways during the last twelve months than would have been accomplished during half a century of papal misgovernment. Florence is very gay. The city is at this moment in a state of feverish delight at the news, arrived this evening, of Garibaldi's entrance into Capua. My Italian friends here are very sanguine of the complete triumph of the constitutional cause. Everything is certainly going on wonderfully well, considering that this country has only recovered its liberty within a few months, and was for the greater part of the time left to govern itself. If Garibaldi, who is the weakest and most easily influenced man in the world, can only be kept quiet, and the set of scoundrels who surround him and lead him be sent about their business, Austria at the same time being kept within her boundaries and not allowed to interfere, there is every reason to believe that, in ten years from this time, Italy will take her place amongst the great nations of Europe, and will probably far exceed at least two of them—perhaps even three—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—in prosperity, material wealth, and strength. She will have a powerful fleet as well as an army, and this will at once place her in the first rank.

*To Lady Eastlake.*¹

FLORENCE, 6th November 1865.

. . . Millais² is here, and I have had great pleasure in going over the Pitti and the Uffizi with him. He is very much pleased with what he has seen, and especially delighted with the Raphael portraits, Titian, the Bronzinos, the Tintoretto's, and greatly struck by the splendid Mantegna in the Tribuna, and by the allegorical picture by Sandro Botticelli, "La Calumnia." . . . Millais is anxious that we

¹ Wife of Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy.

² Sir John Everett Millais, R.A. (1829-96), President of the Royal Academy, 1896.

should get a Bronzino portrait for the National Gallery. He finds a great likeness between Bronzino and Maclise. He says that fifty years hence Maclise's pictures will look like Bronzino's.

To Lady Eastlake.

FLORENCE, 13th November 1865.

... I have been showing Millais about, and he is greatly delighted with what he has seen. The painter who, perhaps, has struck him the most is Sandro Botticelli. He is delighted with the allegorical picture of "Spring" by that great Master in the Accademia. We went with Baron Humbert to see the four pictures by him in the Pucci Palace which are for sale, and we agree that Sir Charles *must* secure these for the National Gallery. I had not seen them before, and was surprised to find such magnificent works of this rare master on sale. For exquisite beauty of execution, for the interest of the subject, and for illustration of manners and costume of the fifteenth century, they are unrivalled. Baron Humbert tells me that Sir Charles has seen them more than once, and has hesitated about making an offer for them, on account of the somewhat unpleasant nature of one of the subjects—the lady being cut up! But if this one be considered too painful to be exhibited, it can be put into a chamber of horrors; although I know many a martyrdom of a saint much more horrible. I should exhibit them all, and I think they would be considered amongst the most interesting and valuable additions that could be made to the National Gallery. I cannot too strongly urge upon Sir Charles to consider them. Millais was immensely struck with them, and will write to you on the subject, and will join with me in urging Sir Charles to get them.

To Lady Eastlake.

ROME, 30th November 1865.

Neither the Millais nor myself have had any news of Sir Charles and yourself since we have been in Rome, which makes me a little uneasy about you. I hope, however, that we may look upon no news as good news, and that Sir Charles has been making progress. The Millais

will be more fortunate than myself in seeing you ; they go home by Pisa and the Cornice. I have been less able to go much about here with Millais than I was at Florence ; the distances are so great, and I have had a great deal to do, and so many people to see. However, we have seen a few fine things together. Rome, I think, has pleased him less than Florence, and this I expected. I confess that I much prefer Florence as a residence. I have also come to the conclusion that Rome is not favourable for the development of a school of art, either architecture, sculpture, or painting. The place belongs to the past ; and if art merely consists in reproducing with some accuracy what has gone before, an Academy here may be of use. But if art consists in the embodiment of the feelings, opinions, and manners of the day, as I think it ought, I should just like the student to have a good look at the great works here, and then drive him away to some place where there is life, national aspiration, and progress. Smoky London is infinitely better in this respect than this cloudless sky and desert waste. Millais, I think, has felt this strongly, and I find that he looks with indifference upon the works of all the sculptors here. As to painters, there are none.

To Mrs Austen.

VENICE, 14th September 1866.

After writing to you from Baveno, I made an excursion up the beautiful Val Anzasca to Macugnaga, at the foot of the glaciers of Monte Rosa ; where I found the ex-Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Collier, and his wife. He, as you know, ranks very high as an amateur artist. He has been making a very careful and elaborate oil-study of Monte Rosa, which you will, I daresay, see in the next Exhibition. The view of the mountain from Macugnaga is singularly fine, and the whole valley of Anzasca contains some of the finest mountain scenery to the South of the Alps. I made one or two excursions to the glaciers, and then returned to Baveno, and spent a few days on the lake of Como, at the pretty quiet little inn of Varenna (the landlady of which is not the least attraction of the place), and then went to Milan. There I learnt that the peace between Italy and Austria was nearly concluded, and the transfer of Venetia to the Italian kingdom would take place early

in the next month, so I hastened on here. But now I find that delays have occurred in the negotiations which make it probable that matters will not be settled before the end of September, and that the King will not be here much before the middle of October.

I am very glad to be able to spend a few weeks here, to see the last of Venice under the old rule, and the first of her under the new. Great preparations are being made, and, the moment the Austrians turn their backs, the city will be lined inside and out with the tricolor. The entry of the King will be a splendid sight; the enthusiasm after the pent-up feelings of two-thirds of a century will be boundless. At present the city is in a mournful condition. There is great poverty and suffering, and a complete stagnation of all trade. To add to the misery, the thousands who were employed in the Arsenal and other public establishments have been dismissed, and are starving. The Austrians, as usual, are doing every manner of mean and petty thing to humiliate and irritate the people they are leaving, instead of parting company with them generously and gracefully. They have stripped the Palace of every article of furniture, down to the gas and water pipes, tearing up all the parquet floors to make packing-cases; so that there is no place for the King to go to. They have carried away all the Venetian relics from the Arsenal, and such parts of the public archives as relate to Germany and Austria, and have gutted the public buildings. Fortunately, they have spared the pictures in the Academy and in the Churches.

To Mrs Austen.

VENICE, 14th October 1866.

I am likely to remain here some little time longer. Having waited so long to see the end, and the entry of the King, I cannot leave before the last act of this curious drama is played out. Lord Russell¹ and Lord Clarendon² are coming here shortly, and I should like to be with them for various reasons. I am well content to stay. I have many

¹ Lord John Russell, 1st Earl Russell, as Foreign Secretary in Lord Palmerston's Administration, had proved himself a firm and valuable friend of Italy in the war of liberation.

² Lord Clarendon, 4th Earl (1800-70). Foreign Secretary in four Administrations.

friends here, and I am always in specially good health when at Venice. The delays here have been much greater than had been expected. The French have been giving a good deal of trouble, and their vanity and susceptibilities have led to a number of useless formalities in the ceremony of the cession of the Province and cities to Italy, which have only caused useless loss of time, and rendered the French more unpopular than ever in the Peninsula. Verona is, I believe, to be given up to-morrow, and Venice, the last of the cities, to be surrendered in the middle of next week. Then the country, on the demand of the French, must go through the farce of a "plébiscite," which will take some days. It is expected now that the King will not enter Venice before the 2nd of November.

These constant delays have been very trying to the poor Venetians; and, considering that there has been really no government at all here during the last six weeks, it says much for the character of the people that there have been no disturbances and no outrage of any kind. The people began to think that the Italian troops and the King were not coming at all. Yesterday the first detachment of Italian troops arrived. I saw them come in, and the sight was most interesting. In a moment the canals were lined with flags. The people at last seemed to think they were really going to be free, after their many disappointments. The flags were only out for a few minutes, and were then withdrawn as suddenly as they had been put out, because the Austrians are still in possession, and these demonstrations are not yet sanctioned.

To Mrs Austen.

VENICE, 10th November 1866.

It has been of importance to me to be here at this moment, and for many reasons I am glad that I have had an opportunity of seeing so many persons of political importance together. The greater number of the Italian Ministers are here, and many of the principal political men in Italy—besides Lord Russell. I have also met here many of my Italian friends, and my time passes very pleasantly. The fêtes on the arrival of the King will be over on the thirteenth, and on that day I start for Florence. The entry of the King was a very magnificent pageant, although

the weather was unfortunately misty, and there was no sun during the day. The barges and gondolas decked with silk hangings and rich stuffs, and canopies and sculptures, and rowed by gondoliers dressed in the costumes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gave a singularly rich and unique appearance to the Grand Canal. Magnificent as the sight was, it was less interesting to me than the departure of the last Austrian; the raising of the Italian Standards in the Square of St Mark, and the entry of the Italian troops. The enthusiasm was more spontaneous and more touching, and the weather was then magnificent. Last night the King went to the Fenice Theatre, and for the first time in this century all the nobility of Venice and the Venetian provinces was assembled. His reception was very cordial, and the sight was certainly a very grand one. There is to be a masked ball to-morrow night at the Fenice, and a regatta on Sunday—the entertainments for which Venice in the olden days used to be celebrated.

To Mrs Austen.

PARIS, 13th June 1867.

What with my working men¹ and the Ottoman Bank business, I have been at work from early morning till late at night. The first excursion has succeeded very well. The working men whom we have brought over are very much delighted with all that they have seen, and are well satisfied with the accommodation we have been able to provide for them. To-morrow I take a couple of hundred of them over the Louvre, and do the *cicerone* in the galleries. I hope to get the Emperor to see them before I leave.

As regards the Exhibition, it is full of beautiful and interesting things, but it is like an enormous bazaar, or assemblage of shops. There is no such general view as we had in our first Exhibition, and which was so grand and imposing; you see nothing but what is immediately around you. We do not, I think, hold so good a position as we might. The French have made enormous progress in machinery, and in other departments of manufacture in which we once were supreme. Their glass, enamels, bronzes, silver plate, and jewellery, are of the highest quality, and we are far behind them in all that relates to

¹ Layard had taken a party of some 2000 workmen from Southwark, his constituency, to Paris, to see the Exhibition.

design and taste. Our furniture is good—better, I think, than the French.

To Mrs Austen.

VENICE, 8th January 1868.

. . . I spent some days with my friends, the Moriers,¹ in the melancholy little town of Darmstadt; but I enjoyed my visit, and made the most of my time. The Princess Alice, you know, lives here. I had a very pleasant interview with her. She is very charming, reads much, takes an interest in everything, and is an agreeable talker. She is the centre of a little literary society at Darmstadt, and is much liked.

One of the objects of my visit to Darmstadt was to see the great Holbein which belongs to the Princess Charles, the Mother-in-law of our Princess. It is the original of the celebrated picture at Dresden—that is, they are probably both by Holbein, but this is the finest of the two, and probably the one first painted. It is a most noble work, and fully confirms the highest opinion one could form of the powers of Holbein. Fortunately, too, it has escaped the restorer, and is in the finest possible state of preservation. . . .

I am very busy all day endeavouring to put the Salviati establishment into order.² This promises to be a most useful thing for Venice. The principal people now seem inclined to help, but they have little public spirit, and not much taste. French influence has done immense injury to Italy in every way. We have now got a contract for fifteen years to repair the mosaics of St Mark's, and to keep them in order. This enables us to form a regular school of young mosaicists, which will be very useful to the art. Moreover, I have now a department for painting on glass, which promises exceedingly well, and employs young artists. They have produced some beautiful things. The glass-blowers have made wonderful progress, and are improving every day. I have been so much occupied with all these matters, that I have not been much into society since I have been here.

¹ Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B. (1826-93), then Secretary of Legation at Darmstadt.

² This refers to the Venice and Murano Glass and Mosaic Work Company, of which Layard was the founder. Salviati was the Manager.

To Mrs Austen.

VENICE, 23rd October 1868.

. . . Venice has been very full of travellers. Mr Cole,¹ the King of South Kensington, has been here for the last few days. He is bent upon having a grand collection of mosaics in the Museum—fac-similes of the finest works here, and at Ravenna, Rome, and Palermo. It is a great scheme, and if he succeeds in carrying it out, as I doubt not that he will, he will add a most important and interesting department to the Museum. These mosaics are to be executed in fac-simile by Salviati's people, and I have been busy making out the details with him. I am convinced that mosaic is the only external and internal decoration on a great scale which will suit our climate. It resists all the effects of our atmosphere, and is so brilliant that even our dark days would scarcely interfere with it. Fresco painting has so completely failed, that I have given it up.

[The last two letters, recording his successful efforts to revive a noble and valuable industry in the beautiful city which was the home of his later years, and to whose people he gave such patient and loving service, seem to form a fitting close to this chapter.]

¹ Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B. (1808-82); Secretary of Science and Art Department, South Kensington, 1853-73.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PARLIAMENTARY LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAYARD

1852-1869

ALTHOUGH Henry Layard will be best known in History by his discovery of Nineveh and his great work in the East, yet his parliamentary life, though comparatively short, is deserving of more than a mere passing notice. He was never in the inner circle of Government, but his work in the House of Commons was important; and although it was outside that House that he initiated his measure for Administrative Reform, and aroused public opinion so successfully in its favour, he was much aided in so doing by his position as an independent Member of Parliament. It is well, therefore, that his brief but active Parliamentary career should be remembered.

In February 1852, on a vacancy occurring in the office of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Earl Granville, then Foreign Secretary in the Ministry of Lord John Russell, offered the post to Mr Layard. This offer created some surprise in political circles, Layard never having been in Parliament; but the departure from the usual custom was received with satisfaction in the country generally.

In a letter to a relative, Layard refers thus to his appointment:

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Trudelle & Young photo.

Walker & Cockerell photo.

Sir Henry Layard, G.C.B.

ATHENÆUM, 11th February 1852.

I have just been named Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. You will, I have no doubt, feel no less surprise at receiving this communication than I did at receiving it *viva voce* from Lord Granville.

I enter upon duties of such great importance with a deep conviction of the immense responsibility imposed upon me, and with an earnest desire to discharge them to the good of my country.

I pray God to assist me, that I may not forfeit the good opinion of those who have so nobly justified the confidence of the country in the selection of one who has nothing but a reputation of abilities, perhaps not justified by their possession.

You know I have never sought for advancement, and that I owe nothing to interest and connection.

On the defeat of the Liberal Government, which ensued a few days after, Layard, at the request of Lord Malmesbury, Lord Granville's successor in the short administration of Lord Derby, with some hesitation decided to remain in office, for the following reasons, as stated in a letter to his relative Lady Aboyne :

"I have been waiting until matters were a little settled before writing to you. My *séjour au pouvoir* threatened to be very short indeed, but it has been prolonged for some little time. Lord Malmesbury has requested me to remain in office until Lord Stanley returns from India, which will be in May. After consulting with official friends, and taking the matter into mature consideration, I have determined to remain. In many respects this arrangement is very advantageous to me. I am thus enabled to acquire a better acquaintance with business than a short insight of six days would have given me, and I am much helped in my diplomatic career, if I continue in it. On the whole, my position is a very good one, and I have every reason to be satisfied."

On this subject Lord Granville writes to his former Under-Secretary :

LONDON, 27th February 1852.

MY DEAR LAYARD,

I spoke to Malmesbury, but he preferred proposing something to you. I think you ought

not too hastily to determine to refuse anything he might offer.—Ever yours,
G.

Parliament was dissolved on July 1852; and, after this brief but interesting experience of office under different Governments, Layard determined to find a seat in the House of Commons. His remarkable qualities, his great work at Nineveh, in which the country showed intense interest, and his world-wide fame, would have made his candidature acceptable to any important constituency. A local connection with Aylesbury, where his parents had lived and his father had died, induced him to offer himself as a candidate for that borough. Aylesbury was considered a safe Tory seat; but, with Layard in the field as a Liberal candidate, a vigorous contest was certain. He was recommended to the electors by his proposer as a man "who had brought to light with extraordinary spirit Ancient History, and that which was interesting to them as religious-minded men—a man of powerful mind, of indomitable courage, and lofty principles."

The result of the election was the return of the two Liberal candidates, Layard heading the poll with a considerable majority, and bringing in with him his colleague, Mr Bethell, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor Westbury.

In a letter to Lady Aboyne, Layard thus refers to the proceedings which followed the election:

CANFORD MANOR,
9th July 1852.

I never saw such a scene of triumph as our chairing procession. Every window full of well-dressed ladies, showering down bouquets of flowers, sending cakes and wine, waving flags, etc., etc. The procession must have extended half a mile. Women brought their babies, and carried them before us. It was a complete triumph and most gratifying.

In another letter, however, he complains of the conduct of the clergy at Aylesbury towards him.

"Fancy my having arranged to give a lecture in the Town Hall, when, the day before yesterday, three visiting justices, two of them clergymen, had the meanness to forbid the use of the Town Hall, because I was a Liberal! There is no doubt (experience daily convinces me of the fact) that the clergy, with some honourable exceptions, are as a body opposed to the working classes, and to the spread of knowledge. We fortunately found a school-room (not nearly big enough to hold half the audience I should have had), still it answered the purpose, and the Tory justices have brought themselves into merited contempt."

Lord Granville writes the following letter to Layard on his success :

CARLSBAD, 17th July 1852.

MY DEAR LAYARD,

After my brother's election at Stoke, the one I looked for with the greatest interest was that of Aylesbury. I need not say how glad I am at your success. I am sure you are now in a position in which you will gain further distinction for yourself, and be of great use to the public. Notwithstanding your diffident remark about your speaking, I have no doubt of your complete success in that art, which, after all, is a very easy one, and which depends chiefly upon practice.

I believe the best advice which can be given was given to me by an excellent judge, when I first went into the House of Commons, viz.: Never, till your reputation is established, speak on any subject but those that you both know and are supposed by others to know, and never, however tempting the occasion may be, condescend to personalities.

Carlsbad is pretty, narrow, hot, and crowded. The waters renovate old women, and freshen up faded ones, but they petrify insects and the human intellect. I have been taking them vigorously, as if I had every combination of gout and rheumatism, and feel perfectly stonified; but they assure me this is quite what is to be desired. The heat is intense. As old Esterhazy, who is here, says: "It is a bad place for Diplomats, *car tout transpire*."

I hope to see you and read your new work as soon as I get back.—Yours ever.

The new Parliament met in November, with Lord Derby as Prime Minister, in time to attend the funeral of the Duke of Wellington on the 18th of that month.

After the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne, the House of Commons considered the question on which the General Election had been fought, that of Free Trade or Protection, referred to in the Speech from the Throne, as "Unrestricted Competition." The remarkable debates which ensued, and which determined the future financial and economic policy of the country, extended over many days. In these debates Layard took no part; but he voted for Charles Villiers' resolution on Free Trade, and against Disraeli's Budget resolution, the defeat of which caused the fall of Lord Derby's Government in December of the same year. In the succeeding Coalition Government under Lord Aberdeen, Layard had reason to expect that he would be included. Lord Granville wrote to him on this subject :

MY DEAR LAYARD,

As soon as I got to Chesham Place [Lord John Russell's house], I alluded to the circumstances which attended your retirement from the F.O. I found it unnecessary. Lord John had been thinking and speaking about it; but from what I have heard to-day, I am afraid that it will be very difficult to give effect to his wishes for the present. I should be more sorry than I am, if I did not think that, as you are perfectly capable of distinguishing yourself in the House of Commons, it may be better for you to do so in an independent position at first.

Layard, writing to a relative with whom he was in constant and intimate correspondence, thus states his views :

9 LITTLE RYDER STREET,
30th December 1852.

After keeping me in suspense all this while, they have decided, I understand, that I am to have nothing. I have

not received one word, however, from any of the great people on the subject, either by way of explanation or otherwise. I wish they had made up their minds sooner. I should then have had the pleasure of spending my Christmas with you. I have now accepted an invitation to Bowood (Lord Lansdowne's) for Monday.

I have not yet made up my mind what I shall do. The present Ministry may last long, although there are certain elements of dissolution in it. If it lasts, it would be useless for me with my very limited means to engage in a long Parliamentary career, without prospect of being employed in the public service. Of course, had I believed that, after what passed in the spring, I should have been left in the lurch, I should have hesitated in refusing Lord Derby's offer of a mission.

Layard certainly was much disappointed with the position in which he now found himself, and, on an offer of employment being made to him by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, he makes the following communication to an intimate friend :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
1st March 1853.

I do not know what you will say when you hear that I am off for Constantinople on Thursday, leaving with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. It has been a great struggle to me, and it was only decided last night.

I have endeavoured to do what I believe to be most consistent with my duty. There is no doubt that this will be a considerable sacrifice, but what are professions worth unless you do make sacrifices? After all, I must remember that I owe very much to Lord Stratford, and that I am bound to make any reasonable sacrifice to show that I am not ungrateful for what he has done. Moreover, the state of affairs is undoubtedly very critical, and my poor services may be of use at Constantinople. These considerations have induced me to decide upon acceding to Lord Stratford's wishes. Both Lord John and Lord Clarendon appear to be glad that I am going.

At this time Eastern affairs were beginning to attract public notice ; and no member of the House of Commons had Layard's intimate knowledge of them. Turks, Persians,

Arabs, Kurds, and the wild tribes among whom he had lived for several years, knew him and recognised his power. During his stay at Constantinople he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the views and policy of Russia in regard to the Ottoman Empire. There can be no doubt, therefore, that his appointment to his former post at the Foreign Office would have been advantageous to the Government. Unhappily, the renewal of his services under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe did not turn out a success. Difficulties arose, and Layard complains in a letter to Lord Aboyne that he finds himself reduced to "a kind of unpaid attaché, that he has nothing to do, and might as well be in Van Diemen's Land."

He therefore returned to England on 10th May 1853, and, soon afterwards, he received the following letter from Lord Granville :

MY DEAR LAYARD,

I cannot say how much interested I have been by your three letters ; at the same time, I am glad that there is a chance of their being concluded by your return to England. You did what I believe is always right. You went where it was thought it was good for the public service that you should go, but there can be no necessity for your staying at Constantinople in a subordinate position when diplomatic matters have resumed somewhat of a routine.

Gladstone has won immortal honour by the courage and ability which he has shown, but his health nearly broke down under it. Nothing can be more cordial and united than the Cabinet, and I think the jealousy which was so strong at first among the supporters of the Government is gradually disappearing.¹

On his return to England, Layard, feeling convinced of the hostile designs of Russia towards Turkey, and that

¹ This jealousy was caused by the omission from the Government of some Whig and Liberal members, in order to find places for the followers of Mr Gladstone.

war would ensue, tried in vain to awaken in the Government a true sense of the impending danger, and plied them constantly with questions. On 13th June he asked in the House whether orders for the removal of the Fleet to Besika Bay, or some point near the Dardanelles, had been given. He was answered that orders had been sent to the British Admiral at Malta directing him to proceed to Besika Bay, and that the British Ambassador had been instructed to act, under certain circumstances. In reply to his question on 1st July, whether the Russians had blocked the entrance into the principal channel of the Danube, he was informed that the Government had no intimation of this.

This state of things was so unsatisfactory to Layard that he gave notice that he should bring matters formally before the House by a motion. Lord Palmerston urged him in the public interest not to take this course, but on 22nd July Layard stated that during the last fortnight events of great importance had taken place in the East of Europe, and, pressing for a day in which these matters could be discussed, he said :—

“ I will venture to state that, in the whole history of the intercourse of nations, acts so unjustifiable, so outrageous, so dangerous as those which have been committed within the last three months have never previously been committed in Europe.”

Lord John Russell refused to grant a day, and it was not till 16th August that Layard found an opportunity of delivering his speech.

He disclaimed any intention of attacking the Government by his motion. Public discussion was his sole aim. He had been accused of urging on war. No one more fully recognised the blessing of peace than he did, but England must be prepared for war in defence of her rights. The point of difference between himself and Her Majesty's

Government was whether Russian conduct was the outcome of a deep-laid scheme, or only a temporary trouble. He quoted Prince Menschikoff's mission in support of his own belief of a deep-laid scheme, and instanced the duplicity of Russian diplomacy. He referred, as an attempt had been made to vindicate Russia's claim to interfere in Turkish matters, to Monsieur de la Valette's intrigues at Constantinople, gave a sketch of Prince Menschikoff's mission thither and his insulting demands for the dismissal of the Servian Prime Minister.

He then showed how this manœuvre was followed by the Russian aggression in the Danubian Principalities which had become Russian provinces.

He touched on the religious persecution of the Greek clergy and the support given by Prince Menschikoff, and spoke not only of the importance of keeping the Turkish Empire intact, but also of the danger which would occur to our rule in India with its large and warlike Mussulman population by the Russian occupation of the capital city of the Sultan.

"We have committed," said Layard, "two great errors : (1) having the knowledge of the Russia-Turkish Treaty and the information of Russia's vast military preparations on the Turkish frontier, we should have insisted on disarmament, as proof of a pacific policy ; (2) on Russia informing us that she was about to cross the Pruth (at that time the frontier of the Danubian Principalities) we should have intimated that her doing so would be taken as a *casus belli*, and the fleet should have been sent to Constantinople. As a result of our action, or inaction, Turkey has received a fatal blow. The Russian occupation of the Principalities is accepted, and Great Britain is regarded by the weaker states who look to her support as helpless against Russian encroachments."

He wound up in these words :

"I have witnessed all these circumstances with extreme pain and regret. The day will come when we shall see the

fatal error we have committed, and repent a policy against which, as a humble member of this House, I can only record my solemn protest."

Letter from Layard to Lady Huntly.

ATHENÆUM, 17th August 1853.

. You will have seen, of course, an account of our Turkish debate the other night. The *Chronicle* has the best report. Lord John's speech was most unsatisfactory, and the House felt it so.

They received what I said exceedingly well, and were evidently with me. I was well cheered throughout by a very large House for this time of the session.

Cobden's peace harangue was admirable, answered by Palmerston. His speech was immensely applauded, and the general impression was that, had there remained much more of session, he would have been so strong that he would have left the Government and formed a Ministry of his own. People felt that he was speaking what he felt, and that he was leaving his colleagues behind. I find that the feeling out of doors is pretty well the same as that in the House. If Ministers continue long in this unsatisfactory state, and refuse to give information to the public as to the real position of Turkey and Russia, there will be a very loud and very general expression of disapprobation.

I was rather nervous when I began to speak, as you may suppose, and had a kind of general nightmare and the like conviction that I should break down, but after a few minutes I warmed up and got on very well, and without hesitation, to the end. The house was very full. The split between myself and the Ministers is now complete, and I suppose all chance of employment out of the question. I do not mind. I have done what I believe to be my duty, and I trust I shall always be able to refer back to what has occurred with conscientious satisfaction.

During the anxious time preceding the war, Layard lost no opportunity of showing the intense interest he felt in all that affected the relations of Russia and Turkey, seeing for the latter a great danger in the case of Russia's success, and a great advantage to Turkey in the alliance with the British and French forces. After the war had been declared,

he decided to proceed to the seat of action, and out of this adventure arose a regrettable incident (to use an expression now in vogue) which affected temporarily his position in the House of Commons, and caused ill-feeling on the part of several members towards him.

On reaching the Crimea he made the acquaintance of the distinguished officer Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, then second in command of the British Fleet, who invited him to be his guest on board the *Agamemnon*. From that ship he viewed the battle of the Alma, and was enabled to speak in the laudatory terms which he used in his speech on the Parliamentary vote of thanks to our soldiers and sailors, recounting feats of valour which he had himself witnessed.¹

Before leaving England, he had promised Mr Delane (the very able editor of the *Times*, with whom he was on friendly terms) to send him occasional letters, and one of these which reflected on the conduct of Admiral Dundas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, was published, contrary to his intention. The letter, being dated from the mast-head of the *Agamemnon*, caused a painful sensation, and, as Admiral Dundas had many friends in and out of Parliament, much ill-feeling was shown towards Layard, when it became known that he was the writer.

Replying to a bitter attack made on him by Mr Drummond (the then well-known Member for Surrey), Layard, in the course of a personal explanation, said that no one regretted the painful incident more than he did. The letter was a private one, but, unfortunately, it was published. It was written on board the ship of a gallant officer who had shown him every hospitality.

“I went to that gallant officer, told him my letter had been published, and, if he was called upon to ascertain the writer, he was at liberty to give my name to Admiral Dundas.

¹ See Diary in the Crimea, and letter to Mr Bruce, App. A.

"I also, unfortunately, referred to a letter from Admiral Dundas which was shown to me by a gallant captain. I accordingly wrote the following to him :—

"As I have been guilty towards you of a breach of confidence in so far that part of the letter which you read in my presence has been published in a letter to a friend of mine, any reparation that you may ask, and that it is in my power to give, I am willing to afford."

"With regard to Admiral Dundas, I further said :

"Express to him also the deep regret I feel that a private letter should have been published, containing a charge which I would only have made in the House of Commons, and not in a newspaper anonymously ; but that, as the charge has been made, the only reparation I can give him, if he insists upon it, is to reiterate that charge publicly, giving him the opportunity of meeting it, and that I am ready to do."

"I am ready, if called upon by the House, to substantiate the charge my letter makes, also to substantiate it from the despatches written by members of the Government and evidence of those who have served under Admiral Dundas and have witnessed his conduct in this campaign. If Admiral Dundas's friends dare me to do it, I am ready to support the charges I have made.

"With reference to what the Right Hon. Baronet, Sir James Graham, at the head of the Board of Admiralty said about Admiral Dundas, I will read a despatch from the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Raglan, and see what is the language used by the Government themselves.

"DESPATCH.

"Your Lordship's cordial acknowledgment of the invaluable services rendered by Sir E. Lyons and the Officers and seamen of the Royal Navy."

"So that, in acknowledging after a great battle the services of the British Navy, the Government omit the name of the man in the chief command, and mention the name of the second in command. In the face of this, what right have you to say that I should never have made the charge? The question is one that rests between the Admiral and the Government. I am ready to support the charges I have made."

It would have been better if Layard had finished his speech with the expression of his deep regret and his desire to make all the reparation in his power. The House of Commons readily forgives any one who does this, but his offer to justify his accusations was received with anger by many, and especially by the military members present.

Subsequently Layard spoke in the highest terms of the military and naval officers engaged in the war, and he never failed to point out what he considered neglect, on the part of the Government, of deserving officers. He attacked with vigour all that savoured of favouritism, and cited (not without success) cases where men possessing social influence were promoted over the heads of those deprived of that advantage; and there can be no doubt that his vigilance in detecting and exposing these instances was generally beneficial to the army.

Layard's experience in the Crimea, during the war, of the great suffering endured by the troops, owing mainly to the defective organisation in England, caused him on his return to endeavour to bring about extensive administrative reform. To do this, he proposed to excite public opinion by denouncing at some great public meetings the maladministration which had caused the loss of many lives during the war. The first of these gatherings was held in the Drury Lane Theatre, and was attended by several Members of Parliament and distinguished men. Mr Layard addressed the meeting in a vigorous speech. He said there was a general and deep-seated conviction that the country was misgoverned. Around him he saw eminent representatives of literature, of art, of science. What was it that drew such persons there from their ordinary avocations? It was this, that, whilst, during a long period of comparative peace, all that concerned the private relations and the private enterprise of England had made a progress unexampled in history, the govern-

ment of the country had been standing still. The blue-books just published by the Sebastopol Committee were records of inefficiency, records of indifference to suffering, records of ignorance, records of obstinacy, which had cast shame upon us and upon our system. After paying a tribute to the heroic conduct of Florence Nightingale, he blamed the Administration that for two months, while the greatest events were occurring, no Cabinet Council was held ; with the exception of two members, all the Ministers were away amusing themselves in the country, while the soldiers were sent to the Crimea with old arms and old tents, and thousands of lives had been sacrificed on the shrine of incompetency and neglect. Men were put into Government offices merely on political grounds. The offices were overfilled with inefficient men, and enquiry should be made whether the number of persons in the Civil Service could not be reduced and the work at the same time be better done. Layard then attacked Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, who, he said, had jested at the sufferings of the country. The Association (for Administrative Reform) would require men who would enter on the work with honest hearts and unselfish views, and with the determination to persevere until their object was secured. If they wanted an honest Government they must choose their members honestly. Let their motto be "Fitness not Favour."

This speech, which was greatly applauded, was followed by one from Mr Otway, M.P., who remarked that it was not possible always to determine who was the right man for a post, but it was quite possible to say who was the wrong one.

This meeting was followed soon after by another, held also in Drury Lane Theatre, over which Mr Samuel Morley, an eminent man, much respected in the city of London, presided. At this meeting Charles Dickens made a very

eloquent and humorous speech, and greatly delighted the vast audience. There is little doubt that these meetings created a strong sense in the country in favour of Layard's views, and he followed up the feeling promoted by them with a motion in the House of Commons. On 15th June he moved :

"That this House views with deep and increasing concern the state of the nation, and is of opinion that the manner in which merit and efficiency have been sacrificed in the public appointments to party and family influence and to a blind adherence to routine, has given rise to great misfortunes, and threatens to bring discredit upon the national character, and to involve the country in great disaster."

To this motion Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton moved the following amendment :

"That the House recommends to the earliest attention of Her Majesty's Ministers the necessity of a careful revision of our various official establishments, with a view to simplifying and facilitating the transaction of public business, and by instituting judicious tests of merit, as well as by removing obstructions to fair promotion and legitimate rewards, to secure to the service of the State the largest available proportion of the energy and intelligence for which the people of this country are distinguished."

The position of the Conservative party in this debate was of importance. Had the entire party joined the forces on the Conservative side in favour of Administrative Reform, as advocated by Layard, the existence of Lord Palmerston's Government would have been seriously menaced. Among the Conservative members, however, there were many who put their faith in Palmerston, and had no desire to see him removed from power, whilst the leaders of the party themselves were unable to form a ministry which would have the confidence of the House of Commons and the country. Hence the amendment of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, which was so worded that,

while associating the Conservative party with the desire for administrative reform, it could be and was accepted by Lord Palmerston, and consequently was passed by a majority of 313. During the debate Lord Palmerston, who had been greatly offended by the attack on him at what he called the "Drury Lane theatricals," defended himself with success. In restating these charges by Layard, he said :

"To his face I tell him that there is not a word of truth in the assertions which he then made. I never jested at the sufferings of the soldiers. I never made light of their unfortunate condition, and so far from having vilified the people of England, the whole course of my conduct and every word which fell from my lips here or elsewhere has attested the respect and admiration which I feel for the people of this country, and the pride with which I am animated in belonging to a nation so noble and so distinguished."

After this exhibition of anger, Palmerston proceeded to deal with some of Layard's arguments, and said with regard to the inaction of the Government and its indisposition to make reform in the public service :

"If we do not do a thing, they say, 'Why, here, you have not done that, the want of which has been remarked upon for years, which has been recommended by commissions and in debates of this House. How blamable you must be for not doing it!' No sooner is it done than they say, 'Lord 'a mercy! this has been called for for years. There is no merit in doing that!'"

Layard's motion was defeated, it is true, by a large majority, but the cause had gained considerably by this protracted discussion. He had now established a recognised position, and his name will henceforward be inseparable from the cause of Administrative Reform.

Had he succeeded in his endeavour to re-organise the War Office, and to establish there the much-needed

measures of Administrative Reform, in all probability many of the disasters and miscarriages which have occurred (during the war in South Africa), owing greatly to the inefficiency and want of organisation in that office, would have been averted.

In March 1857 on the dissolution of Parliament, he bade farewell to the electors of Aylesbury, and in his speech said: "It is no disgrace to suffer with Cobden, Bright, Clay, Otway, Milner-Gibson, Cardwell, and many others who had been on the side of the people." Evidence was given of the estimation in which he was held in his constituency by a presentation of plate from his supporters.

Layard had always interested himself in matters relating to India, and, being released from Parliamentary duties, he visited that country, while the Mutiny was still being suppressed, in order to see and judge for himself of the condition of the people and their requirements. On his return he addressed a great meeting at St James's Hall on the past misgovernment of India and the problems which had to be faced there.

Desiring to renew his Parliamentary life, he took advantage of a vacancy in the City of York, which occurred in April 1859, to present himself as a candidate, but was defeated by twenty votes. So pleased with him, however, were his supporters, that they opened a subscription to defray his election expenses, to which his rival, the successful candidate, contributed £100.

He did not manage to find a seat till December 1860, when he succeeded, at a bye-election for Southwark, in defeating his Conservative opponent by a majority of 1195. He represented this constituency for the rest of his Parliamentary career.

In the early part of the Session of 1861 Layard took an active part in the discussion of foreign affairs, making im-

portant speeches on the relations of Russia and the Porte, and on the Syrian question, on which occasion he gave a masterly sketch of the state of things which had led to the French occupation of that country. He also spoke in vindication of his old friend Count Cavour from the charge of duplicity in regard to the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. "The one guilty of deception," he said, "was not Cavour, but the Emperor Louis Napoleon."

In a speech seconding the motion of Colonel Sykes for enabling British subjects born in India to compete on the same footing as other British subjects for employment under the Crown, we find him combining his interest in the welfare of that country with zeal for Administrative Reform. The ability, and what is more, the personal knowledge and experience, which he brought to bear on these subjects, drew general attention to him; and, when, in June 1861, Earl Russell offered him his former post as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the appointment met with general satisfaction.

Addressing his constituents on his acceptance of office, he paid a tribute to Earl Russell as the leader of the Reform movement. He alluded to the important measures passed for the better Government of India, and he said of Lord Palmerston, that he had preserved the honour and dignity of England, and had raised her to the highest position with foreign countries.

In this new term of office, which lasted until the resignation of Lord Russell's administration in 1866, Layard had many occasions for profiting by his early travels and adventures. Such were the election of the king of Greece in 1863; a debate on the government of Naples, in which he must have given a very willing expression to the confidence of the Queen's Government in the great future which awaited Italy under the Piedmontese dynasty; and a discussion of the Servian question, in the course of which he

gave an account of the Revolution of 1841 in that country, of which he had been an eye-witness.¹

In the two following years he had still graver matters to deal with. In April 1864, on a Vote of Censure of the Government, with reference to their conduct in the affairs of Schleswig - Holstein and Denmark, moved by Mr Disraeli, Layard made a very effective speech, in which he showed that there was no foundation for the allegation that Denmark had been led to expect material assistance from England, and he warned the House of the danger to the country which would be caused by a change of the Administration at the present juncture. The Vote of Censure was rejected by a majority of eighteen.

In 1865 the affairs of Abyssinia attracted the attention of the country, and in July Sir Hugh Cairns (afterwards Lord Chancellor Cairns) brought them to the notice of the House of Commons.² In reply to his speech Layard entered very fully into the matters referred to. He described the shameful conduct of King Theodore, who, he said, was not of royal birth but an adventurer; his barbarous treatment of the missionaries and English women, whom he sent to jail loaded with chains, and the imprisonment of our Consular officers: treatment which later on led to the war with Abyssinia and the death of King Theodore.

In July 1865 Parliament was dissolved, and Layard's return for Southwark was unopposed. Lord Palmerston's death occurred soon after, and Earl Russell succeeded him as Prime Minister, holding that office until 26th July 1866, when his Government, failing to carry their Reform Bill, resigned. In the new Government formed

¹ See Chap. ii. of this volume.

² The Government had been attacked for not answering a letter from King Theodore. Layard declared that he had never seen this letter, and it had nothing to do with causing the war.

by the Earl Derby, Layard was succeeded as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by Mr Egerton.

In 1867 Abyssinian matters were in a very critical condition, and on a debate of 27th July Layard, following Sir H. Rawlinson, alluded to a speech by Lord Chelmsford, to the effect that the appointment of Mr Rassam (for which Layard was responsible) was an insult, and said that, had the newspapers containing this reached King Theodore, all the party of prisoners would have been put to death. It was no use going into the origin of the quarrel. The question was how to liberate these unfortunate persons; and with great reluctance he had come to the conclusion that there was only one course left now, namely, an expedition to Abyssinia. No doubt the captives would incur a certain amount of risk, but they were willing to run the risk rather than pass their lives in captivity. The expedition ought to be sent at once, as September and October were the only months in which our troops could operate in Abyssinia.

The numerous speeches made by Layard on Foreign Affairs allow only a very brief and imperfect notice in these pages, which fails altogether to do justice to them.¹

In November 1868 Parliament was dissolved and Layard was again returned for Southwark.

On the formation of Mr Gladstone's Government in the month of December, the Prime Minister offered him the post of Chief Commissioner of Works, which he accepted, and it was said of him by a writer in the *Saturday Review* that he was the first expert that had ever been placed there.

In that office it became part of his duty to superintend the adornment of public buildings, and this he endeavoured

¹ These speeches are very fully reported in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, and in the leading newspapers.

to effect in a manner befitting a great nation. He turned naturally for inspiration to Italy, the mother of European art, and the land of his affection. Difficulties, however, soon arose between him and the Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury, a man of considerable ability, but of somewhat narrow views. Mr Ayrton, the Minister alluded to, was opposed to expenditure of public money on works of art. His views on the subject may be gathered by a speech to his constituents, in which he stated that he objected to public expenditure, on those whom he classified as "painters, sculpturers, architects, and market-gardeners."

The two most important projects with which Layard had to deal as Chief Commissioner of Works were the building of the new Law Courts and the internal decoration of the Houses of Parliament. For some time previous to his appointment what has been called "the battle of the sites" had been waged with great vehemence by two parties, the one contending that the new Law Courts should be in Carey Street, Strand, the other, that they should be on the Thames Embankment. The question was discussed in and out of Parliament with what has been described as "great superfluity and heat." The position on the Thames Embankment had been advocated by Sir Charles Trevelyan in speech after speech and letter after letter, and Layard, who was himself in favour of that site, announced in the House of Commons, April 1869, that the Government proposed to erect the new Law Courts on the Embankment site. Their views, as set forth by the Chief Commissioner of Works in a speech to the House on 21st June 1869, were based on convenience of access for all parties and the relative cost, while at the same time serious attention was drawn to the extent to which beauty of design would be affected by the decision. There was not

much difference in the cost of the buildings on either site, but the approaches in the Carey Street site would be very costly. On the Embankment the case was just the reverse, and the light and air would be far better. The Government could not give undue weight to the alleged convenience or inconvenience of practitioners in Lincoln's Inn; the interests of the public were paramount. But if the Embankment site was supported by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr Gregory, Mr Layard, and Mr Lowe, in opposition to them there was no less an advocate than Sir Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Chancellor Selborne, who defended the Carey Street site. The opposition to the Government project, thus re-inforced by one of his own colleagues, had the effect of inducing Mr Gladstone, in July 1869, to appoint a Select Committee to re-consider the question of the sites. Layard much regretted this, for he was convinced that he was on the side of public convenience, salubrity, and beauty, and he desired to enrich London not only by a much-needed public building, but also by a national monument, which should be worthy of the greatest city in the world.

The public have now an opportunity, when they look on the cramped, gloomy, ill-ventilated, and enormously expensive building in the Strand, for easily determining which of the parties was really right in this battle of the sites.

On a motion being made by Mr Herbert, the member for Kerry, to remove the grating before the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons, Layard replied that the opinion of the House was sharply divided on the subject, and he had thought it right to ascertain the opinion of ladies who visited the gallery. He applied therefore to 200 of them, and he thought he could not do better than read a letter which he had received from a very gifted lady, a frequent visitor to the Ladies' Gallery.

MY DEAR MR LAYARD,—I do hope you will exert the weight of your official authority to preserve for us the protection of the grating in front of our gallery, which some honourable members, no doubt prompted by mistaken kindness, are disposed to remove. I fully appreciate the chivalrous zeal of Mr Herbert, but if you have an opportunity, I hope you will tell him how many more effectual ways there are of defending our cause in Parliament and earning our gratitude. Do not suppose that I mean to say the Ladies' Gallery could not be improved. The occasional visits we have from our friends in the House of Commons are too short for them to be able to judge of our sufferings up there, or of the quality of the air you provide for our lungs, but the removal of the grating would be no remedy; on the contrary the protection we derive from it enables us to sit as we like, to talk together, to hang up our shawls and bonnets, and to sleep as we please—these are many advantages, for you know we are obliged to sit quiet not to lose our places while bores are addressing the house. You will not take it amiss, dear Mr Layard, if I say there are some bores in the House of Commons. You cannot feel for us, because on these occasions you can go and talk to your friends and write letters in the library. The grating also enables us to leave the gallery in the middle of dull speeches which we would otherwise be compelled to sit out patiently, especially if the orator were an acquaintance, and had obtained our seats; and then the grating is of enormous advantage to honourable members themselves, who would not come and stretch and sleep and snore as they do immediately below us in the galleries, if they saw that we saw them; and, last but not least, do you not think that a good many remarks and suppositions are made impossible by the interposition of this obstacle? Who can say now that Mr —— said so-and-so because Lady —— was in the gallery, or that Sir —— always stammers and breaks down when he is addressing the House and Miss —— is in the Ladies' Gallery?"

Mr Layard submitted to the House that there was a great deal of truth in this letter, though it was in favour of improved accommodation and improved ventilation.

About the same time Mr Raikes brought forward a motion for enquiry into a contract formed with Messrs Salviati to supply mosaics for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, the allegations being that the contract had been entered into without the knowledge of the House, and that the Chief Commissioner of Works himself held shares in the Glass and Mosaic Works of Salviati. The insinuation against the probity of Layard is obvious, and needs no comment.

Layard, in answer to Mr Raikes, said he had, in his passion for Italy and art, been led to help Dr Salviati in his endeavours to revive the old mosaic enamel.

The Queen herself had been one of the first to recognise its beauty, and he had applied to friends not to let the great work fall through for lack of funds.

Some of the most distinguished men in this and the other House of Parliament had furnished funds, but owing to his own position, which might lay him open to political attacks, he had transferred his shares to a gentleman who was no relation of his. The company was undertaken with the sole desire to introduce into this country a great and noble decoration really serviceable to art. Mr Barry had suggested mosaic, and the Treasury had sanctioned the expense. It was Mr Barry who had made the arrangement with Dr Salviati. He further added that, with respect to the employment of foreign artists, one of his great objects in introducing mosaics was to enable Englishmen to become proficient in this art.

Layard's explanation completely satisfied both the House and the country, and it is perhaps only fair to add that Mr Raikes, in an apologetic reply, said his object in bringing forward his motion was to give the Chief Commissioner of Works the opportunity to meet publicly the accusations that were being widely insinuated, rather than openly and honestly stated. If he had used any ex-

pression which was offensive, or unfair, he was exceedingly sorry for it. He was quite satisfied with the explanation, and he was sure that the right hon. gentleman would be glad that the opportunity of making it had been offered.

The differences which have been already noticed between Mr Ayrton, the representative of the Treasury, and Layard, the First Commissioner of Works, increased as the time went on. The divergence of their views, and the hindrance to his work which Layard constantly experienced from the action of the Treasury, made his position very unsatisfactory.

Mr Gladstone was aware of the state of things existing between these two active and strong-willed members of his Administration. He took the opportunity, therefore, on a vacancy occurring in a high diplomatic post, of suggesting to the Earl of Clarendon (then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) that he should submit for Her Majesty's approval the appointment of Layard to that post. Communication to this effect was accordingly made to Layard in Naples, where he then was, and he gratefully accepted the offer; his satisfaction, however, was not a little diminished, when he heard that Mr Ayrton was appointed his successor.

So it came about that Layard, bidding farewell to the House of Commons, and to his antagonist at the Treasury, recommenced, as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid, his diplomatic career, which he terminated as Ambassador at Constantinople.

Layard's love of art was intense, and his knowledge, especially of Venetian and Florentine art, very great. Had he been enabled to give effect to his views, London would have undoubtedly derived benefit, and would have received some of that improvement which it greatly requires to raise it to a level with those Continental Capitals, and

other great cities, whose inhabitants find pleasure and pride in their adornment.

The following extract from a poem in *Punch*, relating to the removal of Layard from the office of Chief Com-



DON LAYARDOS IN MADRID.

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missioner of Works to that of Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid, hits off admirably the political character of Ayrton, and shows the difference between him and Layard.

"Risk of diplomatic squabbles what if thereby we should run,
Without risk there is no blessing to be purchased 'neath the sun,
From the Works I see a blessing, if Layardos is set free,
It will make a road for shunting Ayrton from the Treasury.

"To expense, *Guerra al cuchillo* ! Bills I like to hack and hew,
But where I cut down a penny, Acton Ayrton he cuts two,
In the House he makes as many foes as he gives sharp replies,
If John Bull is oft pound-foolish Ayrton's always penny-wise.

"On demands I fling cold water, Acton Ayrton flingeth hot.
I'm resolved no more to bear his cold abstraction and his rot
Great in Words, I vote we let him try the Works, the Works try him,
While we send stout Don Layardos to Madrid to sink or swim."

It cannot be justly said that Sir Henry Layard's career in the House of Commons enhanced the high reputation he had obtained in other fields.

He was not an orator, nor could he be considered even a powerful speaker in an assembly which contained at the same time such men as Bright, Gladstone, Macaulay, Disraeli, Lowe, and Cowen (of Newcastle). Yet his speeches were always able, earnest, and straightforward. They were well delivered, and one could not but admire, when he was speaking, his leonine head and manly presence. He was fearless in denunciation of abuses, and his sympathy was always with the oppressed. The best of his speeches, while Under-Secretary, was perhaps that in the great debate of 1866, on the Reform Bill of Lord Russell. As an ardent Reformer, more advanced than his Chief, he defended the Government measure with much vigour and at some length. He was indignant at the conduct of a small knot of disaffected Liberals, who formed what John Bright called "the Cave of Adullam," and whose secession on the historic division on Lord Dunkellin's Amendment to an important clause of the Bill later on, caused the fall of the Government and the termination for a time of Layard's official career.

His great knowledge of foreign affairs, recognised

as it was by all the Members of the House of Commons, established his authority in these matters, and was of much value to the Governments in which he held the office of Under-Secretary of State.

But in truth Layard did not possess those qualities (House of Commons' qualities they may be called) which enabled men, intellectually much inferior to him, to obtain high office. He was, perhaps, somewhat intolerant of ignorance in those who pushed themselves forward, and he hated humbug.

The writer of these pages was present at a meeting of some six or seven Members of Parliament,¹ mostly young men, in February 1855, held in Layard's rooms, who were desirous that he should be included in the Government which Lord Palmerston was then forming.

Among them was a Member known as "the Superior Person," having been so named, in one of his sarcastic moods, by Disraeli. This Member made a speech, and used the following words: "I think Layard has won the Cabinet, but perhaps that is too much to expect for him at once; but I say, that we ought all to agree to decline acceptance of office, unless a suitable position is offered to Layard."

On the same evening "the Superior Person" obtained the office he desired, and he wrote a letter of several pages to Layard, which contained a lecture, quite in the style of the famous Mr Barlow, setting forth the virtue of humility, the danger of estimating too highly one's own merits, and the propriety of accepting a very inferior office, trusting to his talent and good conduct to rise from it.

The circumstances attending the offer of office made to

¹ All these Members, with the exception of one who died shortly afterwards, held office either in the Governments of Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, or Mr Gladstone, two of them being Cabinet Ministers.

Layard by Lord Palmerston, are related in the following letter.

Letter from Layard to Lady Huntly.

9 LITTLE RYDER STREET,
Monday, 27th February 1855.

I was somewhat premature, as it turns out, in my announcement of Saturday. After I had posted my letter I saw Palmerston, who withdrew his offer of the War Under-Secretaryship (under pressure of the Cabinet, I believe), and offered me that of the Colonies, which I at once declined. So that I am now free again, and am not sorry for it. There is only one place in the Government, except a Cabinet Office, which I could have taken without losing my excellent position and forfeiting my reputation, and that was the conduct of the war in the House of Commons. Palmerston would have given it to me, but his Cabinet is too strong for him, and this shows one that he cannot last. He also withdrew Danby Seymour's appointment to the Board of Control, and has behaved in the same way to others. In fact, the Brookite Whigs are determined to maintain their monopoly of Government, but it will not do. There is a spirit rising in the country which will be more formidable than our good, easy aristocratic families, who look upon Ministers as their perquisites, can now comprehend. I only hope it may be changed in time. Circumstances may lead me into leading the great movement which is now in progress. I have no wish to ; but if I am forced into it, nothing will turn me aside from my end ; and an immense struggle will be the result, in which I do not think I shall fail. Before many months are over things will change.

As time went on, the ill-feeling created by an unhappy incident, to which reference has been made, wore itself out, and Layard regained his popularity. He had, as almost all public men have, some enemies ; but he had many more friends, and by them he was much liked, and to them he was always true.

Endowed with an independence of character, which was often rather rough in its manifestations, and with utter fearlessness of personal or party consequences where his feelings

or convictions were deeply interested, he was also hampered in his political career by the fact that he represented a combination of views and opinions which was in his time quite strange and exceptional. During the greater part of his Parliamentary career the Liberal Party was led, or greatly influenced, by Lord Palmerston, who had no sympathy with the ideas of reform and legislation which developed so rapidly after his departure, and who entertained views on foreign policy which were utterly discordant with those of the most powerful section of his supporters. Layard, on the other hand, was at once an ardent member of the Progressive Liberal section in all matters of home policy, and as sturdy an upholder as Lord Palmerston of the right and duty of England to take a bold and active part in the politics of the world. He was therefore never thoroughly at home in the party system, and may be considered as a forerunner of a political section which has recently engaged much attention. He might not unfairly be described as the first "Liberal Imperialist."

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

JOURNAL

1854

Friday, 8th September.—Left Therapia with Delane,¹ Kinglake² and Sir Charles Edward Colebroke, at a quarter to two, in the steamer *Danube*, a small vessel constructed for the Turks for the navigation of the Danube, and purchased by the British Government—Lieutenant Cator in command. She was unprovided with a chronometer, her compasses were out of order, she had but a few feet of sounding line. The feeding pipe of her engine had broken down, and the “Donkey” was used to serve the boilers. The seamen, taken from different vessels, were all bad, inexperienced hands, although her crew amounted to thirty-five men. She only carried one small gig. She was bought as a tender to the Admiral. The lieutenant in command’s orders were to make Cape Kiliakri and Serpent’s Island, and then to steer across to Cape Tarkan and to coast to Eupatoria—if we did not fall in with the Fleet. A light breeze in the Black Sea, which freshened towards evening and blew from the northward strongly during the night, reduced our progress to 4 and 5 knots. The steamer, being fitted for river navigation, with flat bottom and large saloon on deck, rolled considerably

Saturday, 9th.—Opposite Varna in the morning—light breeze from north, made Kiliakri about noon—steered out about 50 miles, expecting to sight the Fleet—not doing so, made for Serpent’s Island—no sail whatever seen—our vessel anchored off Baltchik.

Sunday, 10th.—Sighted Serpent’s Island early—no sign of Fleet—steered for Cape Tarkan—anxious look-out for

¹ Editor of the *Times*.

² The historian of the War.

Fleet and for Russian cruisers. Squally during day. About four, saw smoke of steamer to southward. Doubtful whether if friendly or Russian—soon after, line of battle-ships appeared in same direction—after some doubt, made them out to be the French-Turkish Squadrons—twenty-nine ships altogether—sailing in three lines—the Turks led by the *Mamoudeyah*, the French by the *Ville de Paris*. At sunset communicated with the French Admiral. Found that the English Fleet with the transports were to the northward about 40 miles; steamed easily in that direction. Heavy squalls of wind and rain during the night.

Monday, 11th.—Lights were seen about three in the morning—proved to be those of the *Agamemnon* (with Flag of Sir Edmund Lyons), *Samson* and *Caradoc*, with Lyons, Lord Raglan, Sir George Browne, General Canrobert, etc., returning from Sevastopol and the coast. The English Fleet with transports came in sight at daybreak. A beautiful sight as we approached, the vessels covering the horizon—all at anchor. Came alongside the *Britannia* at eight—sent letters, etc., aboard. Soon after the Admiral's (Dundas) boat came alongside for Delane and Colebroke, and brought me a letter from Sir E. Lyons inviting me as his guest on board the *Agamemnon*. His boat soon followed, and I left the *Danube*. Found that a conference had just been held on board the *Caradoc*, when it was finally decided that operations against Sevastopol should at once be undertaken. Lyons appears to have decided it. Dundas against—still hoping something from the rumoured acceptance by Russia of the last Vienna proposals. His strange inactivity a subject of general comment in the Fleet. Lyons, and those who had reconnoitred with him, had returned well satisfied with the result of their visit, and confident of success in case of immediate action. Complaint that no blockade has been kept up—and that troops have been poured in from Odessa lately, and that the trade has been carried on as usual. *We ought to have anchored in Eupatoria—where we should have been perfectly safe, have maintained a strict blockade and opened communications with the natives which might have been of the utmost importance in land operations.* General complaints that Admiral Dundas, still hoping for no hostilities, had neglected every precaution, even to the extent of not having sufficient supplies of coal. Orders given for sailing at mid-day. Squadrons and transports formed lines, according to divisions. The *Agamemnon*

leads, keeping to the windward. In an hour, transports in sailing order.

Tuesday, 12th.—Squally—with wind and rain during the night—transports scattered—at daybreak spreading far and wide over the sea. Several hours before they collected. French and Turks signalled to the N.W., but out of sight of *Agamemnon*, which again takes the lead. Cape Tarkan out of sight, and a long line of coast. Anchored about six—15 or 16 miles from Eupatoria—off low coast with villages and heaps of cut corn.

The *Sanspareil's* engine continually breaking down; immense sums spent in its repair, but the vessel almost useless; most of her lower guns have been taken out, and she is now little better than a frigate. The Fleet ought to have blockaded Sevastopol and Odessa by anchoring in Eupatoria Bay. Communications might then have been opened with the Tartar chiefs and population.

The *Terrible* went at full speed within three or four miles of Sevastopol, during the trip, chasing a small fishing-vessel—struck on a rock, but fortunately passed over it, tearing off nearly the whole of her false keel and doing great injury to her bottom. The example of the *Tiger* does not appear to have done much.

Wednesday, 13th.—Signal made to weigh at daybreak, but great remissness on the part of the transports—some not ready before ten o'clock. The *Agamemnon* in beautiful style whipping them up, and turning in and out like an eel in the water. The French and Turkish Fleets under full sail to the southwards—a fresh breeze from the land, and all ships carrying sail—a beautiful sight. Steering for Eupatoria Bay along a low coast. The *Apollo*, with the 38th and Arthur (my brother) on board, passed close alongside of us, towed by the *Highflyer*. Anchored for the night in Eupatoria Bay. Town summoned, and surrendered at once. Conference on board the Admiral's ship. Lyons returned greatly out of spirits. Eupatoria left without troops. No enquiry made into the position of the enemy, the disposition of the people, etc. In fact, nothing can be more careless and ill-managed than the whole expedition—the want of head apparent everywhere.

Thursday, 14th.—We weighed soon after midnight, but great confusion prevailed. The consequence was that the French reached their anchorage first, the Admiral's ship anchoring close in, and began to land immediately. Our vessels thrown into confusion, completely lost their lines,

and anchored without order. Much valuable time was lost before our landing commenced, Lyons exerting himself with great energy and bringing transports into line. The *Agamemnon* landed so near that there were only six inches to spare between her keel and the ground. The Fusiliers were the first to land, with General Browne. Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge, and most of the officers came on board the *Agamemnon*. A few Cossacks were seen on the beach, and an officer, seating himself within gunshot, remained for some time taking notes; but there were no preparations for resisting a landing—which, with the confusion in consequence of the change of plans, might have been done with some success. The Cossacks retired to a ridge as we landed. General Browne with a party of riflemen reconnoitred the country, and seized a convoy of arabas escorted by Cossacks. Some of the men accompanying the carts were brought on board. I conversed with them. They declared that the whole Tartar population was disaffected and ready to aid in every way. They gave me much information with regard to the country, and seemed honest, quiet people. The landing went on vigorously, notwithstanding the confusion, and before night nearly the whole of the infantry, about thirty guns, and a considerable number of staff horses, had been landed without any very serious accident. I went on shore with Lyons about five, and found the Light and 1st and 2nd divisions marching inland, the rest being on the beach. Arthur, with the 38th (3rd division), landed shortly before sunset. I found him on the beach.

Friday, 15th.—Wind turned to the southward yesterday evening—a heavy swell came in from the south, and this morning, after several ineffectual attempts, it was found impossible to land guns or horses or even to approach the beach. It had rained most heavily during the day, and the troops, without any protection or covering, had been thoroughly drenched. It was 12 o'clock before the surf had diminished enough to permit of an attempt to land. Only eight guns and a few horses were landed before eight, and several accidents occurred—one man and several horses being drowned. The time lost at sea the cause of this. Two days earlier would have saved the southerly wind—fortunately, the landing was not opposed. I went on shore with Delane and Kinglake about mid-day, and walked through the French, Turkish, and part of the English lines, which now extended far and wide over the

country. The people of the country bringing in arabas, cattle, sheep and provisions in great quantities—a very favourable feeling existing everywhere—unfortunately, the French had plundered a village and destroyed everything in it. The English troops drying themselves in the sun—a fine warm day. Arthur on the cliff overlooking the sea.

Saturday, 16th.—The surf somewhat less, but still considerable; disembarkation continuing during the day. Went on shore with Captain Greville and Delane early; met Kinglake; saw Lord Cardigan start at the head of 300 cavalry, two guns (horse artillery) and 200 riflemen, in search of a body of Russian troops said to be advancing—horses and men apparently in very good condition—walked up to Lord Raglan's quarters; much pleased with the reception of the Tartar population—several persons of importance had come into camp, and had given reliable information. The army under tents; found Arthur. He accompanied us to the Turkish Pacha in command (Suleiman Pacha), who received us very civilly, and gave us horses to return. Returned with Captain Greville to his ship, the *Trafalgar*, and dined and slept there.

Sunday, 17th.—Returned in the morning to *Agamemnon*, wrote letters to England, and then went on shore. Found Dickson and Romaine; offer from them of tent, etc.; a few horses, artillery, etc., landed, but surf still high. The *Kangaroo* in the morning hoisted signals of distress. When officer of *Agamemnon* went on board, he found 1200 sick and dead—the decks so encumbered with dead and dying that he could scarcely walk along them—only one medical officer on board. The mismanagement in this respect very great. Saw De Lacy Evans, General Leyland and General Cathcart. Delane and Kinglake land with tent, etc. Return to the *Agamemnon*.

Monday, 18th.—Send letters to England. All troops, horses, etc., disembarked by noon, and the troops ready to march. Went on shore; found that Delane had started for England in the *Banshee*. Captain Peel came on board the *Agamemnon* in the evening and represented the state of things on board the *Cambrian*, now the hospital ship, as bad as that yesterday on board the *Kangaroo*, which has started for Constantinople. Four cases of cholera on board the *Agamemnon*; end fatally.

Tuesday, 19th.—The army marched early. The greater part of the transports made sail for Eupatoria. *Agamemnon* weighs about ten. The armies cross the Bulganok River;

deploy on the hills above. The *Agamemnon* advances midway between Bulganok and Alma Rivers. Russians seen posted on rising ground to the south of Alma. Cossacks, about 150, posted among hayricks in a valley beneath the hill occupied by the allied armies. Bodies of Cossacks and cavalry stationed *en échelon* towards Alma. A large body of Russian cavalry, regular—irregular—between 2500 and 3000, twelve guns and some infantry advance and form line. Our cavalry suddenly appears on the brow of the hill and in the valleys of the extreme left. The French advance on right, chasseurs and skirmishers in front. The advance of our artillery approach first Cossacks in valley, who retire. Our movement being perceived by the Russians, they advance rapidly and form within range of our own cavalry, which now appeared in strength with horse artillery. Fire opens on both sides—a regiment of cavalry—white uniforms—advance rapidly towards French, and suddenly perceiving a body of English cavalry withdraw at gallop. French advance four guns and fire two shells amongst them. The Russians then withdrew on all sides and recross the Alma to their encampment. It would appear that about 20,000 were encamped on the rising ground—one or two earthworks visible with about fifty pieces of artillery. The position very strong. Riflemen approach high banks overlooking sea at the embouchure of the Alma. A French steamer throws six or seven shells amongst them, not apparently without effect. During the manœuvres, a horse soldier in white uniform advances to the beach and remains stationary, evidently wishing to attract attention. A French boat approaches within gunshot—he dismounts, makes a mark in the beach, then retires to the cliff, waving his hand to the spot from which he had come. The boat turning towards it, he returns inland to the Russian troops. The French boat, after some delay, does not approach the beach, but returns to the ship. In the evening Lyons sends a boat, and finds an excellent well of water, near which the horseman had piled a heap of stones—his proceedings not very apparent. A heavy cannonade during the day to the southward, probably from *Samson* and *Terrible*. The French encamp on brow of hill to the south of Bulganok—the English army, with the exception of a few outposts, not visible. The Russians light numerous watch-fires during the night. During the day on the maintop, from whence excellent view.

Wednesday, 20th.—*Agamemnon* shifts her berth early, and draws nearer in shore and towards the mouth of the Alma. The *Spitfire*, *Vesuvius*, *Sanspareil*, *Diamond*, and three French steamers draw near in shore. The division of the French army forming the left descends from the high ground and halts in the valley—only a few Cossacks seen to the north of the Alma, and they are withdrawn. The Russians remaining in position. Our cavalry seen at the extreme left. A French General officer, probably General Bosquet, with a small body of cavalry, advances almost to the mouth of Alma to take a reconnaissance. Thick fog out at sea, covering our Fleet, but not reaching in shore. English infantry not seen before ten, when it appeared on the crest of the hill, and advanced in two great columns, flanked by cavalry and rifles.

The English halted, whilst the French division under Bosquet advanced along the coast. The ford across the mouth of the Alma was merely the bar, and scarcely wide enough for more than two or three to cross abreast—there was a heavy surf breaking over the bar. Some time before the head of the column reached it, a swarm of Zouaves had crossed the river higher up, and were swarming up the almost perpendicular sides of the cliffs and through the ravines. The enemy had raised some earthworks at the mouth of the Alma, and on the crest of the cliff facing the sea; but they could not defend them, owing to the Fleet. The *Agamemnon*, *Diamond*, *Sanspareil*, *Highflyer*, *Vesuvius*, etc., with several French steam vessels, including Admiral Bruat's three-decker, being anchored close in. A large body of Cossacks and infantry were drawn up as near the edge of the cliff as they could, expecting the division of General Bosquet. They were surprised by the Zouaves, who had mounted the cliff in their rear. They retired rapidly, and fell back upon the large body of infantry and cavalry on the undulating ground. The Zouaves formed in line as they reached the summit, partly protected at first by a tumulus of earth. They continued thus to form under a very heavy fire, and suffering a considerable loss. They still held their ground wonderfully well, increasing in number every moment, and allowing time for Bosquet's division to mount by a very steep pathway. At length artillery was brought up—the horses could scarcely, however, draw up the guns, the slope being so steep. For a moment the Zouaves wavered, but they soon picked up, and opening a most dreadful fire upon the Russians—the tirailleurs and artillery

joining in, drove them back. The Russian shells fell somewhat over the French lines. A tumulus, many being scattered over the country, was occupied by a half-built octagonal tower of stone, intended for guns. This position was very warmly disputed; but at length the French carried it, and a Zouave springing upon it raised the tricolor. At length the French main body gained the heights above the position of the Russians. The English had halted during the attack of the French, according to the plan. As soon as the heights were gained, our columns deployed and advanced in line. A large village with trees stood on the right bank of the river. To this village the Russians set fire as they advanced. The smoke was, however, driven into their faces, and rather concealed our advance. The English halted as they reached the village, to allow the smoke to blow off. The Russians, having tried the range of their guns, opened a tremendous fire, with considerable effect. The order was then given to advance. This village broke our line, and the troops rushed into the ford in some confusion. The Light division in the centre, instead of waiting to form, rushed up the slope, which was commanded by the earthwork with eight or twelve guns, and by the battery of twelve guns to the left of it. The slaughter was dreadful. The 7th and 23rd lost, the first ten officers, the other twelve (according to report). They gave way, and fell back. Sir Colin Campbell then told the Duke of Cambridge that the time was come for him to place himself at the head of the Guards, as matters looked ill. This he did, and, supporting the regiments which were falling back, carried the earthwork, the Russians carrying off their guns with great speed. Before this, however, the French, having gained the heights, had forced the battery to the left to leave its position; the guns were dragged off and placed higher up the slope behind the earthwork. The Russians made a charge upon our men in the earthworks and we gave way; but Sir Colin Campbell at the head of the Highland Brigade advanced in magnificent style up the hill—gained its summit—took the Russians in flank, and, compelling them to retire, decided the day. Two very strong and dense squares, each of more than five thousand men, were formed above the earthworks, and had remained there without firing from the beginning of the day. Lord Raglan and his staff had crossed the ford through the midst of a very heavy fire, three of his aides-de-camp having been wounded and

several losing their horses. He then turned down the stream, and, entering a ravine, ascended a hill overlooking the Russians. He saw at once the importance of driving back their square, and sent Dickson for two guns, which began to play upon the foremost square. It soon broke up in great disorder, the men running away in the greatest confusion; the other square held for ten minutes longer and then also gave way before the immense line formed by the Highland regiment with the Light and First Division advancing up the hill. The Russians now retreated on all sides. Our artillery, a battery of Heavy and another of Horse, followed for some distance, forming and firing into the retreating enemy with great effect. The 3rd and 4th division, which had scarcely been in action, were in advance. The enemy's cavalry formed to protect the rear, and as we were without cavalry we could not pursue. Had we possessed sufficient cavalry, the retreat would have been a rout, and nearly all the guns would have fallen into our hands. The whole affair was over in less than three hours and a half, the English only having been in action for a little more than two and half hours. I witnessed the battle from the maintop of the *Agamemnon*, and landed with Captain Mends, Captain Dacres, and one or two others. Our artillery were engaged with the retreating Russians. We found a large number of slain Russians and French on the heights, and many wounded—very dreadful scene. The French were showing very great activity, and were already removing and attending their wounded, so that few must have remained on the field during the night. We met a staff-officer, Captain Weir, and an officer of Engineers, wounded severely. The unfinished tower was surrounded with dead bodies—many horses were scattered about. At night a Russian General was brought prisoner on board the *Agamemnon*—he could only speak Russian, and I had much difficulty in communicating with him through a Turk, Osman Effendi, who understood a few words of the language. He stated that at the head of his brigade he had left Moldavia in August, and had been twelve days at the Alma, not having even marched to Sevastopol. He stated the number of Russian infantry engaged to be 33,000—the number of the cavalry he did not know, but he believed it to be about 5000—of the artillery, too, he was ignorant, but gave them a 100 guns—placing the whole force at about 50,000. All the troops had been withdrawn from Sevastopol to defend the

passage of the Alma, and even the novices had been brought away; so that the place had been left very weak.

Thursday, 21st.—Went with Captain Peel on shore. Great efforts made by Sir Edmund Lyons and the Navy to bring off the wounded. Walked with Captain Peel through the French lines, found the men in high spirits. Parties burying the dead, making graves with crosses at head. The Russians still lying about in great numbers unburied—the whole loss of the French stated to be 1400. General Canrobert wounded. I saw and talked to him yesterday. The French took Menchikoff's carriage, which was coming with correspondence and provisions from Sevastopol—many valuable letters. Found Sir Colin Campbell on the brow of the hill, brought out by a false report that cavalry had been seen in the distance; highly delighted with the conduct of the Scotch Brigade which he commanded. Back to headquarters in the valley near the ford; found Dickson, and walked with him over the field—a frightful mass of dead and wounded, especially near the earthworks; but scattered in every direction. The ground strewn with packs which the retreating Russians had thrown away—helmets, arms, etc. The wounded had been left out all night—several Russian officers lying—one a very intelligent young man speaking French. Found Arthur with his division in the front. Beyond, a great number slain. Our artillery had inflicted great loss upon the retreating army—a dreadful scene, every manner of wound and mutilation—parties of soldiers in all directions carrying off the wounded and burying the dead; returned to headquarters; saw Lord Raglan, Duke of Cambridge talking with young Russian officer, Kinglake, many other friends. Returned to the ship with Captain Peel; the road thronged with sailors carrying wounded.

Friday, 22nd.—Remained on board *Agamemnon*. Army did not move. Wounded still being brought down in very great numbers—great want of proper medical assistance. The *Colombo* with 700 invalids, and the *Alfred the Great* detained nearly twenty-four hours for want of medical officers—very disgraceful state of things. The army did not advance—a whole day of inactivity, and valuable time lost. The 4th division had encamped on an old encamping place of the Russians—cholera had broken out severely. The unfortunate sick were brought down in bullock carts, packed one above the other like so many sacks. Lyons had already protested against this, and

lays the blame upon the head of the medical staff and the complete inefficiency of their department of the service.

Saturday, 23rd.—The armies march early, and reach the Katcha without opposition. Encamp on the left bank—the British troops about four miles inland. Walk up the valley to the Highland Brigade and see Sir Colin Campbell—Stirling—Sir Colin gives me full details of the battle. Some firing from the Russian forts to the north of Sevastopol upon our steamers. Lord Raglan, it appears, wished to march on to the Bilbek River, but St Arnaud refused; and the previous day St Arnaud wished to march and Lord Raglan declined—matters are not in a very encouraging state.

Sunday, 24th.—The combined armies marched early and struck inland, soon being out of sight of the ships. It appears that they crossed the Bilbek beyond the reach of the Russian forts. Our steamers and the French exchange a few shots in the morning with the Russian batteries, without any results. Orders from steamers to fire at the batteries. Go with Lyons in the *Highflyer* to the mouth of Bilbek. Found the *Tribune* (Captain Carnegie) anchored there—the Russians fire at him, but their shot falls short. Eight French and English steamers arrive off Fort about sunset, but remain out of range; two French steamers afterwards approach and exchange fire for some time with Russian batteries; no damage done.

Monday, 25th.—Lord Burghersh coming from camp with despatches for England. Cholera broken out very severely amongst troops. The French declined to advance. A change of plans contemplated—the army to march about fourteen miles inland, and then, taking the road to Balaklava, to invest Sevastopol on the north. It is to be feared that there is much want of energy, and divergence of council. We accuse the French—they probably do as much with regard to ourselves. In the afternoon Lyons gave me a small steamer, the *Minna*, and with Admiral Slade I joined three English men-of-war steamers and three French, firing upon Sevastopol; most of the shot and shell fell short. The main mast of the *Samson* was, however, hit. We could not ascertain whether any damage had been done on shore. The Russian guns exceeded ours in their range.

Tuesday, 26th.—Information came in the night that the British army, by a forced march, had turned Sevastopol, and had reached the Tchernaya or Black River, and would

be at Balaklava this morning. Weighed about nine, with the inshore squadron and a few transports carrying siege-train and provisions for the army. The *Samson* and *Terrible* take possession of Light House at Kheronese Summit. Reach Balaklava at about mid-day. Find a few Russian troops holding the ruined fort at the entrance of harbour. Soon after our appearance off the coast, our riflemen were seen coming over the hills, and the inhabitants of the town flying in every direction. The Russians in ruin commenced firing from mortars and a large gingal—returned by our riflemen and by a party of horse artillery, which had reached the summit of a hill commanding the fort. We fired a few guns at the Russians, whereupon they showed a flag of truce and surrendered. Many of the shots from our guns fell near the *Agamemnon*. Entered the harbour in the *Niger* (Captain Heath). Found Lord Raglan there with General Burgoyne and his staff. Explained their movements. Had surprised a large Russian detachment going to Baktcha Serai and had seized a large quantity of baggage; but, owing to there being no cavalry ready, were unable, as they might have done, to capture the whole division. The forced march had been made through very bad country—thickly wooded and abounding in ravines. The troops, the night after they had left the Katcha, had crossed the Bilbek. Many men and officers died of cholera and fatigue. Found Kinglake, Romaine, Dickson, etc., in a house. The people of the place, all Greeks, return—many of them understood Turkish. The harbour very small and somewhat difficult of entrance for large vessels, but deep water—an exceedingly picturesque spot. The town small. Before night several large steamers had entered.

Wednesday, 27th.—Lyons brings in the *Agamemnon* early, in very gallant style. Lord Raglan and his staff, with a company of Guards, standing on the beach, cheer us as we enter. March into village, and some pillaging. Marshal St Arnaud brought down very ill—had, yesterday, resigned his command to Canrobert, and goes to France immediately. Lord Raglan and staff go out on reconnaissance. Commence landing siege artillery.

Thursday, 28th, to 1st October.—Landing siege artillery, cavalry from Varna, powder-shot, etc. The army advance towards Sevastopol and take up position on heights about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the batteries to the south of the town. The French being chiefly on the left on the lowland, the English

to the right on the heights—one French division on the extreme right, and behind them the Turks. Go up every day to heights, which are within range—the shot falling in some instances over the divisions. Mr Upton taken prisoner at his farm-house—the son of the engineer who constructed many of the public works in Sevastopol, and consequently well acquainted with the place. The tents for the army not landed until to-day (1st October)—great inconvenience from this unnecessary delay, which, with proper management, ought not to have taken place. General complaints of commissariat. Marines landed and placed on heights above town to defend harbour.

Monday, 2nd October.—Ride to lines with fine French Officer who commanded first battery that ascended at Alma, examining defences of Sevastopol. He explained to me that it was half Sequel's division which had made the first ascent, and which had separated from the rest during the march along the beach; next it was Canrobert's division, then Prince Napoleon's, and lastly Torcy's. My informant's battery was long unsupported, and lost twenty-five horses with many men. Criticised the Russian position and our attack. Found Arthur unwell—no tents yet delivered; eight tents for the officers of each regiment expected this evening, but none for the men—illness prevalent on account of want of protection.

Tuesday, 3rd October—*Sanspareil*, *Tribune* and *Vesuvius* with three French steamers go to Yalta to take possession of some wine which Canrobert had heard of as being in store there. The *Sanspareil* with only 40 tons of coal, and another steamer with only 30, and the want of coal general—most serious case of mismanagement. Ride to the lines to see Arthur, who is better. Find Sir Colin Campbell at the extreme right—the Russians firing at intervals. The high road to Simpherapol, Baghtali Serai, still left open, and the town receives supplies and troops by it—only to-day that we think of closing it, but nothing done. This neglect very extraordinary, but a talk of breaking ground to-night. Very little communication appears to exist between French and English Commanders. Lord Raglan evidently disinclined to it, and professes complete ignorance of all they are doing.

Wednesday, 4th October.—*Warcloud* transport arrives, having thrown overboard 70 horses, out of 78 of Enniskillen Dragoons. In the evening the *Wilson Kennedy* arrived, having thrown overboard 100 horses, out of 108 of the 1st

Dragoon Guards. Both cases owing to carelessness of those who fitted the transports. Ride to the lines with Dickson who has command of a battery. The enemy commenced shelling about 3 o'clock, and their shells fell into the encampment of the 3rd division, killing a private and wounding a sergeant. No work yet commenced on our side, although the siege guns up—the men still without tents. The *Beagle* arrives in the evening.

Thursday, 5th October.—Lord Raglan and his staff move up to the vicinity of lines. He ought to have been there some days ago. The *Beagle* lands one of the Lancaster guns. Our infantry roll to-day 16,000. *The French propose to bring their line of battle-ships under fire of forts!* One of the *Beagle's* guns sent up. We have not yet broken ground—some shell fall among our troops in the line and kill some men. Dr Thompson, who remained with his servant Mayroth for five days with the wounded at Alma, died of cholera this morning. Captain Staunton surveys the heights around Balaklava, to propose plan for fortifying them; somewhat late.

Friday, 6th October.—*Sanspareil, Vesuvius*, etc., return from expedition from Yalta — unsuccessful — obtained nothing but a few tons of coal—the Russians had quitted the place. The *Rip Van Winkle* arrives from Varna, having thrown overboard 50 horses of the Royals, owing to inadequate fittings. Question of fortifying Balaklava—commenced to-day. Turks to entrench themselves at the entrance to the valley. Nothing done in camp; no ground broken. Arthur comes in unwell.

Saturday, 7th October.—Alarm in the morning occasioned by a body of about 5000 Russian cavalry, infantry, and artillery coming out on a reconnaissance on the bank of the Tchernaya. Met by English cavalry and Mande's troop of Horse Artillery. Three of our Dragoons taken prisoners; but the enemy fled after the first few shots from our artillery, many of them throwing away their arms—a large number of swords, lances, and carbines being found on the field. Several Russians are supposed to have been killed; some wounded Cossacks fell into our hands. Had our cavalry acted well, nearly 1000 men might have been taken. Rode with Lyons and Captain Drummond of the *Retribution* to headquarters. A council of Generals of Divisions at Lord Raglan's. No plans yet decided upon, and apparently great indecision. Sir John Burgoyne proposed that our troops should be advanced at once to within

800 yards of batteries in a ravine, a proposal at once rejected—does not seem to have any definite plan. The possibility of our being compelled to give up the siege for this year and to go into winter quarters discussed. Lyons uncomfortable about the state of things—the Generals admit that the only object in coming round here was to make a *coup de main*, and the opportunity now lost. The Russians not firing to-day. No ground broken by our Engineers.

Sunday, 8th October.—Send letters to England. A battery commenced during the night, but the guns not in position. It would appear that the Generals separated yesterday without coming to any decision, except that a regular attack to the right was impracticable. Lord Raglan this morning suggested a false attack at the right, and a real attack at the left extremity by the French, we supplying men and guns—to this Canrobert agrees. The French much in advance of ourselves, and doing the thing scientifically—a great want of zeal and energy on our side.

Monday, 9th October.—Cold high wind from northward; rode early to camp. Lord Raglan had stopped proceedings in the night, and no guns placed in position. A heavy fire during the day on the French who, however, continued their work, pushing forward pluckily. Two of our batteries and earthworks nearly complete. The Russians did not appear to know of them in the morning; towards the middle of the day they discovered one, and commenced throwing shot and shell amongst working party, but without any result. Later they sent out some cavalry and infantry to reconnoitre, but they withdrew upon our Light, 1st and 2nd divisions turning out under arms. During the greater part of the day with the 2nd division. De Lacy Evans unwell—criticises operations—condemns the extent of our line without supports. Fortunately the French are throwing up redoubts and entrenchments in our rear. Their operations much more scientific and regular than ours. Our park and powder, almost at the extreme right, were most exposed to attack of enemy and actually within range. Agrees that, if a regular advance anticipated, we should have commenced from the north. This side not exceedingly strong. A new work raised to the end of the second tower. Three batteries and guns in position completed to defend Balaklava.

Tuesday, 10th.—Ambulance carts disembarked from *Cambria*. Ride to French lines, and, from a position where foremost sentinels of French stationed, obtain a capital view of town, fortifications and harbour, as well as of works thrown up by the French, which were ready to receive, according to their account, forty guns. Much firing from forts of shot and shell, but without doing any material damage. From French ride across to English lines—1st division and artillery. Shot falling in the English camp from a new redoubt into which the guns were only placed this morning (the east of the Round Tower), and from a steamer moving about the harbour. One gun (Lancaster), placed by us in position during the night, works not very forward and complaints of tardiness of Engineers. Chasseurs d'Espagne arrive. Saw about 300 sick coming down in carts from camp without any medical attendants whatever. Two had died on the road. They remained for an hour or two at Balaklava without necessary assistance. Lord Raglan was present, and expressed great indignation. Determination to-day to get forty guns into position about 1500 yards from forts.

Wednesday, 11th.—A marine with cholera brought to beach—taken ill on guard yesterday morning, had been refused admission into the military hospitals because he was a marine (although the marines are placed under military authority in Balaklava), and left without any medical assistance in the open air all night. Yesterday a report that the Greeks of Balaklava had sent away their wives and families, and intended to set fire to the place. Lord Raglan had the priest arrested, and determines upon sending away the inhabitants to some Greek village on the coast for the present, a determination which should have been taken some days ago. Deserters state that the Russians intend attacking Balaklava on the 14th, and that the guns taken from Sevastopol during the last few days are for that purpose. Yesterday two guns taken away by the Inkerman road, which up to this moment has not been closed! With the siege artillery, 1st and 2nd divisions during the day. The trench work impeded last night by the Engineers having lost their tracing! Three guns placed.

Thursday, 12th October.—At French lines during the day. A sortie during the night without result. Yesterday a transport with hay becalmed within shot from the

batteries was deserted by her crew, who left her sails set. She continued her course, and after having been struck by two shot in the hull, and two through the sails, ran aground under cover of a projecting cliff. The *Firebrand* endeavoured to come to her assistance, but was prevented by a heavy fire from the batteries, five shot striking her. She continued, however, to prevent a Russian steamer taking or destroying the vessel. Dundas sent orders that the vessel was to be burnt rather than run the risk of sacrifice of life. However, Captain Stewart at night takes her off, and lashing her to the *Beagle* brought her in the morning to Balaklava. The Russians sent the steamers and several armed boats to take possession of her, but too late. Works, both French and English, made considerable progress during night. Heavy fire kept up upon them during the day, with small results—one man killed and three or four wounded in English trenches. Great superiority of French organisation over ours. Trochu shows me maps and plans for siege—we have nothing of the kind—everything appears to depend upon chance. A new battery with heavy guns to be erected below the white house in front of the French camp.

Friday, 13th October.—Alarm of Russians advancing in the morning on Balaklava—originated in the fact of the Cossacks having captured a sergeant of Dragoons on picket—our cavalry have not distinguished themselves as yet, apparently ill adapted for picket and such service. Breakfasted with Canrobert, and afterwards, accompanied by a French officer, inspected the French camp and lines. Their organisation far in advance of ours—the Engineer department admirable—tent with maps, plans, etc.—additions being every day made from field-books of officers. Commissariat equally well organised—bakeries, etc.—every other day the troops supplied with fresh bread. The engineering, mining and sapping tools, with the park of siege artillery, admirably arranged; in all these departments there appears to be entire neglect on our side. Two divisions form the lines from our extreme left to the sea, enclosing the west part of the town—those divisions are General Torcy's and the Prince's. Two in red forming the supports—commanded by Espinasse and Bosquet—with the Turks. A line of works now carried by the French completely round the rear. The headquarters occupy a central position, about a mile from Lord Raglan's house. Canrobert lives, with his staff, in tents. Twelve ambulance

carts brought out, and now at our headquarters. They do not appear to me to be well adapted to the purpose. They carry four or even six inside, but the space very much confined; a wounded man could neither sit up nor stretch or raise his limbs. The blood would drip through from the upper upon the lower; in hot weather the heat would be overpowering, as there are only breathing holes at the sides. When the cart was ascending or descending, the position of those dangerously wounded would be exceedingly painful. The carts, too, are made for roads and could not go across country; at Alma they would have been almost useless for removing the wounded from the field of battle. Six sit outside; but the seats do not appear to me comfortable for a wounded man. About 3000 Turks arrive to be employed for the defence of Balaklava—of which Sir Colin Campbell is now appointed Commandant.

Sunday, 15th.—Moved to camp, and took up quarters with Dickson and the officers of the siege-train. Passed afternoon in 5-gun battery on extreme right.

Tuesday, 17th October.—Fire opened.

On the 25th, the cavalry affair before Balaklava. Mande wounded.

On the 26th. Sir De Lacy Evan's affair with the column of Russians.

On the 1st November, the French opened their advanced batteries—91 guns. Muster roll at the end of October, 14,700 rank and file.

Sunday, 5th November.—Soon after daybreak heavy Russian guns placed in position during the night opened upon 2nd division—our extreme right. Immense bodies of infantry came over the hill and drove in our pickets. The morning hazy, with slight rain, so that little could be seen at a distance. The action became general, and lasted until nearly 4 o'clock. Our regiments beaten back when they charged, crossing bayonets, by the actual mass of the Russian columns; the latter gave way, however, under very heavy fire of grape, shrapnel shell and round shot from the English and French artillery. The Russian artillery covered their retreat, and was at length forced from its position by the Zouaves and other French infantry turning it. The French followed up the retreating masses and inflicted great loss upon them. The Russians retired into the valley of the Tchernaya, and then formed. French artillery brought to the edge of the hill

played upon them—they scattered, and in disorder clambered up the opposite hills. Shells and shot from the shipping and two batteries drove in the French artillery. Our loss very great, and the battle-field infinitely worse than Alma. De Lacy Evans very ill at Balaklava—did not command, though he joined late in the day. Pennefather took the 2nd division into action. Cathcart appears to have fallen into a trap. The Duke of Cambridge went over the ground with me. During the attack on the extreme right, a large body attempted to take the 5-gun battery, but were repulsed with great loss by General Codrington and a part of General England's division. They also made a sortie on the French at the extreme left, but were repulsed, the French driving them back to the walls—a report at one time that the French had entered the town. The Russians also made a feint on our rear before Balaclava. The Russian artillery chiefly silenced by two 18-pound guns of position brought up by Dickson, after Gambier was wounded. The bells of the town began to toll early in the morning, and the batteries opened a brisk fire; it would appear that the troops heard prayers, were made drunk with rum, and then led on to the assault. It was said that the Grand-Duke Constantine had arrived and commanded in person. Great re-inforcements had undoubtedly joined, and Canrobert, who was slightly wounded in the right arm, estimated the entire number in the Tchernaya at nearly 100,000 men. The Russians again bayonet the wounded. The French lent us their ambulances to carry away the wounded.

Monday, 6th November.—Council of war at Lord Raglan's—came to no decision—to meet again to-morrow. A burial of Generals Cathcart and Strangways—Goldy and Seymour buried on same spot.

END OF JOURNAL

APPENDIX B

To Henry Bruce, Esq., M.P.

H.M.S. *Agamemnon*,
BALAKLAVA, CRIMEA,
8th October 1854.

MY DEAR BRUCE,—Amongst various letters which I received a few days ago from England was an envelope containing the customary cards united by the customary silver thread. I wished at the moment that I could have sent you my hearty congratulations by the gale that was then sweeping over Sevastopol fraught with stories of bloodshed and misery. My wishes for your happiness will now appear to you very tardy, and will just arrive when the repetition of such wishes from every point of the compass must have become rather a bore; but still I cannot refuse myself the gratification of assuring you that they come from the bottom of my heart, and would be expressed, if I were with you, with all my soul and with all my strength. But, writing from such a place as this, and in the midst of such great events, I must send you something more worth your receiving than a mere letter of congratulation and of compliment. I lost no time after leaving London in joining the allied fleets in the Black Sea. I found them anchored out at sea—off Tarkan (Crimea). I was kindly received by Sir Edmund Lyons on board his magnificent screw line of battle-ship, the *Agamemnon*, and have since been his guest. Sir Edmund commands the “in-shore” squadron, whose duty it is to cover the advance of the army and to operate along the coast. I have thus had the best opportunity of seeing all that has passed, and of being present at all operations both on land and by sea. Moreover, I have found myself thrown with the only man in command for whose skill, energy and vigour I have the least admiration. He has been and is the life and soul of this expedition;

without him, it would be difficult to say what would happen. Lord Raglan is a gallant English gentleman—kind-hearted, sincere, and honourable—but he wants the energy and vigour of intellect which an expedition of this kind demands. St Arnaud was a buffoon, well deserving the title which his troops gave him of “le Maréchal Polichinelle”; but a man of great personal courage and marvellous energy of character, which the most acute suffering and a state of body verging between life and death could scarcely subdue. Canrobert is highly spoken of; but as a commander has not had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He behaved well at Alma, was wounded, and is a great favourite with the French troops. So much for the generals. I may add that there is very little sympathy and very little personal communication between the English and French commanders—a state of things which naturally breeds mischief. The landing near Eupatoria was effected under the superintendence of Sir Edmund Lyons, without any opposition on the part of the Russians, and was a very remarkable event. They might have inflicted very great loss upon us, owing to a change of plans on the part of Admiral Dundas; but these clouds of Cossacks of which we have heard so much, did not appear, nor indeed have they since.

The Russians had taken up a position of very great strength on the left bank of the Alma. The river winds under very precipitous cliffs, which open into an amphitheatre about three miles from the sea. An earthwork with guns had been thrown up in this open space, and batteries were placed in various parts of it. But the heights to the left of the position were strangely neglected, and, having been seized with great gallantry by the French tirailleurs and Zouaves, the flank of the enemy was turned. Nothing could exceed the want of skill shown by the Russian commander in holding a position which nature had almost rendered impregnable if defended by good troops. Menchikoff commanded in person. The French attacked the enemy's left, and our troops were directed against the centre. Only three divisions of the British army were actually in action (the Light, 1st and 2nd). Our share in the battle has been much criticised. We had a stream, with high banks, to cross by a ford, and in some places wading through water breast high. The Light division crossed first in the very front of the batteries which poured a murderous fire over the river. The men were not called upon to form

under the high bank, but were allowed to rush up the slope of the amphitheatre in confusion. In fact there appears to have been no command at all, nor any attempt at strategy. The men were thrown upon the resource of their own British pluck ; but the inevitable result was that the first three regiments (the 7th, 23rd and 33rd) were nearly destroyed. The Russians, seeing them waver, leaped over their earthworks, leaving their guns, and charged with their bayonets. Matters were at this moment in a most critical state, and the battle was saved by the decision and coolness of our old cosmopolite¹ friend Sir Colin Campbell. . . . Sir Colin, at the head of his Highland Brigade, made an admirable flank movement, turned the battery, and, sweeping everything before him, completely defeated the enemy. Lord Raglan and his staff behaved with great courage and were under the heaviest fire ; but something more was wanted. Unfortunately, the Russians were allowed to retreat unmolested. Had the defeat been followed up, which it might have been done, as two divisions, the 3rd and 4th, had not been in action and were quite fresh, the Russian army would have been completely destroyed, and during the panic we might have entered Sevastopol. Not a deserter or prisoner since taken who does not confirm this. A perfect panic appears to have seized the Russians. Menchikoff, as we know from an intercepted despatch, believed he could hold the position for weeks—the boasted power of the Russians had been exposed in three hours ! At such a moment as this the man of genius—a Wellington or Napier—was wanting. We lost two valuable days in looking after the wounded and dead—in all that concerns them our mismanagement was astounding. Five days after the battle a forced march, which might have had the most brilliant results, placed us to the south of Sevastopol, with a splendid basis of operations, and before that part of Sevastopol which had been completely undefended. Had this effort been followed up, we might have been in Sevastopol that evening. But we neglected the opportunity—old Burgoyne made up his mind to a regular siege, and here we are before the place. Unfortunately we have hitherto done nothing. We have allowed the Russians to recover from their panic, to throw up defences of great strength, and to introduce above 20,000 fresh troops into the place. All this

¹ Member of the Cosmopolitan Club.

appears inexplicable. I have no doubt that, as usual, we shall succeed ; but our loss will, I fear, be very great. The impression is that the place will not be able to resist the immense weight of metal which will be brought to bear upon it. The English alone will have nearly 130 guns in position, the fleet having landed between 40 and 50, the French about 60. They are all to open, I believe, at the same time. The defence will probably be desperate, but I cannot conceive the garrison holding out. It is yet doubtful what part the fleet may take in the great effort ; but I fear that under such a man as Dundas little is to be expected of it. This is truly a national misfortune, as our navy is discouraged, and the finest materials in the world, without any exception, are not turned to account. I have been greatly struck at the great superiority of the navy, in all that relates to details and management, and in energy and enthusiasm, to the army. This may be a good deal owing to the want of a military leader who can inspire troops with confidence, and infuse into them a part of his own spirit. All the commissariat and medical arrangements are exceedingly bad. The men are exposed to great unnecessary suffering, and the ravages of the cholera have been doubled by the want of common precautions. Up to this day the men have not had their tents, and the officers only received them two or three days ago. You would be surprised at the state of things. The fact is, there is no master mind to grasp the whole subject—to give orders and to see that they are carried out. I could not put my finger upon one man (with the exception perhaps, to a *certain degree*, of Sir Colin Campbell) and say, "there is a man to command an expedition." There are a number of red-waistcoated gentlemen, with their hands in their pockets, idling about—men of undoubted gallantry, but without a spark of enthusiasm or energy—all voting the thing a great bore and longing for Pall Mall. At Varna, what with this spirit and the terrible ravages of the cholera, the army was well-nigh demoralised. In the navy, on the contrary, all is courage, enthusiasm and vigour. It is really good for one's soul to see how the captains and men of Lyons' squadron work ; they have been *invaluable* to the army, and have shown a spirit worthy of the best period of our navy. This is owing chiefly, of course, to having a man like Lyons at their head. The contrast with the army is the more regrettable, as the materials in both are the same, and

all that is wanted is some one to make the same use of them. The fault lies at home—Dundas will probably be made a peer, and Lyons not noticed—a Guardsman gets the command of a division, and the man who is competent is overlooked. Being at headquarters, I have an admirable opportunity of seeing everything. I wish Sidney Herbert could have some such experience.

APPENDIX C

LAYARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

List of Articles contributed to the Quarterly Review.

Turkey and Russia	December 1853
The Turks and the Greeks	March 1854
The Campaign in the Crimea	December 1854
Objects of the War	June 1855
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Persia and its Inhabitants	April 1857
The Manchester Exhibition	July 1857
Communication with India	October 1857
The Condition of India	July 1858
Arundel Society—Fresco	October 1858
The National Gallery	April 1859
Architecture of All Countries	October 1859
German, Flemish and Dutch Art	April 1861
Cavour	July 1861
Kinglake's Crimea	April 1863
Pompeii	January 1864
Rassam's Abyssinia	April 1869
Italian Painters	July 1872
Velasquez	October 1872
The Eastern Question and the Conference (Layard and Dr Smith)	January 1877
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Early Life of Lord Beaconsfield	January 1889
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